

ROBERT
EMMET



24/10/04.

RS/Is Robot.

ROBERT EMMET

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

THE OLD KNOWLEDGE.

THE GLADE IN THE FOREST.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DONEGAL
AND ANTRIM.

FISHING HOLIDAYS.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW IN IRELAND.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

A HOLIDAY IN CONNEMARA.

THE DECAY OF SENSIBILITY AND
OTHER ESSAYS.

THOMAS MOORE (ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS).

THE MASTERS OF ENGLISH LITERA-
TURE.

THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLES AND OTHER
VERSES.

A LAY OF OSSIAN AND PATRICK.

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ROBERT EMMET

A Historical Romance

BY

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PREFACE

I have called this book a historical romance. Romantic, certainly, the story is in itself, but it is a romance of fact. Not merely in the broad outline, but in every detail of the narrative, (with a single exception, of no great historic importance, duly avowed in the note which I append,) this is a faithful recital of things which happened in the year 1803. The names are the real names of the actors in those scenes; and I have used little more imaginative licence than was conceded to historians who assigned to generals and to politicians speeches suitable to this or that occasion.

How far it is justifiable to give the colours of fiction to a historical narrative, my critics, if I have any, must decide.

At least, there is no attempt made in these pages, to dissect the character of a national hero. I set forth Robert Emmet as I see him, partly through the recital of his actions and bearing, partly through recorded utterances of his own, and partly

through words of my own finding, which appear to me consonant with those actions of his which it was my task to describe. I have used the method which, to my thinking, best enabled to give to readers what has never been given them before : a full consecutive account of that famous episode in history, based upon a serious study of all the material, whether in print or manuscript, which is accessible to-day.

For its too manifest shortcomings I can only ask the pardon and indulgence of my countrymen and countrywomen at home and overseas.

To those others who will approach this whole story with a very different temper (and of their criticism I am less afraid) I would wish to relate one incident which was recorded in the Irish Press of last winter.

In the summer of 1908 a squadron of the American fleet visited New Zealand, and was received with great and cordial ceremony. At a banquet given to the officers, it became known that a midshipman was present whose name was Robert Emmet—grandson's grandson to the Thomas Addis Emmet of whom there is much mention in this book. Immediately there was a crowd of Irish New Zealanders about this young man ; for him the general welcome was changed into something warmer, and more personal ; and the Prime Minister of the

Colony—that Sir Joseph Ward who has been foremost in pressing upon England, New Zealand's offer of a Dreadnought—was foremost there also.

“I welcome you, Mr. Emmet,” he said, taking the lad's hand, “as an American officer ; and—for my mother was a Cork woman—I greet you also here *for that other great reason.*”



SECTION FROM MAP OF DUBLIN OF 1805. EMMET'S DEPOT MARKED X

ROBERT EMMET

CHAPTER I

THE History which I have to relate, concerning certain notable events and personages of the year 1803 in the city of Dublin, begins in Thomas Street, passes very largely in Thomas Street, and in Thomas Street comes to its conclusion. And to understand the story, it is necessary to have some notion of that ancient thoroughfare.

Dublin may be taken roughly as forming a circle, divided in two by its diameter, the River Liffey, running straight from west to east into the harbour. On the south side, a ridge of ground follows the river's line for about two-thirds of the distance, falling sharply, so that a bare hundred yards separates the water from the crest of this ridge. The extreme eastward point of this acclivity, nearest to the harbour, has been fortified since the Northmen settled here; and for many centuries it has been the Castle, seat of power and government. Round the Castle, Dublin has grown up.

The Castle in 1803 was still a strong place, consisting of two courtyards, surrounded with a wall, and entered by three gates, always under military guard. One of these gates is on the low ground, and from it a broad street runs to the College and the Old Parliament House ; but the other two are on the crest. From them springs a long wavering line of road, following the ridge, with short, hilly streets running down to the river on the right. The termination of this street at the city boundary is the Royal Hospital, headquarters of the military command : beyond that lies Kilmainham prison. This thoroughfare, connecting the Castle with the principal barrack and the principal prison, and thus linking together the whole machinery of Irish government, is for the greater part of its length known as Thomas Street.

On the left, as you pass along it from the Castle, is the populous and squalid quarter of the Coombe—in 1803, crowded with weavers. Following it past the Royal Hospital, you are on the—in 1803—highway to the rich plains of Kildare, where the Duke of Leinster, descendant and representative of the famous Earl of Kildare, dwelt in high state on his ancestral property.

Midway in Thomas Street, upon the right hand, is a house now marked by a tablet, but in 1803 needing no such designation. It was there that the Duke's younger brother, Lord

Edward FitzGerald, had been captured five years earlier, in the days of '98, when all Ireland looked to him to lead in her last great rebellion.

The White Bull Inn, kept by Mrs. Dillon, was on the same side of Thomas Street, about fifty yards further from the Castle. Coming up Bridgefoot Street (which the populace called Dirty Lane) from the river, you turned to the right, and Dillon's was the second in that block of tallish, narrow houses.

Farmers and carters from Kildare used the White Bull greatly on their journeyings to Dublin market, and on the day when my story begins there were half a dozen of them in the bar, easily distinguishable as countrymen by their stiff frieze coats; tall, solidly built men, with the narrow fringe of close-cropped whisker showing blackish on their tanned cheeks.

The landlady, buxom and high coloured, was in parley with a fellow of a different type, evidently a mechanic—low-sized, round-about, and shrewd looking. "Are you the man that was to speak to the gentlemen upstairs about the young beasts? Come this way then."

She led him upstairs to a little parlour that fronted on Thomas Street, but at the turn of the stair she stopped.

"I knew you the minute ever I set eyes on you, Michael Quigley," she said. "But I thought maybe you would as lief not be named."

"Sure, who would trouble about the likes of me?" the man replied, with a grin. "Without it was some spy of the Castle."

"You'll not meet any of them here," the dame answered. "Go in now." She knocked and opened the door. "Here's the man you were asking for, gentlemen."

A tall man, dressed for riding, lounged on a seat by the window. He was in civilian's clothes, but they contrasted oddly with a soldier's unmistakable bearing.

The opposite incongruity showed itself in the person of his companion, a slight, delicate, young man, seated at a table with papers before him ; for, although he affected something of military costume in his tightly fitting coat and high, stiff cravat, his face was the concentrated face of a student ; his eyes, small and grey, were eyes evidently by habit focussed upon reading or writing ; they had not the other's ranging gaze.

Yet they were eyes that inspired confidence ; a mild authority flowed from them as he met the quick glance which the new-comer shot at him.

The tall loungeur spoke first. He was William Hamilton, some time an officer in the French army, who had been captured along with Wolfe Tone in Bompert's abortive expedition to the north of Ireland.

"Well, Quigley," he said, "this is Mr. Emmet,

the gentleman I told you you would see. Tell us, what did they say to you in the county Kildare?"

"The very thing I told you they would say," Quigley answered, in a high-pitched, almost querulous voice.

Emmet leant forward now across the table with his chin propped on his right hand.

"They have not forgotten Lord Edward then, Michael," he said.

A smile lit up his features and suddenly transfigured the sallow, pock-marked countenance; his voice—high and clear—had a thrill in it which gave to the few words that intimate, caressing appeal which is the orator's magic.

Michael Quigley caught fire under it.

"If they were mad for him living, they're red mad for him dead, Mr. Emmet. They'd go from here to hell to revenge him."

"And the Duke—what do they say about the Duke?"

"Ach, the Duke—sure, what is he but a decent soft poor creature? They know well he done his best against the Union; and they believe he's with them in his heart."

"They think if a blow was struck, and the English Government put down, the Duke would be willing to take his place in a free country."

"Sure, what else would he do? Isn't it in the blood of him? I knew him myself since I was

that high, and I never seen anything in him but a good Irishman—following his hounds and giving out work among the people when they would be in any hardship.”

“It isn’t the fear of the Duke, then, that would stop them, Michael?”

“Wisha, the Duke; he would neither help nor hinder. But I’ll tell you no lie, Mr. Emmet: there’s plenty of them that’s cowed by the yeos.”

“Small blame to them,” put in Hamilton. “They paid heavy before.”

Emmet turned to the new speaker. “Yes, Will. But if these men that are cowed to-day saw Dublin Castle in the hands of the Irish people, would they remember their terrors, or would they think of their wrongs?—But these are not the men we want. We want the men who are not cowed. Who did you see, Michael?”

“I saw Wylde, my own brother-in-law, and Mahon that’s married to Wylde’s sister—and the two Perrots—those are the boys that remember Lord Edward, I tell you. And I saw a few down my own way in Rathcoffey and more out of Naas. You may say I travelled the whole county.”

“Well, will they act?”

“I could get you ten, and every one would answer for a hundred.”

“To be here in Dublin and use the arms we would give them?”

“Ay, and use them well.”

“How long would you need to give them notice?”

“I could have them here on the second day.”

“Coming in by fives and sixes as if they were going to the market?”

“The very way. But they would need a randy-voo.”

“Where should that be?”

“Isn’t this the best place in Ireland that you’re in this minute? They do always gather here.”

Emmet paused and reflected a minute.

“I believe you are right, Michael. Three minutes’ quick marching would take us to the Castle gate. You had best take up your quarters here ; you can see your friends. Keep close in the daytime, for you might be recognised ; they are keeping a sharp watch still for the outlawed men.”

“And we’re here in spite of them,” Hamilton put in.

Quigley grinned.

“No matter, ’tis better be sure than sorry,” he said. “But I have time enough ; sure, ’tis dark still at five o’clock, or little after it.”

“You understand now,” said Emmet, “what we want. First of all, two houses, or maybe three, that have yards attached where we can work at manufacturing pikes ; and the nearer to our object

the better, so long as they are in quiet places. Up to the present I have been able to do nothing but buy powder and lead, and I am sending all I get to Dwyer in the mountains."

"How many can he bring with him?" Quigley asked.

"He says a thousand. But if it was less, they would for the most part be men who have stood out against Government in Wicklow ever since ninety-eight—trained fighters. And for Dublin here, I have Jemmy Hope."

"Many's the tale I heard of him," said Quigley.

"And many a true tale could be told of him," Emmet answered. "He is known to every weaver in Dublin. And there is another man I count on, Miles Byrne, one of Father John Murphy's lieutenants, who fought his way out of Wexford at the last, and was for months in the hills with Dwyer. Believe me, Michael, what with Wicklow, and the Wexford men that are in Dublin, and your Kildare party, and the Dublin traders, it isn't men we shall be short of. But we must work desperately to get the arms. Find me workshops; find me carpenters and smiths: I have got a Scotchman who can make other weapons. But time presses; we do not know how soon the signal may come. You can have whatever money is wanted."

"If that's the way of it, there'll be no delay in

getting places that will do, and I'll maybe chance on a few of the boys I knew in the trouble before I'm walking the streets very far."

Emmet rose with hand outstretched.

"Good-bye, then, for this day. I shall find you here. If you want to send word to me, leave a message with Palmer in the New Road. You know the place?"

"I do, rightly," Quigley answered. "I'll be taking a look round the neighbourhood this evening."

"One thing more," said Emmet. "Do they know you here?"

"To be sure they do, though there wasn't one in the place said my name yet."

"That's just it, Michael. The less your name is said the better. You must get another."

"Have you any choice?" Hamilton put in, smiling.

The mechanic scratched his bullet head and considered.

"There was a Scotchman used to work with me, and they called him Graham. He's dead this good while, and it's a Protestant kind of a name."

Hamilton laughed ; but Emmet spoke seriously.

"I tell you, Michael, it has been in my mind a good deal that even if our schemes should miscarry, we shan't hurt the Catholic cause, for nearly all of us who are engaged are Protestants, like

Hamilton and Russell and myself. So let it be Graham, in God's name."

And upon that the two gentlemen rose, took their walking canes and departed. Outside the door they separated, Hamilton turning down towards the river to his lodging at an inn in Capel Street, on the north side near the Law Courts. Emmet, with bent head, his stick mechanically tapping the ground as he walked, deep in thought, threaded the traffic of the narrow streets till he came to the doorway of a weaver's house, and then entered.

CHAPTER II

THE room which Emmet stepped into was large, but darkened by a great loom which occupied most of the space. On a wooden chair set between a table in the window and the fire a woman sat stitching laboriously ; her husband was at the loom, bent over his work.

“Good-morrow to you, Mrs. Hope,” the young man said, shaking hands with her as she rose to greet him and set a chair, which she dusted vigorously, though it bore no sign of dust. He nodded to the weaver, who returned his salutation without interrupting the flight of the shuttle as it clicked backward and forward.

Then, as he seated himself: “I won’t stay, Mrs. Hope,” he said ; “I’ve come to ask Jemmy to walk a bit of the way back with me to my lodgings.”

“Indeed then, he will that,” she answered in her keen, kindly northern voice. “’Tis not often he gets the chance of a crack with the likes of you. Rise now, Jemmy, and put a hat on you.

You're long enough over that piece this day. He'd kill himself if he was let, Mr. Emmet."

"You would never know when I might be wanting to take a holiday," said James Hope, rising and stretching himself. He took down his coat from the wall, drew it on, and led the way to the door.

"If you're for the road," he said, "let us be stepping."

James Hope was a man in middle life, and the weaver's peculiar stoop told his trade, yet did not lessen his appearance of wiry activity. His dress was that of a common artisan, but his look and manner indicated a degree of education not usual in his class. Speaking with a marked northern accent, he yet spoke well—almost bookishly.

As they began to thread the narrow streets of the Coombe in the direction of Harold's Cross, where Emmet lodged, the young man came at once to his errand.

"I have seen Quigley, Jemmy. He reports that he can get a thousand men at two days' notice."

"He should be well able to know," Hope answered.

"You never saw him?"

"Never!"

"We shall be trusting him unreservedly, Jemmy."

“Mr. Emmet,” Hope said gravely, “he is a poor man. Have I not always told you that in Ireland you will never be betrayed by the poor? I can remember thirty years of trouble in this country ; but, north or south, I never knew a poor man turn traitor yet. Oppression has hardened their hearts till they are as firm as steel. It has left them with nothing to risk but their lives, and they may hang back to save those ; but they will never betray. It is the man who has been brought up in comfort and luxury who tries to save his wealth when the danger comes near him. He has more fear because he has more to lose.”

The two walked on in silence for a moment. Then Emmet turned to his companion with one of the rare smiles that gave to his face a sudden illumination.

“Jemmy, have you made up your mind that I have nothing to lose?”

Hope answered again with the same judicial gravity.

“Mr. Emmet, I have never thought upon that. I have given you my trust as I gave it to Wolfe Tone and to Henry Joy McCracken.”

The young man stopped in his walk, and put his hand on Hope’s shoulder.

“I will never forget those words, Jemmy. I would like them written on my grave.”

“Let me tell you another thing,” Hope continued. “The trust of the poor in Ireland has never been given wrongly. It is the leaders who have misplaced their confidence. Reynolds who sold your brother and the rest—it was the gentlemen who brought him in.”

“That is true,” the young man answered. “And though, when I look back on ’98, it seems to me that the cause of failure was the rashness with which projects were discussed—an openness that I wondered at even as a boy—yet I suppose that in Wexford and in Antrim the whole peasantry knew everything and talked amongst themselves, and did not betray.”

Hope made a gesture with his hand ; they were still walking through the Coombe with its dense population of weavers and other artisans. “Look about you here. You have told me to organise. In every second house here I am known and could be denounced. It is true there would be only so much as that of our mechanism gone : they could betray me only. But the Government would be put sharply on its guard. Do you see there—that tailor’s sign ? Tailors have no great name among men, but that man, Owen Kirwan, is as true as the proven steel. He goes round, too, from house to house, buying and selling old clothes : he falls into talk with servants : and he is spreading the organisation as fast as I am myself. And if he knew all that I

know it would be as safe with him as with me. Look—there is his wife at the half door—and the child with her. He is not two years married.”

“And you would say,” Emmet answered, with a slow, questioning emphasis, “that he has nothing to lose?”

“I have my own wife,” said James Hope. “It is true we had no children, and I won’t deny but children cling about a man. Yet here is what I mean, Mr. Emmet. Wife and children may be just a natural part of life, or they may be to a man part of his possessions. Every man has his life to lose. The fear that I have seen men held back by in my experience of the world, is not loss of life but loss of property. They are cumbered with their possessions.”

“But you hold that a man does not face dangers worse if he shares them with a woman.—Jemmy,” he added after a pause, “I am asking your advice, not your opinion only.”

Hope shook his head.

“You must not come to a poor man for that advice, sir. Marriage is a different thing for the poor. Man or woman, they have a risk to face in life that is worse than the risk of war—the chance of destitution. Two together are often safer than one: and if starvation has to be faced together, it is no new thing. But for

the sheltered ones of this earth, how it might seem to bring any of them into the fear of peril—I cannot answer that.”

“Shall I ask your wife, Jemmy?”

Hope broke into a quiet chuckle. “No then, it would be useless.”

“Would she not answer either?”

“Answer, is it? Rose Hope is a good woman, and she likes you fine, Mr. Emmet. And what would a good woman say to a young man that she likes, but just, ‘If you have no sweetheart, I’ll find you one; and if you have one, marry her to-morrow.’”

Emmet’s face grew very grave.

“I should tell her, Jemmy, that I could marry no woman till another flag flies on the Castle. But”—and his voice had now almost a note of appeal in it—“do you not think a man might wait with more heart for success if he knew there was a woman waiting for him to succeed?”

“Yon’s a weary business, waiting,” James Hope answered grimly.

“We should be near the end of it now,” Emmet retorted. “I expect Russell with the message within ten days, and Hamilton is confident that he will come to say the ships will sail.”

“How many months did we wait before for ships to come from France?”

"But they came," Emmet insisted, with a flash of his eyes.

"Hoche came too soon," said Hope, "and Humbert came too late, and Tone's expedition—well, Mr. Hamilton should know how much came of that."

"Still, Jemmy, they sailed, and they reached Ireland, and that was in time of war, when all the British fleet was out to stop them. But look at the new plan: look at things now. Humbert takes command, lades up his vessels with stores for Louisiana: he is going out to break in France's new territory, to win it from the Indians. What is there to alarm anyone in that? If the Government hear that a hundred of the exiled Irish are going with him, why, the British Government has only too good right to think that those who rule France would gladly see every Irish refugee in hell or in heaven rather than in Paris. The ships sail; they head out west, maybe as far as the Azores; but when a west wind comes, up with the helm, and they swing round for Blacksod or Galway. Humbert lands in Connaught; he has MacDonnell with him and half a dozen others with cousins scattered over the whole of Mayo and Galway; but if he had not an Irishman in his company, Connaught knows him, and he knows Connaught. He will have a shipload of arms. And as soon as the

news is here, while the Government is in the first confusion hurrying their troops out west—why, then we strike our blow. Quigley wants two days to fetch in a thousand from Kildare, Dwyer could be down from the hills with a thousand more in less time than that—and if we seize the Castle while Humbert is loose in Connaught, do you tell me Ireland will not rise? And on the back of that, France declares war.”

“Ay, France!” Hope struck in. “And will France do for us what she has done for Switzerland or the Tyrol?”

“France will never have the opportunity. We shall not be beholden to her except in that she keeps England busy and more than busy elsewhere. No French troops will be here as French; Humbert has promised to abandon his citizenship of France to adopt that of the Irish Commonwealth. That is my great confidence. The men who move in this are men who detest Bonaparte, who worship the memory of Hoche—men who have the sacred passion of liberty alive in them, for whom the French Republic is the enfranchiser of nations. Bonaparte has every reason to forward this enterprise: if it succeed, it cripples England—and who doubts that war with England must be renewed? If it fail, it rids him of those who would gladly thwart his projects of conquest, his unnatural designs upon Switzerland, Belgium, the

Tyrol—all the places where the hands which helped free nations to the birth are now busy strangling them.”

They had passed out of the populous Coombe and were walking along the road, lined only by a few scattered houses, that led to Harold's Cross. Emmet's face glowed ; his head, habitually drooping, was thrown back. The contagion of his enthusiasm affected the grave Ulsterman.

“It is a good scheme ; there is no denying it,” said Hope. “I do not say it is the best way, but in the pass where Ireland stands, I would take any help that offered.”

“Yes,” continued Emmet, “and if this fails us—if Russell, when he comes, tells us the scheme has been abandoned—why then, we rely on ourselves. The organisation holds. We can wait, be strengthening ourselves, increasing the stores. My own fortune is hardly touched as yet, and I have promises of as much as may be needed from many quarters—from men I need not name to you.”

“I wish to God they may fulfil them, Mr. Emmet. That comes back to what I said before. It is the rich who will fail you.”

Emmet's face relaxed its tense look : he broke into quiet laughter.

“Jemmy, you should be charitable even to the rich. At all events there is enough to go on

with. We need not sell our confidence to every man who can give us fifty pounds, as they did in '98. I have told Quigley to look me out houses, and to-morrow I will go and see the one in Patrick Street you spoke of. I shall want you for mixing the explosives. Now good-bye ; come no farther. I shall see you again soon."

CHAPTER III

WHEN Emmet parted from James Hope on the Green at Harold's Cross, he walked on some hundred yards to the little house where he had his lodging, under the roof of Mrs. Palmer, a widow lady of straitened means to whom Emmet's father had rendered services so considerable that she could hardly refuse, had she wished to, the son's request for a place where he might live and study and pursue his business unobserved. That he should wish to live retired was no matter for surprise to anyone who knew the family history.

When "Grattan's parliament" came into possession of freedom in 1782, Dr. Robert Emmet, physician to the Lord Lieutenant, author of a work on medicine which had been translated into French and become a standard authority, was an exceedingly prosperous and well-connected professional man. He was the father of three sons and a daughter: the eldest son, Temple Emmet, was already at the bar, adding fresh laurels to his brilliant university achievements.

The second, Thomas Addis Emmet, was studying medicine in Edinburgh, and displaying the varied talents which every member of that family shared.

Sixteen years later, in 1798, the position of affairs was strangely altered. The eldest son was only a memory—the memory of surprising excellence cut off in its prime; fortunate, however, in the opportuneness of a death which had saved the son from the consequences of those principles which the father had laboriously instilled. Passionate worshippers of freedom, partisans of America in her struggle, enthusiasts for France in her vast transformation, father and sons had stood for freedom in Ireland. Thomas Addis Emmet, abandoning medicine, had joined the bar, and was building up a great reputation, when the Society of United Irishmen included him among its earliest and most trusted members. Fitzwilliam's promise to Ireland of equal rights for all Irishmen, the abrupt recall of Fitzwilliam from the Viceroyalty which followed, convinced Thomas Emmet and his associates that justice could only be attained by armed revolution, and they prepared for it. He was among the twelve leaders seized in March, 1798—seized, detained without trial, and imprisoned at Fort George in Scotland, only to be released in 1802.

A month after the elder brother's arrest, and before the rebellion had broken out, there was

a visitation held in Trinity College to inquire into the spread of treasonable principles among the university students. Robert Emmet, then in his twentieth year, an undergraduate of remarkable distinction, was prominent among the advocates of republicanism. He refused to appear before the tribunal, and was expelled; the sentence carried with it exclusion from all the learned professions.

The sister, Mary Anne Emmet, was conspicuous as a writer of revolutionary literature. She married a barrister, Robert Holmes, who shared her principles.

Dr. Emmet's patients, drawn from the well-to-do Protestant section of the community, who could not conceive why disloyal persons should wish to alter anything so comfortable as the established ascendancy, turned a cold shoulder to the practitioner. He withdrew to his seat at Casino, south of Dublin, and lived there with his wife and the children of his imprisoned son.

Robert Emmet's home was with his father, but he spent much of these years on the continent, and his visits to Casino were more than once the signal for police descents. Now, in March, 1803, he had been in Ireland for six months—nominally associated with Mr. Patten, brother of Thomas Emmet's wife, in managing a tanning business. But trade was not

in his disposition ; and, although up to the close of 1802 he had contemplated accompanying his brother in a projected emigration to the United States, one event more than any other had decided his course of action.

Dr. Emmet, dying in December, left to each of his sons a capital estimated to produce one hundred a year. Money is the mainspring of rebellion.

At the same time the great body of Irish outlaws and exiles on the Continent became aware that the peace between England and France was only temporary. Thomas Addis Emmet moved to Paris, where he was the accredited representative of the United Irish Society. Robert Emmet, not knowing when the police might be set on his track, felt that he would be too easily captured if he continued to live at Casino, where his mother still lingered, an old woman solitary in her bereavement. He therefore sought out this quiet retreat in a suburban village, and avoided all publicity.

But there were certain houses at which he still visited—houses where his antecedents reflected on him nothing but honour ; and for one of these he was bound to-day. Having adjusted his dress with a fastidious care that was characteristic of him, he set out again, but now along the road which leads from Harold's Cross through Rathfarnham, towards the heath-clad mountains whose

lower slopes are divided by only some six miles from the city's centre.

It was only a couple of hours past noon ; and that first week in March wore the fashions of April : soft sunshine, tender blueness of the sky, tempted the buds into incautious openings : already in places there was a mist of green through the thorn bushes by the wayside. Then as now, the road was enclosed by demesne walls on the left ; but to the right, it gave a clear prospect over rich tillage land, thickly studded with farms and cottages. In front of the traveller were seen the rounded bulk of Kilmashogue and the King's Burying ground : further west, was Mount Venus, oddly capped by the square stone building which a group of bloods had newly built for their pleasure, and delighted to call the Hell Fire Club.

Much traffic passed Emmet as he walked, coming mostly from the city—ladies in coaches returning from their shopping or their morning calls ; stout gentlemen on steady cobs ambling home to dinner in their country seats. But the young man walked along, neither greeting nor greeted, tapping the ground with his cane as he went, after the fashion of those who walk musing ; till at last a burly farmer driving his cart back empty from the market hailed him.

“God save you, sir.”

Emmet looked up :

“God save you kindly, Devlin.” Then, as the man pulled his horse to a walk, and drew close to him—“Any news of our friends?”

“Big Arthur was down last night and got the stuff away with him. It should be in Glencree by now.”

“Is that where Dwyer is now?” asked Emmet.

“That’s where he has the stuff—it mightn’t be safe too near.”

“Do they want more?”

“It’s lead they’re short of, he says.”

“We’re casting bullets fast now. I’ll send out a sack to your house to-morrow night; Arthur will want help to carry them. Bid him be there. And let Dwyer keep as near Dublin as he can for a fortnight.”

“Surely, sir.”

As the farmer flicked his horse and drove on, Emmet’s face fell back into its musing look. He had passed Rathfarnham now by a mile, and turned into a narrow road, high-walled on both sides. Another quarter of an hour brought him within sight of a new-built house, facing pleasantly towards the sun and the mountains, above whose top the sun shone. It was the Priory—home of the wittiest Irishman whom even that age knew.

John Philpot Curran kept open house. The

fashion of the country has always been lavish and uncereemonious in hospitality : and in the Dublin of that period, few housewives knew of a morning how many would sit down to their table in the afternoon. Curran's house was without its natural housewife this five or six years now ; but it had never on that account been less open. Rather, the famous advocate inclined to press hospitality, to be more jovial than before—to outface, as it were, the awkwardness which inevitably ensued upon that notable defection. The girls, who were well advanced in their teens when the scandal left them motherless at home, had grown up somewhat unsheltered. All the tenderness of Curran's nature had squandered itself on one daughter, who lay buried (so he had insisted, defying church and convention) at the foot of an ash tree within his grounds. For the others, he was rather a natural fact than anything more intimate : accepting them, accepted by them, according to the ordinary family usages. They were proud of him ; for though, in the Irish phrase, in his homelife he “hung up the fiddle behind the door,” they were seldom left to bear the brunt of his domestic ill-humour, being seldom without company. Few ever entered that house who were not able, either by their own brains, or by gratifying his natural desire for an audience, to set the Counsellor in talk ; and when the

metaphorical fiddle came down, when the great talker was set going, he was worth listening to.

He stood now on the hearthrug, watch in hand, as was his custom for the five minutes before three o'clock and dinner gong.

"Welcome, Robert, my boy. It's good of you to come out. So you've torn yourself from tanning for one day anyhow. I don't wonder. However, *non olet*—I hope you'll make your fragrant fortune."

"I'm afraid there's no immediate prospect of that, sir," said the young man as he shook hands. "Even Norris, our manager, isn't sanguine."

"Well, you leave him the fragrance anyhow. Jane, are you not going to tell them set a place for Mr. Emmet?"

"They won't need to be told," said a bright-eyed young lady whom Emmet was greeting. "At this moment I'm sure they're screeching in the kitchen that the brother of the famous United man is come out to dinner, and that it's an honour to wait on the like of him."

Emmet laughed.

"I'm glad you have such well-principled domestics," he said as he passed towards a little group in the bay window, where sat Miss Curran's younger sister, Sarah, a slender, very girlish figure, with dark silky hair and dark, melancholy eyes. She appeared almost unconscious of the new arrival

and in greeting him, scarcely broke off the conversation which she carried on with a tall, good-looking young man—at a guess a barrister. The salutation between this gentleman and Emmet was touched with a certain stiffness.

“Good-day, Mr. Huband.”

“How are you, Mr. Emmet?”

The other member of the group, though his back was turned at the moment to Miss Sarah and the rival claimants for her attention, lost none of this by-play. He was a very short, broad man, whose disproportioned trunk stood on its supports like a beer barrel—and a beer barrel set awry, for one leg was shorter than the other. Leonard MacNally owed that deformity to a pistol-shot in the hip: like many another lawyer of that day he was a noted duellist, and he had faced fire in support of his principles as an Irish politician.

Few men in the second rank at the Irish Bar were better known than this celebrated oddity. He was not a wit of repute, and although a very successful playwright, his comedies owed their vogue rather to their sentimental than their humorous vein. He never inspired fear, despite his well-known pugnacity; and he never inspired enthusiasm, though none had been more prominent as a defender of Nationalist principles. In 1798 more particularly he had been again and again

associated with Curran in defence of political defendants whom it was somewhat perilous to defend. The advocates were fitly paired : two uglier men could not have been found in Ireland. But Curran had the consummate actor's countenance, every nerve mobile, responsive to all changes of mood : his eyes, deep brownish-black like some wild creature's (and most of all like an ape's) held merely the concentration of a light that flickered over every feature. Leonard MacNally's ugliness was stolid : his skin, upon which soap and water seemed to have no effect, never varied in colour : the whole face indeed, if the eyes had been closed, was expressionless : with them, it was droll, assertive, and peering.

Those eyes watched, in a mirror before which MacNally held an album open, every movement of the new-comer, and his expression as he approached the girl. Then, turning abruptly, MacNally held out his hand. "And is that you, Mr. Emmet? We have not met since the poor doctor's death. I trust your mother bears up under her misfortune." Then, with a seemingly careless glance, which nevertheless held sharp scrutiny, he added : "I was thinking maybe your brother would return now with his family."

Emmet's face showed no response to the little lawyer's glow of cordiality.

"My mother would never wish that," he

answered. "It would be too great a humiliation for my brother."

"To be sure, to be sure, his profession would be closed against him. Ah, Counsellor," he cried across the room to Curran, "what the Irish Bar has lost in this one family!"

"You may say that, Mac. Robert, you were hardly old enough to know your brother Temple; he was a miracle. Eight and twenty when he died, and he knew more of theology than all the bench of bishops and more law than all the judges."

"Well, Counsellor," said MacNally insistently, "there was always great talk of Temple, but for my part I never esteemed any man more than that poor fellow who's out now, banished, or as good as banished—forced to kick his heels yonder—in Paris, I suppose."

He shot a questioning look at Emmet as he uttered the last words.

"My brother has been living in Brussels," Robert Emmet answered tranquilly.

"To be sure, to be sure. I heard that. Some town on the Continent, I knēw. Ach, what a life for a man of his parts, to be knocking about from place to place, and always, you may be sure, scheming and hoping for some turn of the cards that would bring him and the rest back to where they were before."

As he spoke, the gong sounded. Curran shut his watch with a snap.

"Three to the minute," he said. "Ah, here's Richard," for the son of the house hurried in with apprehensive countenance. "Late as usual, but less late than usual. Now, you young squires of dames," and he turned to Emmet and Huband, "lead on. Mac and I will bring up the rear like heavy artillery."

Miss Curran looked at the two young men, both of whom showed a perceptible disinclination to leave her younger sister.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Emmet, but my father's daughter must allow the Bar precedence. Mr. Huband, will you take me in?"

Robert Emmet, as he gave his arm to Sarah Curran, said in a low tone, "If the authorities of Trinity College had not expelled me six years ago, I might have been a barrister to-day. This is the first time I was ever grateful to them."

The girl's face lit up with one of the flashes of raillery which often passed across its tender gloom.

"You are always so exaggerated," she said. "You make so much out of so little."

CHAPTER IV

AN hour later, the two sisters, with light cloaks thrown over their pretty sloping shoulders, were sauntering in the late sunlight among the flower-beds in front of the house.

"I declare, Sally," cried the elder, "we must go primrosing soon. Look at all the oxslips in full bloom. Don't you think Mr. Huband would like to carry your basket?"

"I hate Mr. Huband," said Sarah, petulantly. "No, that isn't true; the poor man himself does me no harm. But I hate the name of Mr. Huband, since you are for ever dinning it into my ears. I wish the Counsellor would not bring him out here so often."

"Then he would probably bring himself where he felt an attraction—as some other friends of ours do."

It was said with a teasing glance at her sister, who made a little impatient motion with her shoulders.

"Jane," she began, "you are insupportable." But at the same moment, a window, opening in

the French fashion from the dining-room, was flung outwards, and Richard Curran stepped on to the gravel path.

“If we don’t get them out there will be challenges flying. Emmet is arguing with Mac and saying the most outrageous things in his most gentlemanly manner, and the Counsellor doesn’t know whether to laugh or to be angry.” Then, turning towards the window, he spoke to the company within. “Won’t you come out? it’s like a May evening. You’ll argue cooler in the open, Mac.”

There was the sound of chairs being pushed back, and Robert Emmet, reaching the window first, flung open the other panel and stood aside deferentially. For a moment the guests were grouped, bowing in the ceremonious fashion of that generation, and each refusing to lead. But Curran spoke :

“Go on, Mac. Age before honesty, my dear fellow. This young republican allows you that much precedence.”

MacNally descended the steps, his limp showing markedly ; then he paused, waiting for Curran. The two younger men crossed the gravel path to where the ladies stood, and Emmet began at once to renew his talk with Sarah, while Huband almost aggressively assumed a position beside him. But MacNally, it seemed, was not content to let the

discussion drop, and while Curran stood on the topmost step, snuffing in the spring air, he spoke with a taunt in his gross humour.

“Young ladies, you’ll be pleased to hear that Mr. Emmet there thinks the men of ninety-eight were a parcel of botchers and blunderers who only got what they deserved.”

Emmet turned towards him with head a little thrown back.

“I have no friend, and I would own no friend who does not honour the men of ninety-eight. But is that a reason why we should not learn from their failure?”

Before answer could be given Curran came down the steps and laid his hand affectionately on MacNally’s arm.

“The young generation is always willing to learn by the mistakes of the old, it seems, but not by their counsel. Robert, my boy, I have seen all that was to be seen in this country from the day she regained her liberty till the day she lost it, and you will allow me to speak. The men who attempted rebellion in ninety-eight were among the foremost in rank and ability, and where are they now? Ireland is swept bare of them, and those like myself and Mac here”—he emphasised the pressure of his hand on MacNally’s arm—“who shared their confidence, live merely on sufferance. Let us admit, then, that, as you say,

there will certainly be war with France in a week or two, or a month or two. There was war when the men I speak of attempted rebellion and failed. What chance could a rising have now? It would barely scare the kites and crows from their perch among the ruins of the Constitution."

Emmet listened to the great orator—never more the orator than when he chose to talk—with a deference that had in it something of affection; yet there was no hint of weakening in his reply.

"With all respect, sir, I think you have just indicated the one advantage which it might possess."

MacNally cocked his head a little on one side and struck in quickly :

"Well now, Mr. Emmet, I can't be as clever as I thought, for the devil an advantage did I hear, unless it was to have half the decent men out of the country."

The words were uttered in an accent of taunting drollery, but Emmet answered simply, as one who pursues a passionless argument.

"He said, Mr. MacNally, that you and he, who were not of the United Irishmen, yet shared their secrets."

There was perceptible a faint hardening of the lines in MacNally's face. Curran laughed ironically and shrugged his shoulders; while Huband,

from beside Sarah Curran, emphasised the possible interpretation with an accent of evident dislike.

"This is not very flattering to you and MacNally, Counsellor."

Emmet turned on him quickly, flushing a little.

"There is no question here of flattery or imputation. I merely state a fact. Knowledge of what the United organisation intended was too widely diffused, and the result was—Government got its blow in first. It struck at the brain when my brother and the rest were taken in Bond's house. These men were too anxious to be constitutional even in rebellion ; they hoped to repeat in Ireland what happened in England when William of Orange landed. They forgot they were dealing with an alien and hostile power which could not be affected, as was the Government of England in 1789, by the ferment of feeling in the people itself. Now I can conceive of a conspiracy that should strike suddenly at the very heart of this power."

As the young man spoke the last words there was a sudden look of concentration in MacNally's face again ; it passed in an instant, covered by the stolid mask, as Curran interrupted the growing passion of Emmet's talk with a bitter jest.

"Use some other metaphor, my dear Robert. Government in this country has neither heart nor brains."

MacNally nudged him with affected clownishness. "Ach, Counsellor, don't be interrupting, but let us hear this grand plan. First, you would attack Dublin, isn't that it?"

Sarah Curran broke in on him :

"I did not hear Mr. Emmet saying anything about Dublin, or I'm sure I should have protested."

"And is that you, Miss Sarah? Sure he was talking about hearts," retorted MacNally, with his brogue more emphasised than ever, "and I thought it must be some place not far from Rathfarnham. Go on now, Mr. Emmet, I'm dying to hear how you'll do it, and how much better off we'll be than when the pike was in every second man's cottage."

For the first time Emmet's face showed irritation. MacNally's side blow at the girl had brought the red to her face; and he replied now harshly and insistently. "The pike is a good weapon, Mr. MacNally, but it is powerless against informers."

The drollery faded from MacNally's face and with an instinctive movement he thrust forward his square lower jaw like a bulldog. But Curran, laying his hand on the little man's shoulder, said affectionately :

"Come, my old friend, you need not put up your bristles. If another had said it, I agree you

might take offence. Explain your meaning, Robert," he added a little sternly. "How will you ensure loyalty by refusing it to men like Leonard MacNally and myself?"

The young man answered with heat :

"Why, sir, surely I need not defend myself against a charge of casting imputations. The very Castle hacks would laugh at anyone who suggested a distrust of your good faith—or of your friend's. What I am arguing is that success might be possible if the hazard were ventured—and, in such a hazard, no one would think of staking the most valuable lives. But success would only be possible in my view by the strictest enforcement of secrecy, and there can be no question, for we have cruel proof of it, that secrecy was not ensured in ninety-eight."

"And how, pray, would you ensure it?" Curran asked. "What infallible test of character have you that was not present before?"

"The simplest," Emmet answered with growing confidence. "We have knowledge where they had only conjecture. I would trust no man with main secrets who had not actually borne arms, and ventured his life for his country's freedom."

"It is comforting to think," said Huband with a sneer, "that you yourself could not be very seriously implicated."

"Not every member of the Whig Club would

possess the knowledge necessary to discriminate," Emmet retorted hotly.

"Besides," said MacNally, "who knows but Mr. Emmet might be looking to apply this test and not to submit to it?"

Again there was a curious alertness in the lawyer's face as he spoke the words with their innuendo of mockery, and he watched close for a reply. But Curran broke in, and the vexation in his face was sharply marked.

"Well, Mac, at any rate it is clear that we shall not be admitted to Robert's conspiracy when he makes one. You and I have had our day. It will soon be five years now—ay, a long time—since you and I were all the Bar that aspired to the privilege of defending these same gentleman who risked their lives. It is true we were well protected; half a regiment in court, to say nothing of the loyal Orangemen, so eager for fair play and the decencies of law."

"And do you know, Counsellor, what I think?" MacNally replied, in the same tone of irony. "When Mr. Emmet has tried his hand, he'll be coming to the same old shop for the same old article—and he'll get it only from the men who are as ready with the pistol as with the tongue."

Emmet bowed gravely.

"Thank you, Mr. MacNally, I won't forget. But," he continued, looking intently at Curran,

while the disputant's ardour shone on his young countenance, "do you think then, sir, that a general rising of Ireland could never succeed and should never be attempted?"

Curran made a swift, impatient gesture with his hands, half despair, half defiance.

"A general rising! If three counties would rise in earnest, I would attempt it."

"The United Organisation is spread over nineteen counties to-day," Emmet answered passionately.

"Ay, I'm sure of that," MacNally struck in. "There would be Wexford, Wicklow, and Kildare, of course. Antrim and Down and Fermanagh—Donegal—"

The first names were run off unhesitatingly: in the last two, a shade of questioning was heard, and he paused, waiting for a reply to it. But Curran struck him impatiently on the arm.

"Ah, never mind counting, Mac, the country's dead, or her carcase would not breed so many vermin: the maggots are all turning into gilded flies—you can see them any fine day, thick about the Castle. Come in out of the damp air, and leave this youngster to warm himself with visions of the heather on fire."

But MacNally persisted, with a dogged good humour. "I tell you now, Counsellor, you may call him a youngster, but between ourselves there's a deal in what he has been saying. They were too

loose with their tongues in ninety-eight. Come and dine with me one evening, Mr. Emmet, to show you bear no malice. Shall we say Wednesday?"

Emmet thanked him, smiling.

"Unhappily, I am leaving Dublin for a little while."

"For the North?" MacNally questioned quickly. But Curran, already half-way up the steps, turned before he could be answered.

"For God's sake, come in to your wine, Mac. Have you no bowels of rheumatism in your bones?"

As the doors closed behind the older men, "Inquisitive old devil," said Richard Curran, "I've often heard the Counsellor say Mac loved the very smell of treason. He'll be spinning all sorts of theories about you, Robert."

"Yes, Mr. Emmet," said Jane, "it must be dreadful for you to be the brother of a real conspirator. Even we, because we are the Counsellor's daughters, are always suspected of writing love-letters to Bonaparte."

"I hope you place your affections better, Miss Curran," said Emmet with a serious inflection under his raillery.

Sarah Curran caught at his tone like a challenge.

"Now, Mr. Emmet, for all you can say, every woman in her heart must adore Bonaparte. He is stupendous."

“He is making a stupendous tyranny,” Emmet replied.

“And yet,” said Huband, “this is the power that your brother and his friends want to bring in upon us in place of England—King Stork, I fear.”

“Mr. Huband, you seem to be greatly misinformed,” Emmet replied with quick anger. But Jane Curran struck in :

“I protest, Mr. Emmet ; no more politics. Mr. Huband, come and help me to pick violets. I would not let Mr. Emmet near them ; he is too incendiary, the poor things would shrivel.”

Huband’s assent was plainly enforced, but he followed the decisive and merry young lady.

CHAPTER V

RICHARD CURRAN stood a moment looking after his eldest sister and her companion as she led the way to the garden.

“Well, Robert,” he said, “you are walking in, I suppose. We shall see enough of each other then, so I leave you to correct Sally’s leanings to Bonapartism.”

He went from them as he spoke, and the pair, falling instinctively into motion, began to saunter along the path away from the house.

“It is no use, Mr. Emmet,” the girl began, gathering her skirts with a pretty gesture to lift them off the shelly gravel, “you may talk as you like, but you know in our hearts we all admire Bonaparte.”

Answering her, Emmet’s voice strangely altered its character. He still argued, and argued gravely, but it seemed as if beyond the immediate argument he had some other purpose in view.

“At least I am with you in this,” he said. “Bonaparte has shown the world how easily great

changes are effected, and how quickly great establishments of privilege can be overthrown."

"Yes—by him," the girl answered; and she in her turn seemed to convey some further meaning—a rebuke to some possible presumption.

"By him, certainly," Emmet replied. "And that makes it all the more monstrous that so superb an instrument of freedom should be employed in building up a tyranny."

"I suppose he is tired of pulling down," said the girl lightly. But the young man turned on her with passionate earnestness.

"Do you not think, living in this country and seeing what even the youngest of us have seen, that pulling down may be the most glorious and necessary work that a man could set his hand to?"

The girl met his eyes for a moment, then suddenly dropping all hint of raillery, and in a new tone—

"Are you quite sure, Mr. Emmet," she asked, "that it is safe for you to talk as you do?"

"To you?"

"No—to everybody—to the Counsellor—to Mr. Huband," she paused for an instant—"even to Mr. MacNally?"

Emmet met her admonition, which had in it something almost peremptory, with a grave smile.

“Miss Sarah, if everyone was in danger who talked as I have talked to-day, half Dublin would be fearing arrest.”

“Oh !” cried the girl, impatiently and scornfully, “if you only mean it to be talk—”

It was a girl's challenge rather than a woman's. Recklessly the young creature, feeling herself put off with a phrase, used all the force that is in a woman's taunt. Her words brought a new thrill into the young man's voice—a new and sudden light into his eyes—as he made answer.

“Miss Sarah, perhaps I could convince you that it is not only talk ; but have I the right to? Will you give me the right?—Do you understand me?” he added, with insistent emphasis—of challenge rather than entreaty.

Sudden fear and a quivering excitement seized the girl. Something was threatened in his tone and words—there was passion in them ; yet how strangely threatened. Half wantonly, she had sought to win a special confidence from him. Now it seemed that if she used the mastery which she had over his mood—this new and wonderful mastery—she might learn something that concerned not politics alone. Words might be spoken that might perhaps menace herself, her light-hearted freedom—yet words that she desired so imperiously to hear uttered. Instinctively, she made further trial of her power.

"You mean," she said, with an assumption of indifference, "that you would like to see another rising; that you would risk a great deal to bring it about? Why should you not tell me that?"

"No," he said, speaking low and vehemently, as they paced side by side, straying now far along the winding walks, "I had a very different meaning. Suppose that behind all this utterance of discontent, while all this talk went on, a man was acting, or preparing to act. I want you to understand how he might burn to give his confidence where he had no right to give it, unless that right carried with it all that his heart could desire; and how a light word from one creature in the world—from you, Miss Sarah—might sting him almost beyond endurance.—Now, will you give me the right to speak—to tell you all that is in my mind?"

It was strange wooing—so veiled, so vague, so entangled with issues of menacing consequence, foreign to the simple, primitive cry of man to woman. And Sarah Curran, dizzy with the rush of contagious emotion, half exultant in a girl's supreme triumph, half scared by the appeal of a nature far stronger than her own, fell back upon the woman's eternal evasion—the profession of uncomprehendingness. She stammered and faltered.

“I don’t know—I don’t understand. I would wish to do anything that could help you ; but why do you ask it so strangely ?”

Easily now she might have been overborne, carried away on the wind of his passion—for, in truth, all her nature answered to his summons like earth to the winds of spring. But the lover who succeeds most surely is he who has least of tenderness, most of his own desire ; and in this young man there moved the very spirit of chivalry. Her question checked him.

“Why, indeed ?” he said, with a melancholy gesture. “I will tell you. Fortunate men have fortune to proffer ; I come only with a beggar’s asking. Miss Sarah, you know what I am now—debarred from all the chances of honourable preferment in my own country so long as that country remains governed as it is. I can only say to you that if a great change took place, and if I had my share in bringing it to pass, I should then be in a very different position. Is it possible—but even to say it seems fantastic and preposterous—yet is it possible, you would now give me some hope that if the day comes you will be my reward ?”

His words noised dimly in the girl’s brain, setting up a whirl of thought that confused the simplicity of feeling. In his scrupulous care to state the case against himself, he had thrown aside the direct appeal of youth to youth, lover to the

loved one ; he had forced her to be aware that a decision was thrown upon her—and what a decision ! It meant no less than that she should pledge herself to a secret engagement upon conditions that could not possibly be avowed. Yet to refuse absolutely was beyond her ; it went against the courses of her blood. In bewilderment she swerved from the act of decision.

“I could not promise that,” she said, speaking after a long pause, very low, with face turned from him and eyes on the ground. “No, I could not. How could I ? Why do you ask me ?”

The difficulty which she found to speak brought a note of reproach into her voice, and it gave a poignancy to his disappointment. Yet he felt in her, as in himself, the need for some finality—a conclusion arrived at.

Pausing in his walk. “You are right,” he said very gravely. “It is too much to ask. Yet, Miss Sarah, I cannot help it. I must try to know. If things were otherwise, if I could ask you now, without conditions at all, to marry me—would that be asking too much ?”

Again her woman’s nature—always simpler and more direct in its expression than a man’s—rebelled against this remote and conditional surrender. She was there—and in her deepest consciousness she knew and half resented it—his for the taking. But to make as it were her own

declaration coldly through the reason, her instinct refused.

“You must not ask me,” she cried. “It is not fair; I have never thought of such things. I am quite happy here at home: I have no wish for anything else.”

She turned away and began to walk towards the house: Emmet’s face as he accompanied her was clouded with a genuine expression of remorse.

“I am ashamed,” he said, after a moment, “that you have been forced to remind me of what I should never have forgotten. I was selfish: I thought only of what might give me great happiness. I shall always reproach myself: but forgive me.”

She stopped him quickly.

“Do not think that—you must not think that.” Then confusedly and with hesitation, she added, “You have done me a great honour; but it is all so difficult.”

His eyes lit again:

“Oh, your kindness—it hurts me almost. Listen—will you answer me one thing before I go—since I may not see you for a long time?” He hesitated, then as if bracing himself to what was hard even to utter. “There is not anyone else who has reason—to hope?”

Now indeed, she was quick to reply; the words

came almost with a panting of relief, they so solaced her.

“No ; believe me, there is not. What I have told you is quite true. I am very contented and happy here at home.” She paused, faltered for a moment, then, “And I would wish you always,” she added, “to think of me as a very dear friend.”

He caught her hand and bowed low over it. “Thank you,” he said. “I shall never forget your goodness.” Then he left her abruptly and walked towards the house. And as he went from her, Sarah Curran felt a sob rising uncontrollably within her breast.

CHAPTER VI

ON the following afternoon Robert Emmet, walking as his habit was from Harold's Cross into, Dublin, directed his way to the shop of one Palmer, living in what was then called the New Road, in a district lying somewhat west of the Coombe.

The shop was in a poor quarter, but of considerable size, and doing, it would seem, a thriving business. Its proprietor had been imprisoned on suspicion in '98 : his son, a rebel in arms, had escaped but not unobserved, and was, like Quigley and so many others, on the list of outlaws. Palmer himself, a heavy, fat, down-looking man, moved lazily about the premises, attending chiefly to the sale of drinks ; for, after the custom so prevalent in Ireland, he was publican, grocer, ironmonger, and general provider all in one. But the presiding genius of the establishment was undoubtedly a soft, rather pretty young girl, whose alert motions were in odd contrast with her easy musical speech and laughter.

She, when she saw Emmet's slight and precisely appavelled figure enter, moved over to a counter towards the back of the shop, out of general ear-shot.

Emmet greeted her ceremoniously.

"Well, sir, was the butter to your friends' liking?"

"So much so, Miss Biddy, that I want another parcel of it sent to the same address. And, if you have no objection, I have a parcel coming from another shop which will be left here, and you can forward the two."

"With pleasure."

Leaning his elbow on the counter, he spoke low.

"Devlin's cart will call here on his way back from the butter market. The bullets will be in small bags; you will have the powder in a little firkin as before."

"They'll be ready to send off this afternoon," she answered, raising her voice deliberately. Then lower: "A man calling himself Graham wants to see you at Dillon's as soon as you can."

"I shall be there in ten minutes," said Emmet. "Good morning to you, Miss Biddy."

In less than that time he had emerged from the network of by-streets which fringed the dirty little stream that falls into the Liffey near the Royal Hospital, and was walking rapidly along Thomas Street to the White Bull inn. The landlady

showed him ceremoniously upstairs to the little parlour, and in a few moments Quigley appeared.

“Well, Michael, what news with you?” said Emmet.

“I went out, sir, last night to take a look round, and beyond here, in Thomas Street, I met a man I knew well in the rising—Ned Condon, they call him. He’s driving a van now, and does carting on his own account, and he says the old United men have all the notion that something is to be done again.”

“That’s Jammy Hope’s work,” Emmet answered. “He has been talking to them. A carter would be very useful to us, Michael. Miles Byrne, whom I named to you yesterday, is in charge of a timberyard—his half brother is a builder—and we can get timber from him if we had the place to work it.”

“Sure, we have the best place in Ireland here, under our very hand.”

“What do you mean, Michael?”

“The storeyard that is vacant at the back here. If you could come out a minute with me now, I’d show you. There’s a door opening from the back.”

Emmet followed the little man down the stair and through a dark narrow passage which led out to a small dingy yard ended by a high wall. From it a door opened on to a gloomy lane, paved

with cobblestones, and enclosed on the side next to Thomas Street by this wall, into which were set seven or eight dark doorways leading into yards similar to that of the White Bull. On the side next the river an even higher wall ran the whole length, broken only by one inconspicuous door.

"That leads into the place I mean," said Quigley. "But I haven't the key of it. Come this way."

They were about half-way in the lane, one end of which opened into Bridgefoot Street, the petty thoroughfare running down hill from Thomas Street to the Liffey and the Queen's Bridge. Quigley led in this direction, and as he turned down Bridgefoot Street bade Emmet observe that a blank wall ran nearly half the length of the street on their left as they walked down hill.

At the end of this, a narrow lane debouched at a sharp angle, enclosing with Bridgefoot Street a wedge-shaped piece of ground.

"This is what they call Mass Lane," said Quigley turning up it. "All them buildings on the right are grain stores ; they have hardly any windows, and no one at the windows. But all this part here on the left is divided into yards. There's a smith here," he said, pointing to a gate, "and this next one belongs to some fellow that had a cooperage, but he's done up—and do you see now," and he stopped opposite the third gate,

“this is the place I meant. But come up here first.”

And walking a few steps on, he showed Emmet that they were at the other end of the dark cobbled lane on to which they had emerged from the White Bull. In front of them, a passage only practicable for foot passengers led between the lower storeys of two houses in Thomas Street : it was covered by the rooms of their first storeys.

“There is not a quieter spot in Dublin,” said Quigley. “And look at the height of them walls.”

He took a key from his pocket.

“The old fellow that owns it left this with me. I told him I was looking for a place to set up a carpenter’s yard, and maybe do a bit of rough cart-building.”

Opening one wing of the wide double door, he led Emmet into a large irregular yard, with a low shed fronting the entrance : to the right a range of offices with lofts were backed against the wall of the lane.

“There couldn’t be a place handier for me,” he said. “I could sleep in the loft here, and one or two more with me, and it would come cheap on you that way : and whatever I wanted could be sent in by the back from Dillon’s.”

Emmet looked observingly about him.

“I believe you’re right, Michael. And from

here to the Castle is not five minutes, a clear road with no turnpike. It does not seem to be overlooked from anywhere. The sooner we take this, the better. Only, in whose name shall we take it?"

"I thought of that," Quigley replied. "Condon took me to see some of the boys last night, and there was one fellow among them, Harry Howley, a carpenter. He was very forward in ninety-eight, gathering arms—a hardy fellow by all accounts, and I believe he's not too safe yet, for there was someone killed at a house he went to. Being a carpenter, and known in the trade here, it would make no talk for him to be taking the like of this place: and I can be one of his helpers. I have him inside at the bar, if you would like to see him."

"Bring him here then, Michael," said Emmet.

The young leader, left by himself for a few minutes, felt the glow which comes when projects outlined in thought begin to materialise in act. Certainly his helper was efficient. All around and about him there seemed an endless supply of men ready and willing for the work that he had in view: willing fighters, willing artisans; they needed only the combining force of a directing mind, commanding control of money. Things moved swiftly and easily, it seemed, once the push was given.

Quigley was back now accompanied by a tall, hooknosed, high cheek-boned Irishman, dressed as a mechanic.

"We all knew your brother, Mr. Emmet," Howley said. "The name answers for you."

"What was this place before?" Emmet asked.

"A malt store—owned by people the name of Coleman."

"And you would be willing to take a lease of it in your name?"

"Why not?"

"Well, then, the sooner you are in possession, the better."

"I'll tell them I have orders in hand that won't wait, and I'm sure they'll let me in before the lease is signed."

"Will you live here yourself?"

"Better not, Mr. Emmet, I'm a married man, and the women would be in and out too much. This man here—what is it they call you now, Michael?—aye Graham—he can sleep in it, and take charge for me. If I want help, I know lads that will take their day's wages and ask no questions."

"And for yourself?"

"For myself and for this fellow, we must be beholding to you for our food: but no money, Mr. Emmet. There'll be plenty to do with the money."

Emmet grasped the carpenter's hand.

"It may not be long before you get your reward," he said. "Now, you and Michael will go to work. When you are ready to take in the timber, Michael, send Condon to fetch it from Byrne's yard. Deal will do for the handles: I have got some hundreds of pike-heads forged already. You cannot turn them out too quick—we do not know the day when they may be wanted."

"The day can't come too soon," said Howley. "I'll go to Coleman this morning and see will he give me possession to-morrow. Leave the money with Michael, Mr. Emmet."

Then turning to Quigley with his fierce eyes blazing:

"This is a great day for Ireland. By God, it's a fine thing to be back at the old work."

Emmet looked at him with the look of a dreamer who sees his dream come true.

"I wonder if there are many like you in Ireland," he said.

"Hundreds of thousands," Howley answered passionately.

"That is what I have always said," Emmet answered, and his voice had a growing ring in it. "That is what I have always said, and men have laughed at me. I have said that if Ireland was ready to take the field when she had her

own parliament which in spite of its corruption did at least study the interest of Ireland and pass some useful local laws, she must be ten times more ready to rebel against this accursed Union forced on by chicane and prostitution of public honour, which leaves her represented only in a foreign assembly and represented by a class who are learning to think themselves merely England's garrison and Ireland's taskmaster. I have always said that if anyone would lead, Ireland would follow : and now that I commit my life and my fortune to the venture I find brave men leaping forward to assist me. We are in this now like brothers. There shall be no looking back."

CHAPTER VII

TEN days later Robert Emmet sat alone in his lodgings, deeply engrossed in a book. Its pages were scored with pencil markings, its margins scribbled with many notes ; yet the book was an odd one to occupy a civilian. It was the translation of Templehoff's "Military Tactics."

Beside him on the table lay an outline map of Dublin, with points marked in various colours. The different barracks and guard-posts were indicated, and from three points lines converged on the Castle. At other places here and there, strokes, marked B, were drawn across the streets. Elsewhere were littered mechanical drawings—sections of something which, even to a soldier of that day, would have presented a riddle ; but later generations would have no difficulty in recognising there the first rough outline of the rocket, afterwards perfected by Congreve.

A knock at the front door disturbed the student, and quickly he slid the various plans under the false bottom of a rough-looking but ingeniously

contrived table-drawer. Then, undoing a bolt, he opened to those who were already asking admittance.

Hamilton entered with an air of elation, saying, "Here's a stranger for you."

Behind him came a tall, stiffly-erect, soldierly gentleman, having the prominent eyes of an enthusiast set in a grave, almost expressionless face.

"Why, Russell, my dearest friend," cried Emmet, springing forward with hands outstretched, "when did you come?"

"The packet landed me at Howth about day-break. I drove to Will's lodgings, disturbed his drowsiness, breakfasted, and came on here."

Emmet drew the bolt in the door.

"Sit," he said, pointing to a chair; but he himself paced the room, too eager to be still. "Well, what news from our friends?"

"Why, what news should there be? Have you not read the papers, and Bonaparte's pretty cordialities to the British Ambassador? It will be war in a week."

"Yes, but what of our plans? What of Humbert?"

"My dear Robert, you don't suppose that a soldier of France is going to risk finding his head in a noose when he can hope for frank fighting. No, the Louisiana scheme is abandoned. When they come, Humbert will come with them, and

Napper Tandy will come ; but they will come as generals of France."

Emmet's face darkened.

"And my brother? What does he say?"

"I have not seen him. But he is due to arrive in Paris with his family before this month is out. Little can be done till he comes, for no one else is fully accredited."

"So, then, we are back in the old position—waiting for the French to land?"

"Yes, Robert, but with this difference : we have our organisation here well in hand : we have it secret. You answer for that?"

"Yes," replied Emmet, "you can depend on its secrecy and on its readiness."

"Our blow will come then at the proper time, and it will be a brain blow. And in France, look how different things are. They have retained Murphy the pilot, who knows every inch of the coast, and when the fleet sails it will carry a new Irish brigade : every officer under Humbert will be an Irishman, and perhaps it may not even be Humbert who commands."

Emmet paused a little, shook his head doubtfully, then :

"You may be right," he said ; "but it is my deepest conviction that if we made our own plans, relying on our own means, and choosing our own hour to strike, our chances would be infinitely

brighter. Still, the majority of the organisation are for the other way, and I can only carry out my part of the business. I will have the men and the arms ready when they are needed. The arms and the preparations for making them you can see at any time. But it is Saturday—I can show you a muster of the men to-day. Are you tired, Tom, or can you walk as far as Donnybrook? We will dine here first.”

Two hours later the three gentlemen stood in a field near the little Dodder river looking on at a hurling match. The spectators were many—a thousand or more.

“Not one in three of these men but belongs to us,” said Emmet to Russell quietly. “And they don’t know us. Except Jemmy Hope, they have never heard our names. But they know him. He is their sheep-dog. Watch him moving about among them.”

“He touched his hat to me just now, as if he was the porter in a hotel,” Russell answered, in the same undertone. “But I could see his eyes jump. ‘So you’re back,’ he was saying to himself. Why, Jemmy and I are like brothers.”

“See that small wiry lad on the wing,” said Emmet, “the one who is dodging the ball before him now? That’s young FitzGerald, Phil Long’s clerk. And that big young fellow after him is

a Wexford man. Look, he has the ball now—Miles Byrne has it. Watch him ; he's a superb creature."

As he spoke, the Wexford man, by mere speed of foot, had headed off the attack, and driven the ball along the side line, and now, with hurley outstretched, raced up after it. Another clean touch of the crooked hurl, and the ball was some forty yards before him, while his tremendous stride carried him flying after it. The movement had been so swift that the other side had scarcely found time to turn. Byrne was clear past the mob of forward players against him. Backs were racing down, nearer to the ball than he, yet holding in their speed lest they should over-run the object ; and, as the foremost came up, his caman clashed with Byrne's ; but already a dexterous touch had altered the ball's direction, and the big Wexford man was after it again, and on it, and now with a tremendous drive, as it still rolled before him, he sent it flying hard and high for the goal. A cheer went up, but the goal-keeper, swinging his hurl like a racket, leapt and met the ball square with such force that it flew back almost to the middle of the ground. Sticks met in the air, there was a sudden scrimmage, and in ten seconds a lucky stroke had lifted it towards the opposite goal.

So the game went on, swift, dashing, dangerous ; it seemed impossible for men, seventeen a-side, on

the space of a football ground, to avoid the swinging sticks. Now and then a nose might be unwittingly blooded, hot words pass over too cunning a trip; but the game went on exultantly.

“Once a week they do this,” said Emmet. “They get to know each other. It isn’t drill, but it is the next thing to it. Miles is a great leader among them; he was one of Father John Murphy’s men, and he commanded a large body in the last days of the rebellion. He was with Holt and Dwyer, too, in the hills and knows all their men. He will walk back with us; he lives near by. He answers for a matter of three hundred Wexford men, living here like himself, and not one but carried his pike or his gun at Vinegar Hill or Oulart or Tubberneering.”

CHAPTER VIII

FOR several weeks after Russell's coming, Emmet and his associates pursued their activities undisturbed—extending rapidly the sphere of their operations. Howley and Graham (alias Quigley) were turning out pikes by the hundred in Thomas Street: but there was other work on hand which lay much nearer to Emmet's heart. He had taken four houses in all now, and one of these in Patrick Street, a quiet back-way not far from the Castle's south gate, was leased in the name of Alexander MacIntosh, a Scotchman, one of the revolutionary Radical party, who were to be found in all the populous centres of Great Britain. Robert Emmet, while in France, had become acquainted with a certain young Campbell of this way of thinking, and Campbell had provided him with introductions to all the extreme politicians of Scotland. It chanced that this MacIntosh, a skilled mechanic, was residing in Dublin, where the grim old Voltairian worshipper of Tom Paine and humanity had married an Irish Catholic woman, Keenan by name.

Revolution in any shape was his gospel, and he flung himself eagerly into Emmet's scheme, which was to provide revolution with a substitute for artillery. In his preparations Emmet had the counsel of Russell and Hamilton, both of whom had formerly held commissions—Russell in the English, Hamilton in the French service. But he was, in truth, his own chief engineer, and the mixing of ingredients for the rocket tubes, the directions for filling them and for preparing the fuses, were all laid down by him with minute precision, while the actual work was executed in the Patrick Street house by MacIntosh, with assistance of his brother-in-law, Keenan.

Here, also, to avoid the suspicion which might be excited by large purchases of powder, a powder mill was set up and the place became a regular factory of explosives.

Meanwhile Emmet, poring over his plan of Dublin in consultation with Russell and Hamilton, devised points of attack, points of check—a comprehensive scheme under which every barrack in Dublin was to be simultaneously assailed and carried by a *coup de main*, while, to resist such troops as should get out, means were devised for barring the streets at strategic points, lining the side alleys with shotmen, and placing heavy beams rammed with powder and attached to a fuse, to explode as mines among charging cavalry.

The inventor's passion was strong in Emmet ; he had the contriving mind of the student-soldier, and all the luxury of spending money upon an object that embodied his ideals was his in these days.

Yet even in his conspiring he was a young man, and a young man in love.

Humbert was not to sail—so much was certain. War would be declared between France and England, but was not yet declared : the rising must be deferred assuredly till England was hampered : the work in hand was that of preparation for an event remote perhaps by many months. Meanwhile, so he reasoned with himself, though Russell and Hamilton, outlawed men, were forced to keep in concealment, there was no reason why he should withdraw himself wholly from general society : rather, it was desirable that he should prevent suspicion by being seen somewhat. And if so, why deny himself the delight of watching and hearing the creature who so drew him ? So again he presented himself simply as a friend at Curran's house—and the ready and unembarrassed greeting which he met from Sarah Curran convinced him more and more that he played only the hazard of his own tranquillity. She, it seemed neither sought nor shunned him : and if week by week the growing attraction of her presence led

him more and more often to the Priory, she seemed unconscious whether he came or went.

So the days went, till, in mid-April, Emmet heard a knocking at the front door of his quiet lodging, and in the next moment was surprised to hear the voice of Miss Biddy Palmer asking, not for him, but for Mrs. Palmer, his landlady.

In a moment, however, Mrs. Palmer, with an air of obvious disapproval, ushered in the young lady. As the door closed behind that precise and demure visage, Miss Biddy stood there and laughed.

"I don't think me aunt likes me," she said. "But isn't it the handy thing she should be a Palmer, too?"

"I certainly never knew there was any relationship," Emmet answered, as he greeted the girl. "And you are mystifying me as well as her."

"Why, to be sure, I came in a whisky, and I'm telling the whisky-driver all the way out that I was on a morning visit to my aunt at Harold's Cross ; though I'm sure it's little acquaintance the good lady has with Palmer the grocer in the New Road. She thinks I'm a Popish hussy, and she wants to know what brings me here.—So do you, too, Mr. Emmet, by the looks of you."

"I'm wondering a little," he answered, "what the whisky-driver has to say to it."

"God help you; don't you know the Castle has spies through the whole of them drivers? And if I was to come asking at your door for Mr. Robert Emmet, don't you think Major Sirr might be pleased to hear of it?"

"And if he did—it is no secret that I live in Dublin."

The girl's manner changed.

"Well, I'm here to tell you it will need to be, Mr. Emmet," she said gravely. "Listen now. There's a friend of mine—no, then, he's no friend of mine at all, but he thinks the world of Miss Biddy Palmer——"

"Very natural," said Emmet, "many of us do that."

"Maybe an odd one," she retorted. "But you needn't be spending compliments on me at all, Mr. Emmet, for you know well I'd do anything at all for you, and I know the kind of you too well to be ashamed of saying it. And I tell you now, you're in danger, and the hunt is out for you, and you must get close and keep close."

Emmet's brow grew serious.

"You can't tell me where you got this news?"

"What use in telling you? Just a decent poor boy that's in the Government service, God forgive him, and he saw a paper bidding Sirr find out your movements and have you watched."

"Was there any other person named?"

“Not one, only just yourself.”

The young man's face lightened.

“We're safe, then. I'll tell you, Miss Biddy, what this means. It means that my brother has come to Paris, and has been seeing people there, and the English spies in Paris are like bees in a hive. Now, can you find out for me whether they have many who know me by sight, and will swear to me?”

“I'll do my best, Mr. Emmet. I'll have that poor boy in a state that he won't know if he's in earth or heaven.”

Again Emmet smiled at her.

“No man need be sorry for him then; but I think he'll believe himself in purgatory if I judge you rightly, Miss Biddy.”

She laughed gleefully at him.

“Well, now, they say that one in that way would do a deal for a drop of cold water itself. I'll do my best to keep him hopeful and keep him humble. Good day to you now, Mr. Emmet, I mustn't scandalise me aunt by staying too long. Will I kiss her when I'm going, just to make the relationship clear to the whisky driver that's waiting for me?”

Emmet laughed gently.

“On the whole, I think you had better not.”

“Maybe not, indeed. She might think I'd just got into the trick of hugging—And God knows

and you know, Mr. Emmet, that isn't the way of it."

So with a devastating glance Miss Biddy vanished.

She left Emmet gravely pondering where the likeliest place of complete seclusion was to be found. But with that train of thought, another inwove itself. Plainly, once the place of hiding was found, he must confine himself to it and that meant an end of his visits to the Priory. Yet there is always the lover's 'once more'; and it chanced that he had engaged himself for the next morning to accompany Sarah Curran and her sister on an expedition to the beautiful demesne of Holly Park which Lundy Foote, the fortunate owner of a famous snuff, had created on the slopes of Kilmashogue mountain. This one day then he allowed himself. Afterwards and beyond, there lay the unknown, with possibilities radiant and remote.

CHAPTER IX

ON the morrow of Miss Biddy's warning Emmet set out. April was in its last days : grass began to be fresh in the pastures, and no region in all the troubled face of Europe seemed so tranquil as the grass-green island. Spring was shaking out its green tresses, making ready for May's white festival : all harmonised with the young slender figures of the two girls as they walked along the tree-shaded road which divides the level demesne of Marly from the lower slopes of Kilmashogue—and with the eager step and eager eyes of Robert Emmet as he advanced to meet and greet them.

The girls and their escort turned in at the broad gate which led to a wide steeply rising lawn, on which grew trees here and there, singly or in groups—young beech, elm, and sycamore : along the avenue a rank of limes marked the dividing line between Foote's demesne and the neighbouring property. But the chief character of the park was due to many clumps of holly, lustrous in the sunlight, and of hawthorn, huge trees of

immemorial age, trailed over with tangle of rose briar and white blossoming blackberry.

"Shall we meet Lundy himself to-day, I wonder?" said Jane Curran.

"If we do he will certainly insist on bringing us in to be stuffed with cake and port wine," answered her sister. "And I love the kind old man, but"—and she made a little grimace—"I would rather escape."

"Reassure yourselves," said Emmet. "I saw the famous coach go by this morning with Mr. Foote himself in it."

"Ah, the poor man! Quid riding!" Jane Curran's square droll face lit up with laughter as she spoke.

"I don't see why you should pity him," Sarah answered. "He's prouder of having given birth to that witticism than of his fine house and place! He thinks it will make him immortal and illustrious for ever in the history of the tobacco trade."

"Well," retorted her sister, "I don't think any man should allow himself to be made a fool of publicly. Don't you remember the Counsellor's coming home and telling everyone at dinner how Lundy Foote had asked him for a motto for his carriage, and how he had hit on a thing that would keep Dublin laughing for a year—and everybody guessing and suggesting until the Counsellor let it

out to them : I can see him now—‘*Quid rides*, which is in the vernacular tongue, *quid rides*.’ ”

“It was very witty,” Emmet answered. “But I think Mr. Foote’s acceptance of it was wittier still. When he painted his coach rappee-coloured, he made it clear to all the world that he saw the joke as well as any of the wits, but that he stood by the meaning of the motto. He deserves to have house and land and to be the prince of tobacconists.”

“At all events, he has a beautiful place,” said Sarah. “Ah, and do you see, there is the first of the may, where it always is, on that big tree near the house. Let us go and pick some.”

Reaching the tree, Robert Emmet pulled down and broke off long branches with which the girls loaded their arms. Then, striking away from the house and mounting the hill from one green glade to another, they came at last to a gravelled path which led to a communicating gate in the wall of the demesne. Here, under a lime tree already jewelled with green buds, Jane Curran halted.

“I must go and pay my visit to old Miss Ponsonby,” she said. “But I don’t think we can take Mr. Emmet there. Will you two wait for me where we sat the last time ? ”

Robert Emmet glanced at her, expecting to see in her face some mocking challenge to gratitude. But her eyes were on her sister,

curiously insistent—as who should say, “Remember.” And as he and Sarah began to shape their way upwards, heavy constraint fell on them : talk grew mechanical and difficult. Robert, who himself had things to say not easy for his tongue to fashion, was perplexed by the unlooked for change in the girl.

They had soon reached their destination—an open semicircle of low wall, unroofed, but closed about with thick grown laurels, affording shelter and backing for a curved bench. It was set on the topmost limit of Mr. Foote’s planted demesne : behind it was the deer-park, and beyond that only wild mountain. The seat faced north-east : before it the green hill slope fell steeply from brake to brake. But it was not the near distance that made the beauty here. The eye’s vision leapt clear from this eminence to Dublin, five miles distant, five hundred feet below, lying spread along the Liffey’s estuary : and beyond Dublin and away to the north for a full fifty miles, sight travelled over the huge central plain of Ireland and its low line of coast : blue sea lying beside that vast extent of field and hedgerow, whose green merged into misty blueness, till far away in the north a delicate peaked outline showed the mountains of Mourne. A kingdom in very truth lay outspread before their gaze ; and over it cloud shadows drove and drifted, till the eye lost itself in a maze of beauty.

Emmet drew in a deep breath as they sat gazing.

“A country worth fighting for. No wonder William said that—down yonder at the Boyne.”

He pointed as he spoke, and he looked to the girl for response ; but her mood gave him no answer. She sat there with head bent, shaded by the wide brim of her straw hat : her white dress was girdled with a green ribbon, her hands were full of hawthorn branches, white flower and green leafage : her face had scarcely so much pink as shows in the may blossom : her eyes, for colour like a pool in shadow, were full of troubled thought.

“Miss Sarah,” he cried with his gaze full on her, his voice charged with pleading, “what is on your mind ? In all the days I have been with you I have never seen you like this.”

“It is because I have something to say that is very painful to me,” she answered slowly. “I might have written it, but I could not, and so I am here with you to-day, though”—she paused significantly before she finished—“I ought not to be.”

For a moment he was plunged in deep thought. Then—

“This is very strange,” he said. “I must ask you to be plain with me. Do you mean that you are forbidden to meet me ?”

“I do not know. Not altogether perhaps. I think the Counsellor is anxious, though he does

not say so, lest Richard should be compromised. It seems there is talk of your brother being active in Paris."

"And is Mr. Curran afraid of being compromised himself by the opinions of those whom he admits to his table? Has he changed so far as that? Pardon me, Miss Sarah, but I must know."

She flushed lightly :

"No, it is not that. It would not be right to let you think that. My father has thought proper to warn us—to remind us of your misfortunes, how the professions are closed against you."—She hesitated painfully, then, "Need I say any more?" she asked.

A slow melancholy smile played about Emmet's mouth as he sat for a moment and gazed before him without replying.

"No," he said at last. "No more is needed—And if I feel the irony of it for myself, I feel also regret that you should have been forced to remind me of my disabilities needlessly—and unwillingly. I know that, just as I know that your father's warning was needless. Though I could be no danger to your peace of mind, you have been forced to deny me the great solace and delight of your companionship. No, do not speak," for she made as if to interrupt, "I am going to make your task less painful. I, too, have heard rumours which lead me to believe that Government

will watch my movements, if they can : and it would be wrong for me to continue coming to your house, or to any place where I might bring suspicion on my friends. One must not endanger those who are friends—simply friends. And so I came to-day, meaning to say that you must not wonder if you see no more of me for a time. Perhaps you will think that unnecessary—almost presumptuous. Yet this friendship has grown so dear to me, the privilege that you gave me has become so great a part of my life, that I cannot frame my mind to think that my sudden or prolonged absence will be neither noticed nor felt nor held to need an explanation, when every day of that absence is to me as though the sun were blotted out of the sky.”

His voice had a far away plaint in it, as one who spoke his own sorrow to the hills : he made no appeal to her, he merely uttered, so it seemed, the inmost thought of his heart. And she, sitting by him, her hands listless on her lap so that the hawthorn boughs hung loose from her knee or fell to the ground, made no answer—mute in a troubled silence.

He rose now.

“Will you forgive me one thing more? I would sooner that the leave-taking ended here and now. I cannot stay to meet your sister. We have spoken, and it is prolonging pain needlessly—for both of us, I think.”

As he stood before her with hand outstretched, the girl's head and neck, then her whole body, so it seemed, drooped and wilted like some soft leaf when the frost has touched it : her face was hidden, but in a moment he saw her shaken with a quick spasm of sobbing.

In an instant he was on his knees by her, holding the slender hands that clung even while they drew away from him ; he was heaping entreaties on her, reproaches on himself. At last she turned her face to him, regardless of tears that marred and soiled it.

"I cannot help it, I cannot help it," she cried. "It hurt me too much to let you go like that."

That was all of her avowal. He caught her hands to his lips, covered them with kisses ; he clasped her body to him and they clung together. But even while she clung she moaned self-reproaches.

"I did not know—indeed I did not : not even when I came out to-day meaning to say good-bye. I was unhappy, but I thought it was only because we must seem unkind to you in your trouble." She spoke brokenly ; now her voice failed altogether, melted away in sobbing. Then as he raised her face to him she found words. "It was only when you were going to leave me—I knew then."

"Say it," he whispered. "Tell me what—you knew."

She drew away from him, on a quick impulse of reaction.

"What is the use?" she cried. "I cannot say it. You know, and I ought not to have let you know. I have been weak and foolish."

But he held her hands and spoke masterfully now.

"No, dearest, it has to come to this, that we must think first of one another; we must be plain and open. I love you beyond all words, and if you love me there is no consideration of prudence that I recognise. You cannot think what it means to me at this moment, if I may say to myself that I have your pledge."

Youth had its way. She could not and she did not deny him the assurance that he asked; but she cried and trembled even as she gave it. But he was like a flame now.

"I shall be in hiding," he said. "I shall even, as time goes on, be in some danger. But we can write to each other: I have a sure messenger: perhaps we can meet—and think how that alters this time of waiting. The risk is only what it was: but the prospect,—oh, my beloved, how different—the crowning of all that I hope for my country and for myself in the same glorious action."

The flush of joy that she could feel in his hands, hear in his voice, see in his eyes, spread through the girl like new wine; yet still she

quivered and hesitated, held back by her own doubting heart. But the magic of youth wrought swiftly : and in a sudden abrupt cry she gave youth's answer to her own perplexities.

" Ah," she cried suddenly, " surely it cannot be wrong to be so happy ? "

Hiding her face upon his shoulder, " Oh, Robert, I am glad, glad, glad," she cried. " Whatever comes, I am glad. I am with you heart and soul." Then freeing herself with a swift movement, she sat erect.

" I am going to glory in it, too," she said. " I will not be afraid and cowardly. You must tell me all your hopes and your fears, and when the day comes for the great venture I must be watching and waiting and praying for your success. Tell me now—all that you may tell me. Where is it you will be ? Who will be the messenger ? "

And so, sitting there inside the screen of laurels, Robert Emmet with glowing countenance outlined to Sarah his whole project.

And to these young lovers, so strangely uplifted then, looking out across sea and land, with half a kingdom spread like a map before their feet, it seemed not unnatural and extravagant that vast groupings of men, nay, the Great Powers of Europe, should figure as pieces in a game whose main and central issue seemed to be the happy consummation of a union between two young lives.

CHAPTER X

IN the last days of April Emmet moved into the house which he had taken at Rathfarnham, standing back from the road : a small farmhouse with a garden about it and cherry trees in white blossom. Russell came with him, and Hamilton too joined the establishment, roughly furnished with a table in the dining-room and a few chairs. For service Brian Devlin, whose dairy-farm was close by, lent his daughter, black-eyed, sturdy Anne. Her tongue rang like a bell through the house : most often raised in railing against a huge soft-looking countryman who was now constantly to be found in or about the kitchen. He blacked the boots, he cleaned the knives and forks, he pumped water ; and in the doing of all these things Anne stood over her cousin and rated him, little caring that this same big Arthur Devlin, Michael Dwyer's lieutenant, was a name of terror from the Slaney to the Liffey, and from Glenmalure to Glencree. It was a pity of big Arthur any day when Mr. Robert's Hessian boots did not

shine to a nicety. Hamilton, a fine, cheery, soldier-like gentleman, who went about the house singing and never passed the girl without some friendly word of banter, was held in light esteem by the damsel, who worshipped discreetly and respectfully the very ground that Robert Emmet walked on.

Nothing could have been less like the rattling, bustling Irishman of the popular imagination than this idol. His quietness seldom varied, except in the heat of argument. One day an express came hot foot from Quigley to say that the landlord of the warehouse of which Howley was the nominal tenant had proposed to visit the premises, and wished to see over the loft in which most of the pikes were stored. Emmet sent back word to tell him that the loft had been leased as a grain store to a country farmer who had taken away the key with him into Kildare; the excuse, simple and natural, was easily accepted, but the excitable temperament of the other plotters was much impressed by their young leader's coolness.

But the matter did not end there. Emmet came down, made a survey of the loft, and asked Quigley whether he could not build inside it false walls with a space behind them in which the store of arms could be kept: masking the entrance to this space by setting bricks in a frame which would swing, and when closed would seem part of the

wall. Quigley caught at the idea, and with Howley's help devised an irregular frame, morticed as it were into the brickwork, which, plastered over with dust and hayseed, defied detection.

The plan had succeeded so well that in the Patrick Street house, where the most compromising munitions of all were kept, a series of these false walls was built from top to bottom, and the house gave perfect concealment to great stores of powder and ball cartridge.

Meanwhile the circle of conspiracy widened daily, and not only among the artisan class. Miles Byrne came to the young leader with a message that one of the heroes of the siege of New Ross, Thomas Cloney, a gentleman farmer, was in Dublin, and wished to meet the brother of Thomas Addis Emmet. A meeting was fixed : Emmet came to the green at Harold's Cross, delicate in appearance, boyish, walking with his eyes on the ground, his cane tapping mechanically. Cloney eyed him with something approaching to contempt, but as they met, Miles Byrne, falling aside to leave them free to talk, could see how the young student gradually secured ascendancy : how the demeanour of the huge, burly, Wexford man (Nature's choice for a leader of pikes in the charge) listened with a growing deference to the other's exposition : and when at last the talk

ended, and Emmet on rejoining Byrne bid them good-bye, Cloney heaped expressions of wonder and admiration on his friend.

“That young man,” he said, “far surpasses all I had heard of him. He has his plan so well thought out, that you can make no objection to it which he is not ready to meet : and, believe me, Miles, as soon as a French army lands in any part of the country, north or south, and the weight of the troops is withdrawn from Dublin to meet them, why, it should be easy work to take the city if the people show courage, as I am very sure they will. And once the capital is in our hands, how would the counties hang back ? ”

Naturally, too, each recruit helped to make others. Less than a month after his first interview, a few days after the expected declaration of open hostilities between France and England had been made, Cloney was asking leave to bring into the movement another of the Wexford rebels, Daniel Carthy, like himself a man of some property. It was granted, as a matter of course. Carthy had taken his part, though no very distinguished part, in the fighting of ninety-eight, and Cloney was told to bring him to an informal centre of many meetings—the dinner table of Mr. Philip Long.

Mr. Long sat at the head of his board in Crow Street, a rotund, clumsily made man, with large, globular head and prominent eyes. Opposite him

was the mistress of his house, his aunt, Mrs. Anne FitzGerald, a kindly old soul of some pretensions. Long's intimates called her "Lady Anne," and it did not displease her. Emmet sat on her right ; on her left was Nicholas Grey, a Protestant attorney from county Wexford, whom Government had grudgingly included in the general amnesty in 1802, since he had never been captured, and nothing could be urged against him but inconvenient valour. He had, in truth, by his personal exertions almost decided the day at New Ross. Next to him was Allen, the woollen draper of Dame Street, an ill-made and rather slovenly young man ; and next to him, again, was Miles Byrne, on Long's right—handsome in a countrified way, with his short, crisp hair curling over the small head set so erect on the strong pillar of his neck. Opposite these were Cloney and Carthy—Carthy next to Emmet.

Talk was general ; but Carthy, being fresh from London, was filling their ears with tales of young Tom Moore's amazing successes.

" ' Anacreon Moore ' they call him everywhere. Scarcely a day but you would see in the papers how Anacreon Moore has been delighting the company at some grand house with his singing : the Prince carries him about like a pet dog."

" And do you tell me so ? " said Mrs. FitzGerald. " Well, I little thought what was in store for that

young lad when I used to hear him singing—the same songs, I'll be bound—at his mother's little supper parties in Aungier Street."

"They tell me," said Grey, "he's got a good place for the old people from Lord Moira. Wasn't he a red-hot patriot when he was in college, Emmet?"

Emmet's face relaxed something of its young austerity.

"He was, indeed. Almost too inflammatory. I knew him very intimately, and I knew quite well that he might get into a danger which he had not really contemplated. And he could have kept nothing from his mother. Poor, dear Tom—he had a beautiful affection for his parents."

"He has affection and to spare for more than his parents if half what we hear is true," said Mr. Long. "I've seen songs in print by Mr. Thomas Little that give the measure of his young affections—full measure, I must say."

"I'm sure you never showed them to me, Phil," cried his aunt.

"Very right of him too, madam," said Allen with a grin. "Moore may warble those things in private with his Prince; but if he sings them in public, I don't wonder that he makes a sensation."

"Don't be hard on Tom," said Emmet. "I shall be greatly deceived if he does not live to write songs that will make us proud to say we

knew the writer. He has follies as much as any man, but there is a spirit in him that leaps out in music. I have heard him play one old air, an old Irish air, and I longed to be at the head of men marching to the tune of it. He will put spirit into Ireland with his songs some day."

"How well you stand up for him," said Mrs. FitzGerald, rising as she spoke. "I hope he'll do as much for you if ever you need it. Now, gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

Her stiff silk rustled as she swept out of the room. Long moved down to her vacant place, and filling his glass :

"Mr. Carthy, I drink to you," he said. "It is always an honour and a pleasure to see one of the brave Wexford men at my table. I hope your friend Cloney will bring you often with him."

"To meet the same company, Dan," said Grey across the table, and he said it with a meaning inflection.

"Indeed, then," Carthy replied, "I have no fault to find with the company."

"Why should you, Dan?" said Cloney. "What better company could a patriot like yourself ask to be in?"

"Faith, I was glad enough of your own company once at Vinegar Hill, Tom, and of Nick Grey's there at New Ross : the two of you saved my life two different days."

"That is why we are so glad to see you among us, Mr. Carthy," said Emmet. "Every man here has a welcome for the man who risked his life for the freedom of our country."

"Yes," said Cloney, "and believe me, gentlemen, my friend Dan Carthy has as great a wish to see old Ireland free as ever he had."

"That's true, indeed, Tom," said the Wexford man. He would have said more, but his host cut him short.

"Gentlemen," he said, rising to his feet, "a toast in honour of our guest—'Mr. Carthy and the freedom of Ireland.'"

They drained their glasses with enthusiasm. But as they resumed their seats there was a momentary pause, and the visitor looked a little embarrassed.

"If we could only see some good way to get the same freedom," he said.

"Well," said Grey brusquely, striking the table with his palm, "you've come to the right place for an answer to that; and the man that can give it sits beside you."

There was a pause, and all men present looked towards Emmet, who turned very quietly to his neighbour.

"Mr. Carthy," he said, "you may not be aware that the total number of troops now in Ireland is barely twenty thousand. That is a

good deal less than were opposed to the county of Wexford alone in ninety-eight."

Carthy nodded.

"Indeed, then, that is so," he said.

"And you know very well," Emmet went on, "that the United organisation was only stunned and paralysed—not killed—in that struggle. It has gathered itself together since. It has its communications with Paris ; and I need not tell you that England fears for her own safety now, as assuredly she did not fear in ninety-eight. In the case of another rising, we should be dealing only with the twenty thousand troops here—and the yeomanry, that cowardly rabble whom you helped to scatter in Wexford, and whom Humbert hunted before him like cattle. Well, I ask you, Mr. Carthy, is it to be supposed that Ireland would be less willing to rise to-day than she was in ninety-eight ? Then we had at least the semblance of freedom : we were a nation with a parliament of our own. Now our nation has been suppressed, our parliament has been smothered out of existence in the most corrupt bargain that ever stank in men's nostrils ; and do you suppose that Ireland is complacent under these heaped up injustices and oppressions?"

He paused for a moment, looking at Carthy, who moved uncomfortably in his chair.

"It's very well talking, Mr. Emmet, but in my opinion the country is cowed."

“Cowed!” cried the young man. “Why in February last, before there was any near prospect of war between France and England, we could scarcely restrain the men in Cork and Limerick : they had got arms, a few of them, and they wanted to begin without more delay. And in the North they are coming forward as boldly as ever.”

“Ay, indeed,” said the Wexford man, “and the devil thank them. Wasn’t it they set the ball rolling, wasn’t it there the United movement was begun : and when it came to the scratch, the Presbyterians betrayed you—all only a few of them : and mark my words, they will betray you again. They hate the Catholics worse than they hate England.”

“You are not fair to them,” Emmet retorted, “you are most unfair. Many of them died for Ireland : thousands more are ready to die. Lies were circulated by Government representing the actions in the South as a war of religion, a massacre of the Protestants ; and the fact that priests headed the insurgents helped to give colour. Next time, it will be very different. Our next movement will not be led by priests ; and what is more weighty, Government will have no time to spread its lies. It will not be an affair of the country : we shall strike at the towns, suddenly and simultaneously. Men whom the

North trusts will call out their people to move on Belfast at the same time as we here move on Dublin: the centres of English power will be in our hands before the country need take the field. What we need now is preparation—men like yourself, who will pledge themselves to turn out, and will encourage others to come into the organisation and to be in readiness.”

Again there was a pause.

“You may be sure of a well-wisher in me, sir,” said Carthy.

But here Cloney struck in :

“Damn it, Dan, that’s cold talk. Wouldn’t you be ready to box your corner now as well as as in ninety-eight?”

Carthy turned sharp on him.

“Well, in ninety-eight I did myself little good. And in ninety-eight I knew where I was going, and who I was with. With all respect to this company, I’m not going to be led blindfolded.”

“And aren’t we good enough guarantee for you?” said Grey, leaning across the table. “If it’s an excuse you want, my son, look for a better one.”

“You need not say that, Grey,” put in Emmet. “What Mr. Carthy argues is reasonable enough. Only, surely, Mr. Carthy, your experience of what happened before the late rising must have taught you the need of greater secrecy than was observed

then. We want no drillings, no seizing of arms from houses, no big assemblies, to put Government on their guard. We want the country organised so as to be ready to take up arms and use them when we see fit to issue them. It would be a breach of trust to show our hand to you at the opening ; all we ask now is, are you ready to be with us ? Ask your friend there ; he will tell you the same."

" And that's true, Dan," said Cloney. " Why, I myself, that had some little name in the last business, I'm only being let in by degrees. Listen, come over here," he said, rising and beckoning Carthy into a corner. " Here's the differ, these men have money. Young Emmet has a fortune from his father, and Long there feeds him with cash too : and they don't need to sell their confidence. Believe you me, it isn't like the old times when pikes had to be made here and there at every blacksmith's forge, under the nose of the whole neighbourhood, and guns taken from houses, and a jar of powder stored as precious as if it was gold : and then maybe some poor devil would sell the secret on you and tell where it was hidden, to save his own skin. These lads have a couple of regular arsenals and pikes in them piled as high as the ceiling : and I saw to-day, and the like of such an invention I never saw before—not a quarter of a mile from this—where half the side of a brick

wall was made into a door that turned on hinges, and when it was in place, devil a know you would but it was a wall the same as any other : and what was it only a partition, and a little room in behind it with a powder mill at work. And that young Emmet, he's a wonder for knowledge, and he has every sort of machine made for bombs and what he calls rockets ; believe you me, it won't be the red soldiers will be the best armed this time.—Ach, Dan, you can't disgrace me now, after me bringing you here. Come forward now like a man for the credit of the old county and the men of ninety-eight. I'll watch you, believe you me, as well as ever I did at Vinegar Hill."

Then catching his still hesitant comrade by the arm, he drew him to the table.

"He'll join us, gentlemen. Dan Carthy was always a bad starter. But, believe you me, he's a good stayer."

Acclamations followed : healths were drunk ; and before the party separated, it was agreed that Carthy should go down to test the disposition of the people in that part of Wexford with which he was particularly associated.

CHAPTER XI

THE year had drawn on to midsummer, and still the preparations went on steadily. A messenger had come from France bearing word that overtures had been made to Thomas Emmet by those about the first Consul : that Emmet had refused to treat except face to face with Bonaparte : and that further credentials were needed. Reply had been despatched indicating the state of the preparations ; and for the moment no one thought to move till full and explicit understandings were established with the friendly Power—with the enemy of England.

Robert Emmet, in his study, was busy drafting elaborate plans for his simultaneous attack on all the barracks, more especially on the Pigeon House fort by the river which commanded the entrance to the harbour. He had no artillery, but every device was contrived that ingenuity and research could suggest for hampering and assaulting troops in the streets. Heavy chains were procured, to be fastened across at selected points and

block the movement of cavalry. Beams were drilled, and the holes filled with powder and plugged : the fuse when lighted would cause an explosion to shatter and scatter not only the beam but stones heaped about it—the beam, in fact, was to be used as a mine. Hand grenades too were improvised : and for a climax the rockets were now prepared under Emmet's minute and detailed instruction. So confident of safety had the group become that they ventured even upon a trial of the rockets, by night in the fields beyond Rath-farmham : the missile shot straight off from its stand scattering flame and tearing up the ground where it struck. Russell, whose brother was an artilleryman of some scientific attainments, contributed to the quota of ideas : but these mechanical contrivances were Emmet's own darling care. Hamilton cast some doubt on their efficiency : Byrne had a preference for the simple armament with which he was familiar : yet Miles Byrne, honest, modest countryman that he remained, was always impressed by the prestige of a superior mind, and zealously seconded Emmet in all things. As overseer of a timber yard, it was easy for him to procure material, to arrange for carriage of things needing concealment, and generally to act as purchasing agent, and as intermediary between Emmet and his workshops.

It was his usage whenever business took him

into the city, to pass by the two dépôts actually utilised—for others had been secured—and to see that all went right. And according to this practice on the evening of Saturday, July 6th, he entered the narrow thoroughfare of Patrick Street. He was accompanied by another Wexford man, Michael Berney, a friend and associate.

As the two men turned the corner their eyes were met by the sight of a crowd gathered in the street and gazing up at one of the houses.

“Holy powers,” said Berney, “that’s the dépôt. Something’s wrong. We’d better turn.”

“Not at all. Why can’t we go and look on the same as any other person? Do you see—it’s the fire escape. There must be some accident. Come on smart—don’t be standing.”

“I tell you, Miles, this is an ugly thing to happen, and I’d as lief be in any other place.”

“And I tell you Michael, it may be lucky we came this way. Do you see that now? The firemen are locked out.”

The house, No. 26, was in part built over a gateway leading into a yard, and the entrance was from this gateway, not direct off the street. In this passage a knot of men were gathered, battering at the locked door.

“Wisha,” said a woman in the crowd, “aren’t they the droll ones that would sooner burn out than let the firemen in?”

As she spoke, a window in the upper floor was thrown open and a man leant out.

"There's no call for you to be disturbing yourselves," he called, in a strong Scotch accent. "We're right enough now. It was some dyers that were trying experiments with a mixture, and the stuff blew up. There's a man hurt and we don't want a crowd in disturbing him."

As he spoke his eye caught Byrne and the other. He hesitated for an instant. Then :

"The fire's out, I tell ye," he cried, and banged the window down again.

"Isn't that like a Scotchman for all the world, now?" said Berney, in a loud voice to Miles Byrne. "He's frightened of his life that if the firemen get in he'll be obliged to give them the price of a drink."

The remark carried, as it was meant to, and with many a "do you hear that now?" the joke went chuckling through the crowd, and the woman nearest to the firemen called to them in a tone of deep compassion.

"Arrah, go home, my poor boys. It's a dry job you came on this day. You might batter there till morning and you wouldn't draw the price of a pint from that one."

In the face of ridicule the firemen yielded, and two minutes later were trundling their primitive apparatus along the street, followed by a rout of

small boys. But one man still persisted in his hammering.

"My house is next them," he kept repeating, "I'm going to be sure that I'll not be burnt down. Sure a flame of fire as big as a sheet came out of the windows in the back, and has them wrecked all roads. I'd like to see what game they're up to in there."

But an elderly woman came pressing towards him and seized him by the sleeve.

"Give over," she said. "Give over, I tell you. Can't you know for yourself the kind that's in it? Coiners, I'll hold you. What call have you to be picking a quarrel with ones that would, maybe, some day leave you stretched in a back alley if you brought the watch in on them?"

She spoke venomously and quick, a little shrewish woman: and the big, soft lump of a man, timid as a bullock, was allowing himself to be led away, grumbling but submissive, when the noise of bolts drawn was heard and the Scotchman came down.

"'Tis all right, I tell you," he snarled angrily at the bystanders. "These damned dyers and their chemicals—One of them has got it smart, too. I'm away for a doctor."

MacIntosh's hair and coat were singed by the explosion, his face blackened by the smoke, and he made a most repellent figure. As he fumbled

putting on a padlock from outside, offers of help were again pressed on him.

"We can mind our own business," he snapped. Then without more than a passing glance at the two Wexford men, he hurried away, yet at the corner of the street turned to look back. Seeing that they followed him, he continued his course more slowly till, some hundred yards from the scene of the disaster, he allowed them to overtake him.

"We're done now," he said, still speaking in fierce excitement. "Blown sky high, the whole jingbang."

"What happened at all?" Byrne asked.

"I don't know. Keenan was in, working at them rockets, and that labouring fellow Darby: I was in the front room, and Darby went in from me to Keenan and the next I heard was the bang. It must have knocked them crazy, for Keenan dashed down the stairs—the smoke was awful and the stink of it—and when he couldn't open the window quick enough, he drove his fist at it, never thinking, and it cut him to the bone: that finished us."

"Why?"

"Why? My God, the man's bleeding to death this minute. Darby and I got it tied up some way, but we couldn't stop it. I'd have gone straight for a doctor and chanced hanging, but the poor lad wouldn't let me. 'No,' says he, 'if I die

I'll die game. I'll not break Mr. Emmet's plan,' says he. Then the blasted fire escape came up, and it took me all my time keeping them out—and the whole place strewn with pikes and powder."

Miles Byrne raised his hand and signalled to a hackney coach.

"Is Darby there still?" he asked.

"Unless he ran."

"Maybe he might. We've got to get that boy to his own house quick."

The three drove back to Patrick Street, and opened the door. Within, in a little back room, lay young Keenan, ghostly white: the floor was a pool of blood. The labouring man was busy in a fruitless effort to tighten bandages.

"My poor brave lad," said Byrne, stooping over him. "We'll soon have you home now."

"You'll tell Jemmy Hope I wouldn't let them call the doctor," said the lad faintly.

"I will, and a bigger man than him. I'll tell the head of us all. Come now. Lift, boys. The sooner we're out of this, the safer for all."

They carried Keenan to his lodging.

"Now, Darby," said Byrne, "fetch a doctor for your life. Tell him just that the boy who was working with you cut himself with glass: and keep yourself as quiet as you can these next days." Then, as the labourer went off on his

errand, "MacIntosh," he said, "the best place for you is the depôt in Thomas Street. Tell Quigley all that happened. Michael Berney and I will go and look for Mr. Emmet. Give me the key of the house."

The two Wexford men set out walking swiftly. There were still two hours of daylight left, but the sun was low, and the streets crowded with folk marketing on the Saturday evening. "We'll try Palmer's first," said Byrne.

John Palmer's shop, half grocery, half public-house, was thronged with customers. Miles Byrne and his comrade nodded to the big publican and as they passed the counter where Miss Biddy was actively dispensing tea and sugar, Miles leant across.

"Ask your father to come in and speak to us," he said.

They passed through into a little parlour, and in a moment John Palmer joined them.

"Will Mr. Emmet be out at his own place this evening, do you know?" asked Miles.

"At the palace, is it? Indeed then I suppose he will. I sent out to-day as much as would munition a ship of war. Ay, a fine crew he has about him: the palace I call it: the whole of them sponging on the unfortunate lad and on poor Phil Long. If he had the Bank of Ireland, he could hardly stand it."

"Maybe it won't be for much longer, John," said Byrne. "Listen here now. Sleep in your clothes to-night, and sleep light, for some of us might come knocking. And let you ask Miss Biddy to leave word round with Mr. Long and Mr. Allen to go out to the palace, as you call it, as quick as they can get there."

"She may spare herself, for I'm certain sure they're there. But she can go this minute.—And you think then we might see something happening?"

"We're very apt to," said Miles. "You'll be waiting up in case we'd ask to look in on you."

"I tell you, Michael," he continued when they were on the road again, "there's a deal of good stuff in that house of MacIntosh's that I'll get out of it this night if I'm able."

It was eight o'clock when they reached Butterfield House.

"Ask Mr. Emmet to come out here at once to us," said Miles to Anne Devlin. Anne looked him up and down and then let her eyes rest suspiciously on Berney, a stranger to her.

"There's no one here of that name," she answered tartly. Miles humoured her. "Very well, Anne, ask Mr. Ellis to come out."

"He'll see you, I know, Mr. Byrne. But he don't see many strangers."

"This is no stranger to him, Anne, and don't

delay now. We're here" (and he put his head close to her ear) "on the business of Ireland."

In a moment Emmet was with them.

"Why did you not come straight in Miles—and Berney with you? You know you're welcome."

"I would sooner tell you by yourself. It's ugly news."

Emmet's face grew grave and tense; the expression of frowning concentration deepened on it as Miles recounted what he knew. Only when the story came to young Keenan's refusal to send for a doctor did his forehead unknit.

"And they say we cannot trust the Irish people," he said. That was the only interruption he made.

When Byrne had finished, there was silence for a moment. Then Emmet spoke.

"Evidently all the powder did not explode, or the house would have been shattered."

"MacIntosh said nothing exploded but what was loose in the room where they were making rockets."

"Yes; there is nearly a hundredweight stored. Miles, you say that the house is locked from the outside?"

"Yes."

"So that if the watch entered it since you left they must have burst in the door. You would

know, therefore, if any discovery had been made in the meantime."

"I would, certainly," said Byrne. "I would have put Darby to watch the house, only I feared he might be recognised."

"Very good. Now, Miles, the first thing to be done is to remove all we can, and hide what we cannot remove, before the house is entered and searched, as it most certainly will be."

"I was thinking so," said Byrne. "And Mr. Emmet, by your leave, I will get some of my friends and go to work to-night."

"It is a dangerous business, Miles," said the young leader. "You are sure you can get the men?"

"In two hours," Byrne answered. "We can save the blunderbusses anyhow and a good share of the powder. And what we can't save we'll hide behind Quigley's false wall, and only a clever man will find them. Michael here will help, and we can raise ten or a dozen more out of the county Wexford."

"You cannot choose better," Emmet answered. "But where to carry the stores?"

"To Thomas Street, of course," said Byrne.

"Have you thought of the risk? Remember, Miles, this is the spark to the train in good earnest. We must decide here to-night, but I can only see one course. And to carry such things from a house which may be watched to our main depôt is

like laying a trail to the very seat of our enterprise."

The Wexford man's face fell. "'Tis true," he said. "It would be too big a risk. Well, there are the other houses that we didn't use yet."

"It must be one or other of them," said Emmet. "But it's a dreadful loss. Patrick Street was our right base for the attack on the south Castle gate. These others are too far away. We shall have to find another house near by."

Michael Berney stepped forward.

"I believe I know the thing would do you, Mr. Emmet," he said. "You know young Denis Redmond?"

"Is that the man who had the bonfires outside his house on the 14th to commemorate the taking of the Bastille, as if he was in Paris?"

"The very man," said Berney, "and the very house."

"But," said Emmet, "he is not one of us."

"No matter," Berney replied. "He's my cousin, and I answer for him. Believe me, he's mad to be in this kind of work. He has no one in the house, but has it taken against he would get married, and he has tradesmen in it working. And sure no place could be handier for what you were speaking of."

Emmet considered.

"That is true. Two hundred yards at most

from the lower Castle gate.—If you say he can be trusted, Berney.”

“He would die for Ireland as ready as any of us, that’s my opinion.”

“Very well. He shall have his chance. Go straight to him now, Michael—you know where to find him? Very well, if you get his permission, meet Miles again at the dépôt. On your way pass by Patrick Street and see if there is any sign of a visit from the watch—a crowd would certainly be gathered. If you can get Redmond’s house, well : if not you must take what you can to the empty house by Kilmainham. Miles, you stay with me till our decision is taken.”

CHAPTER XII

WHEN Berney had left the house to set out upon his self-appointed mission Emmet and Miles Byrne entered the dining-room, from which during all this time the sound of voices in jovial talk had continually proceeded. There were cries of greeting as the two men appeared, but in an instant, at the sight of Emmet's face, a hush fell on the room.

It was meanly appointed : a long table with an array of the commonest wooden chairs made all the furniture. Russell sat at one end : at the other Emmet's chair was vacant. Hamilton was there, and Dowdall, another outlaw, who, like Russell and Hamilton, had lain *perdu* in this quiet and unobtrusive retreat for some considerable time. Phil Long, rubicund and round, sat next to Russell : Allen and his partner Hickson were of the party ; and among them, marked off somewhat by his mechanic's dress, was Jemmy Hope.

Emmet stood for a moment, then with a slight motion of his head :

“Lock the door, Miles,” he said.

Long’s ruddy face changed colour ; he gasped perceptibly in the silence. Then the young leader spoke :

“We have suddenly come to a crisis. There has been an explosion in the dépôt at Patrick Street. So far we do not know that anything has been discovered, but a search may be in the house this moment. Government will certainly and inevitably become aware that something is in preparation, though happily our plans are so secretly laid that they cannot easily discover anything. It is only the loss of the munitions. But from this onward, every day, every hour of delay will imperil our chances. We must act at once, while they are still confused and groping for some clue, and while the country is still under the ordinary law.”

“And what becomes now,” said Dowdall sharply, “of the prospect of help from France?”

“What becomes of it?” Russell struck in. “Why it takes its proper place. The instant the news reaches France an expedition will be despatched. It cannot be what Bonaparte wishes to send, a force large enough to conquer us and the English too ; it will be an auxiliary or rallying point—but not a subjugating army.”

“Yes,” said Emmet, his face kindling. “An aid to freedom and not a menace. But I tell you

my own mind. I have never held it honourable or expedient to rely upon foreign aid. We have the strength within ourselves. Our organisation is ready, our armament is prepared ; what is lost is at worst not the essential armoury, and Miles here hopes to recover most of it to-night. Hitherto, in deference to the wishes of some comrades, I have consented to wait for a French landing. Now I consent no longer. No organisation, however carefully concealed, can escape detection indefinitely if Government is once fairly alarmed. All the advantages are on the side of promptitude, and it is with us that the decision rests. The people are pledged to turn out when they get the signal. I ask you now, Jemmy Hope, will you answer for their readiness ? ”

“ Dublin will answer the signal, Mr. Emmet, whenever the signal is given,” Hope replied quickly.

“ And the North ? ”

“ I would never doubt the North, but I cannot speak of what is being done there just exactly.”

“ No matter, Jemmy,” said Russell, leaning forward. “ You will come with me, and between us we can fetch ten thousand into the field.”

“ If they will come for any man it will be for you, Mr. Russell,” said Hope.

“ But,” said Long, breaking in anxiously, “ can

we spare Hope? Surely Dublin is the main object, and there is no man so widely known among the working people and the trades."

"That is true indeed, Mr. Long," said Miles Byrne. "If I may be so bold, I don't think Jemmy can be spared from Dublin."

"Well, keep him then," answered Russell. "You take off my right arm if you take Jemmy Hope from me, but keep him."

"What nonsense," struck in Allen. "Isn't it easy for us to get in touch with the men ourselves? Haven't we Quigley and MacIntosh and Howley with his carpenters? and we don't know from Adam what is doing in the North. I tell you, Russell, I believe you will want all the help you can find to bring out those fellows."

"You little know the North," Russell answered hotly. "What was Dublin doing when the North marched on Antrim?"

"There is no need for this, gentlemen," said Emmet, interposing. "Hope must go with Russell where he is known and expected. Hamilton will go to Enniskillen and signal from there through the West. They will go on Monday by the earliest conveyance: we shall have the Sunday in which to mature our plans. But first, gentlemen, let it be understood that Russell and I will act whatever happens: Jemmy Hope, I think, will move with Russell and Miles

here with me. There's time for others to draw out and draw out with honour.—Dowdall, you engaged yourself in the hope of a French landing : the risk must be taken without waiting for that.”

“And I never shrank yet from any risk that any other man would face, nor shall I now,” answered the young lawyer fiercely. “Count me in.”

“And me,” cried Long, “with the last drop of blood in my body and the last penny in my purse.”

“And you, Allen?” Emmet asked.

“I tell you plainly, Emmet,” the young linen-draper answered, “speaking for myself and Hickson, we liked the other plan better. I'd wish to see some regulars on our side. But if the people are going on, I've induced many a man to join, and while they stand by us I won't desert you or them.”

“That is worthy of you, Allen,” said Emmet, with a special courtesy. “You have always insisted on the French support as essential, and no one could blame you if you drew back. But you agree and we are all agreed. To-night I go into Thomas Street: Miles and I are enough for what has to be done to-night. But we must meet to-morrow morning—say at noon, and I think we should meet here to decide upon the day for our attempt. It cannot be less than a week off, if

we are to act with the North ; but in my opinion it should not be an hour later than the earliest day possible."

Discussion immediately broke out, but Emmet checked it.

"Let that wait till to-morrow," he said. "Jemmy Hope, perhaps you will come with us. I may want your knowledge of the Coombe. In a moment I shall be ready."

He withdrew to his bedroom, and there at a small desk hastily wrote some few lines which gave the story of what had happened, and a view of the consequence. With a leap of exultation, he told Sarah Curran that a week might see the whole position of her lover changed. Then, having hastily sealed the packet, he called Anne Devlin, and gave it to her unaddressed.

"To-morrow, Anne, without fail, and as early as maybe. If you have any message in return, keep it till you see me. I shall be here to-morrow."

Then, lifting a small writing desk which stood locked on the table, he went downstairs to join Hope and Byrne.

"It must be this day week, Mr. Emmet," said Hope, as they strode rapidly towards town. "We can't be in the North till Monday night, and that gives us little time enough to be ready for Saturday. But Saturday it should be: half

Kildare always comes in for the market, and a crowd in the streets of a Saturday evening would surprise no one."

"You are seldom wrong, Jemmy," answered Emmet.

In rapid debate, their immediate course of action was arranged. Hope, in his mechanic's clothes, was to walk through Patrick Street, where his presence could excite no suspicion. A glance would probably show him if any descent had been made on the house, and he would be recognised by the watchers whom Berney had been ordered to depute. Miles was to go in search of Berney, and find out how the proposals to Redmond had been received; Emmet himself was to stay in the dépôt at Thomas Street till the other two reported to him.

In half an hour Hope was back with him. So far, no police officer had been near the house in Patrick Street; there was no trace of a watch being set other than their own.

"It seems hardly credible, Jemmy. I suspect a trap."

"Mr. Emmet," Hope answered, "don't make the mistake of believing that the law is efficient. I have escaped pursuit many times, and it was always by trusting in the stupidity of the searchers. To-day, all the magistrates and the officials were over their wine when the thing happened. To-

morrow, they will breakfast, they will go to Church, they will have their Sunday dinner, before any of them thinks of moving. We have the night clear before us, and the only pity is we have so little of it. It will be broad day at three. I wish Miles Byrne were ready."

They had not long to wait.

"I have my men, Mr. Emmet," said the Wexfordman. "Six, and myself and Berney."

"And how about Redmond?"

"Berney says he threw up his hat and swore he would plant the tree of Liberty in the Castle yard before the month was out. He thinks it is the greatest honour that could be done him, and he's there waiting to show us where to put the arms!"

"I shall be able to thank him when we get there, Miles. It is a good omen, this response to the first appeal we make. Come, Jemmy, you and I will make up a crew of ten—a couple of journeys each should suffice."

"By my word, Mr. Emmet," said Byrne, "you take no hand in this business. This is a porter's job—not fit for you. All my men have big coats on them to hide the stuff they carry."

"It is the first service of danger, Miles, and I must be in it."

"Jemmy, you must reason with him," said Byrne.

"Miles is right," Hope answered. "You are

the head of the business, Mr. Emmet. What has to be attempted to-night is not important enough to risk our leader on. Besides, there are enough without us. I will stay with you."

"Very well," said Emmet. "You will work in parties of four. In each journey, one man must keep apart from the rest and travel light, so that if by chance you fall into grips with the watch, he will run straight to the White Bull here and warn me. I will arm whoever is in the dépôt, and will hold myself in readiness to sally out to the rescue. Now go, Miles. Take all you can to Redmond's. Only, there is a cask of ball cartridge ready for Michael Dwyer. Leave that over at Palmer's, and it can be fetched out to Butterfield to-morrow."

CHAPTER XIII

Two journeys had been made successfully between Patrick Street and the house on the Coal Quay : the blunderbusses and pistols, cheap, roughly made weapons, had been safely conveyed across ; such of the jointed pikes as were fully mounted had been carried away too ; and Miles Byrne, surveying the blackened room downstairs in which the explosion had occurred, decided that his work there was finished. But the trouble was upstairs. There lay, not only some short poles ready for fitting into the sockets of jointed pikes, but a more serious matter, the large powder-mill. Originally placed for safety behind the false wall, it had been moved out because of the difficulty and danger of working it in that dark hole ; and now it stood exposed on the floor, and, what was worse, no one could discover the secret opening : so artistically had MacIntosh and Quigley done their work.

At last a brick moved under pressure ; the irregular frame swung outwards ; and Byrne with

his men hastily tried to thrust in the heavy machine. But their efforts failed. The mill had been set inside at first and the wall built up before it. To destroy the partition was worse, since it gave away all the secrets of the house in which there was still stored a quantity of saltpetre, pike handles, rocket heads, and a mass of other material : of the two, it seemed better to let the mill be found.

"After all," said Byrne, "if they know anything, they must know that powder was plenty here. We can't stay, boys. It's broad daylight already. There's only the cask of cartridges to bring away. Let two of you lift it."

But a big young fellow stepped forward.

"What call have we for two? Leave me alone now, and what would ail me to put it on my shoulder and walk down with it to Palmer's, and if any one stops me, isn't it better I'm bringing in to him? It's only looking for trouble we'd be, marching the street in a company at three o'clock in the morning."

"Have your way, Murphy," said Byrne. "I'll send one of the other boys to keep an eye after you ; but walk you ahead and never mind him. Come back to me then at the White Bull."

The young fellow strode proudly out into the street with the cask, weighing full a hundred pounds, poised on his broad shoulder, and his back

arching itself inward under the burden. The men scattered, and Miles Byrne, the last out, made fast the door, and taking his way towards Thomas Street saw young Murphy marching along far ahead of him, while a hundred yards behind, Michael Berney strolled along whistling an air.

In Thomas Street Byrne turned into the White Bull, but Palmer's abode was nearly half a mile further west, near the Poddle river, which is now only a closed drain. Murphy was within two streets of it when, at the turning of a corner, blue-coated watchmen came on him. The "Charlies," mostly elderly men, retired soldiers and the like, were not in general a name of terror ; but now they were three to one, and they boldly demanded an account of Murphy's business.

The young man's brains were not equal in quality to his body : he had no idea but to bully.

"What's that to you?" he answered.

"But it's our business to know."

"Arrah, your business!" Murphy retorted : "no, but to be prying and peeping, that would be your business. Go home to bed with you. It's butter I have in the cask : will that content you?"

"By the powers, then, it will not till I see where you take the same butter," answered the elder of the watch. "I've a great suspicion of

you for a man that would not be honest. Where are you taking it to now?"

Murphy, purple in the face with rage and apprehension, could think of no plan. Palmer, he knew, was clever: if explanations had to be made, Palmer would make them.

"Let you see for yourselves, you ould foosters," he said, and, doubling his pace, strode on, thinking the watch would probably not follow. They halted, held a council of war, but decided to pursue.

As he heard them coming, he began to run, but even his strength felt the tremendous weight.

"God, but that's the heavy butter," said one of the watch. "After him, now." And they also ran. Michael Berney, watching the affair from a street corner, turned and ran too, straight for the White Bull Inn.

Murphy had knocked at Palmer's door before the watch were up with him, and immediately a struggle began for possession of the cask. In the middle of it the young man heard the door open, and turning to Palmer, who appeared there fully dressed: "There's the stuff for you," he cried. "These bloody robbers tried to take it off me." And as he spoke he heaved down the cask on the threshold, eager to get the door closed on it. But unhappily the cask was old and ill-closed: with the shock, the top parted and there dropped

out on the pavement, not butter but half a score of flints. At the sight, Palmer slammed the door against the whole party. Murphy, seeing himself outnumbered and outwitted, turned and ran. The watch looked solemnly at one another. "Gun flints," said one. "This'll be a hanging matter for some lad. I wonder what else would be in her."

"For your life don't touch it," said the senior of them. "We'll bring it as it is to the guard-house."

"Should we take this fellow here?" said one. "Knock you on the door, and bid him come out." And so for several minutes they knocked and shouted at Palmer's door, but to no purpose.

"No matter," said one. "It's Palmer, and his son was a bloody rebel, and himself no better. We'll have it in for him sure enough. Lift now, boys."

But as two of them staggeringly raised the cask, there was a rush of feet, and into the street came Miles Byrne with five or six Wexford men.

"Don't hurt them," cried Byrne.

In half a minute the watchmen were scattered on the pavement, and Byrne and his men triumphantly bore off the gaping cask in the direction of Thomas Street. A couple of turnings further, they were met by another party. Emmet and Hope headed it, fully armed. At sight of them

Emmet sent back his men and advanced to meet Byrne.

“You have it then. I had only just heard that all the arms were safe at Redmond’s when Berney came in to tell me that Murphy was seized. But all is right now. Miles, you have done great work this night.”

“They saw what was in it, I’m afraid, Mr. Emmet,” said Byrne, pointing to the gaping lid.

“Well, if they did, it is another hint to Government to bestir themselves, and another reason for us to stir quicker. We shall get our blow in first, Miles, do not fear.”

Ten minutes later, Emmet, worn out in mind and body, flung himself on a pallet bed prepared for him in one of the lofts. For a few moments he tossed, then sleep overcame him, though the sun was now clear above the sea horizon.

The sun shone into a window of the Priory—a window white curtained, daintily bedizened ; and from this window a girl, pale and sleepless, leaned out to catch the freshness and the solace of morning. Late on Saturday in the dusk, Sarah Curran, after her appointed usage, had wandered down a path of the garden that led past a shrubbery not far from the road, and passing she heard the low call which

she knew might reach her. Anne Devlin, parting the bushes for an instant, handed her Emmet's note. Sarah took it quickly, with colour heightening, stammered a word of thanks, and would have passed on ; but the girl detained her.

"Whisht a minute, Miss Sarah darling. There's big news in that."

"What news, Anne? Tell me, quick, I must not stay here."

"I don't rightly know, miss. But it's my belief that the French are on the sea, and the pikes will be out the minute ever they land. God help you, miss, don't be frightened ; the honest men'll win this time, and Mr. Robert will be the first man in all Ireland. An' won't you be the proud lady, then !"

Half fainting with excitement, the girl hurried on to a seat, where, in the glimmer of twilight, she read her lover's hasty words.

As she sat there alone, a dark cloud of apprehension seemed to envelop her. For the first time the project she had heard so easily talked of loomed close upon her in all the brutality of facts. It seemed a madness. She wanted to cry out, to stop all, to explain that nothing serious lay behind it. Lives of men, she thought, could not so be squandered ; she knew what had happened five years earlier, and a sickening dread gripped her by the throat.

Now in the light of morning, sleepless and overwrought, she longed to go in, as she had so often done, to seek rest beside her favourite sister. And now, for the first time, she dared not do so. The secret of her love-story was easily shared ; but not this perilous confidence.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE council of war held next day at Butterfield House decided that the rising should take place on Saturday, the 23rd—if indeed the conspirators were not forced to act sooner. And in truth they dreaded this necessity. On that Sunday afternoon Emmet's watcher hastened to Byrne, who hurried on to Emmet with the news that the peace-officers had arrived at the house in Patrick Street and had taken away a car loaded with what was discovered. Later in the day came a still more serious intimation. Keenan the wounded man had been arrested, and also Darby the labourer. Government held in its hands one at least of the trusted circle and another who knew enough to be highly dangerous.

Nothing could be done but to hasten preparations feverishly. Russell and Hamilton with Hope made ready to depart for the North in the small hours of Monday morning. Miles Byrne was commissioned to warn all the trusted Wexford men and other actual fighters of the ninety-eight

rebellion that they must be ready for the next Saturday night. The word could be spread generally by them within a few hours, but they were ordered still to keep the secret.

Nevertheless the area of confidence had to be extended. Hitherto not a dozen in all had known the secret of the dépôt. Now, workmen had to be brought in no matter at what risk, to finish the work of armament. The quiet yard and store behind the White Bull had assumed the air of a factory : men were busy on one floor planing pike handles, fitting and riveting them to the heads, on another loading ball cartridges.

Quigley, prowling the streets by night, hit on a deserter from one of the regiments, and offered him shelter : he was set to loading cartridges. Rourke, an ex-soldier, enticed another away with his musket : the two were hidden in the dépôt. And early on the Monday morning Quigley marched in with a companion nearly six foot and a half high—a man of the most superb appearance. Summoning Emmet, who had now taken up his quarters for good in the dépôt, he introduced his recruit as Ned Stafford, by trade a baker : one of the faithful in ninety-eight : but above all, suited, said Quigley, to the immediate purpose in hand.

“Look at here, Mr. Emmet,” he said, “if you or I go out into the street when the turnout comes, do you think we’re going to take the fancy

of the crowd? They'll know we're the leaders, but, mind you me, we want something to put a heart into them. And when they see this lad with a green coat and gold epaulettes on him, and marching before them, half a foot higher than the biggest soldier, why, they wouldn't be frightened for an army. Take my advice now, and put Owen to work on him in the morning."

Owen Kirwan, the tailor of Plunket Street, was in his glory these days. He was done now with the toilsome business of patching and mending; he had a free hand to cut into the noble roll of grass-green cloth which Allen and Hickson had sent down to the depôt. Miles Byrne had repeatedly impressed on Emmet the inconvenience and difficulty which had resulted in the Wexford rising from the lack of distinguishing uniforms, and especially of any mark for the officers; and he had pointed out that for the project now in hand a conspicuous dress was absolutely necessary. The rank and file would simply be ordered to assemble at points where they would find arms and leaders; but the leaders would not be known to them beforehand, by sight or even by name. Uniforms, therefore, there must be, and Owen Kirwan was determined that these should be worthy of the occasion. Emmet's coat was his first care, and he slashed the gold braid on lavishly; working there in the depôt, he insisted

upon many fittings, and Emmet lent himself to the spirit of the task with his usual grave attention to detail. The green coat over white pantaloons and high black boots are familar now to every Irishman ; Owen Kirwan, who shaped and stitched the dress, has been forgotten, but no honester man gave his service and his life to Ireland.

And in those days he was busy too on other work than tailoring : coming and going constantly, the huge cloth bag which he carried went out often with cartridges, and came in with provender for the increasing crowd inside.

Among these newer recruits the few men who from the first had been in the secret moved proudly, showing them the store of pikes and other weapons.

“ And this is the shop where you work ? ” said Finnerty, a carpenter, to Howley in the shed.

“ Ay,” said Howley ; “ and here’s the best tool in it.” He reached up and lifted down a blunderbuss from one of the shelves. “ Isn’t that a good plane now ? That’s the boy will do the levelling for you in quick time.”

Two or three others had gathered round, and Howley pointed them to Emmet who was passing through the yard.

“ And there’s the foreman of the works,” he said.

The newcomers looked curiously at the small, slight figure.

“Well, many’s the time I saw Lord Edward,” said one, with a note of disappointment, “and you’d know him for a soldier a mile off. A fine, bold eye he had—not like this one. God help us, but he’s the poor appearance of a man.”

“Divil mind the look of him,” said Condon the carter. “He has a head on him worth a million : you couldn’t puzzle him. Damn, but I was puzzled myself, for they told me to bring a cartload of pikes out to a place in Baggot Street, and another to near Kilmainham, and I didn’t know what way to manage, for it was suspicious like to be carting by night ; and by daytime to be sure, hay and straw would cover anything, but what way could I get them out in the yard and not be noticed by some person ? So I went to him, and he stayed considering not the length of half an hour, and then he came to me and, ‘Fetch Howley,’ says he. And with that he took us over to where them big baulks of timber are, and says he to Howley, ‘Cut me ten foot off a couple of these, and then saw a slab better than an inch thick off each side : that’ll leave you four ten-foot slabs,’ says he.”

“Ay,” said Howley, “and then I twigged it. He made me cut a block a foot long off each end of the timber, and nail three of the slabs on to

them—this way I had a box eight foot long ; and I spiked the other slab down for a cover, and when we had a taste of mud plastered over the joints, you'd not know in a week but the beam was solid."

"Ay, and it full as it could hold of mounted pikes. That's the sort of him. And never a cross word out of his mouth, night nor morning."

There was no lack of confidence among the associates ; only one apprehension hung heavy over them. The law had its grip already on some, and it was doubtful what examination might draw from them. Palmer, at whose door the cask of cartridges was laid, had been brought before the magistrates, but denied simply all knowledge of the matter ; and though the fact of his being dressed at so untimely an hour was suspicious, no charge could be established, and he was let go, unwillingly, by a Government which chafed under the restraints of the Habeas Corpus Act. The labourer, Darby, was still confined : but he had played the peasant's game of feigning absolute stupidity ; declared that he was employed in Patrick Street merely to fetch and carry, and did not understand anything of the nature or purpose of the preparations. "And, indeed," he had said, "if I knew the dangerous work they were at I would not go next or near it."

But young Keenan was still in their hands.

His sister was married to MacIntosh, his brother had been engaged in the same work, and was now helping Emmet in the depôts. Both these answered for his loyalty ; yet there were fears for a sick man's weakness. He had not been allowed to see his own priest, so much came round to his friends ; a clergyman who had the Attorney-General's recommendation was admitted to hear his confession, and, it was suspected, to urge upon him his duty to the civil powers.

On the Wednesday morning all anxiety was at an end : word was sent to the young man's relatives to fetch away his body. He had died silent.

Emmet got the news first, for he controlled all comings and goings at the dépôt. He went across to Tom Keenan, the elder brother, where he worked planing handles in the loft, and told him simply.

"What else would he do?" said Keenan, fiercely, and went on with his work. Then he stopped, "That fool yonder," he said, pointing to his brother-in-law MacIntosh, "thought he would turn informer because the priest might bid him."

"I must admit, Tom," said the Scotchman, "that the poor boy did all that could be expected from the most emancipated mind."

"To hell with your emancipation," retorted the other. But Emmet interposed.

“MacIntosh, my friend, you should know that if Irish Catholics have learnt one thing it is how to suffer and be silent. But, Tom, there should be no hard words over such a memory. Your brother has been the first to give his life for the cause we fight for, and remember that MacIntosh here is not like you and me. The risk which he takes he takes for our country, not his own.”

“Don’t talk to me of countries,” said the Scotchman. “I am of the country of Freedom; my creed is Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. All men are brothers to me, and I make war on all tyrants: what do I care if it is Dublin or in Glasgow? And listen to me, Tom Keenan, when the day comes, I will make as sharp a reckoning for Maggie’s brother as you will that suckled the same breast with her and him.”

He spoke with a dry passion, and there was a wolfish glare in his eyes—the eyes of a fanatic who sees blood. Emmet turned from him with a mingled feeling of admiration and repugnance. He recalled almost with amusement how Byrne had reported to him the talk which went round of a book discovered among MacIntosh’s belongings in Patrick Street, over which the peace officer had held up hands in consternation. Emmet knew the volume well—Volnay’s *Ruin of Empires*, which the Calvinist turned freethinker had thumbed as his forefathers thumbed their Bibles.

So that danger blew over. But the most serious feature in the situation arose from the absence of James Hope. The weavers of the Liberty, among whom the organisation was widely spread, knew and trusted him as they trusted no other ; and Emmet's men, cautiously sounding their disposition, found them in no humour to go on. The time for considering safety and secrecy as paramount considerations had gone by, and Emmet came to Henry Howley with a proposal.

Howley himself, MacIntosh, and the two Keenans, were carpenters and belonged to the trade guild, a union which twice or thrice annually held "field days," each of which was a general holiday and turn out for the trade. Emmet's proposal was that Howley should approach the heads of the guild and inquire whether under pretext of a field day the whole trade would join in their attempt. Howley undertook the mission with some confidence, but returned crestfallen. Time to consider had been demanded ; and the tone foreshadowed a refusal, which a few hours later was received. Sympathy was general ; but it was evident that only individuals here and there would take a risk.

News of this rebuff leaked out among the initiated, and men of the middle class in Dublin who had been in theory breast high for revolution

began now to draw out. They had no definite knowledge of what was intended, but unsettlement was in the air, and feelers thrown out to test their readiness found them inclined to deny all previous protestations. They had said, indeed, that if a French force landed in sufficient strength, they would not be backward to support it; but everyone knew now, they argued, that no French ship could get out of port, so close was the blockade: what sense was there in discussing impossibilities? They yielded to no one in love of Ireland; but after all, love of Ireland must square with common sense.

Nor were these the only disappointments. Men of a different class—notably the son of a great Irish nobleman, and scarcely less notably, a certain colonel in Kildare—had come under the spell of Emmet's personality, had been caught by the romance of his projects, and had promised, when it should be needed, financial support. Till this time, nothing had been asked of them. Emmet's own personal fortune of some two thousand pounds, backed by certain subsidies from the generous Phil Long, had paid the whole cost—a cost solely of material, since none of the workers received wages except one or two whose employment was only occasional. But now Emmet's means were exhausted and he made application to the men of quality.

To press with urgency would have been to initiate, further than was desirable, men whom he trusted less fully than others. The application was put aside with civil words. Long was now the only resource : and much had to be bought since Emmet had deliberately deferred any extensive purchase of firearms.

It was under these conditions that on the Thursday morning of that momentous week the leader found himself constrained to hold another council of war. Dowdall was there, Cloney and Grey, and Long, Allen, and Hickson ; Quigley and Howley represented the more democratic element.

When they were assembled at the room in Thomas Street, "Gentlemen," said Emmet rising in his place, "we have come thus far, and only one clear day divides us from the appointed effort. Our very misfortune should encourage us, since it is a proof of the success with which secrecy has been maintained. One of our magazines exploded, two of our friends were actually seized by the authorities, and yet up to this moment our plans are absolutely secret and undisturbed. Nothing has been altered or lost, save one dépôt, with some material which we can spare ; and as a base of operations it has been replaced by one even more suitable, lent to us without an instant's hesitation by a brave young man who welcomed the chance to throw in his lot with ours. We

have the match in our hands : it only remains to decide the moment when we set it to the mine."

"Ay," said Allen, "but are we so sure we are not countermined already? I don't like it, Emmet, I tell you, I don't like it. Government is keeping too quiet. My God, when I heard what happened in Patrick Street, I was sure we would have martial law proclaimed next morning, for you know yourself they found pike heads that the old Scotch fool threw into a chimney in his fluster."

"If Government knew anything," retorted Emmet, "should we be safe here now? Would it not be the story of Bond's house over again? Should we not see the officers"—and he pointed dramatically—"appearing at yonder door?"

"For God's sake, Robert," cried Long, with a twitching lip, "don't talk of such things; it is tempting Providence."

"I defy augury," said the young leader, flinging back his head in challenge. "I stand on proof. If we can meet here to-day, discuss here our plans, and separate unmolested on the very eve of our undertaking, I claim that as proof of our security. Were we discovered, could not Government at any moment close in upon the store beside us? No, I say, we are met here to decide that the match shall be put to a train that is laid and ready. Word must go to Kildare to-day, and to Wicklow and to Wexford."

"Well, since you've named Wexford," said

Nicholas Grey, with his heavy arms on the table and his head a little thrust forward, "there's two of us have something to say to that. Tom Cloney and I know this business of old: I'm not disparaging any man, but we're the only ones here that have seen the redcoats' faces—aye, and their backs too. Now, my opinion is, by what I can observe, that you are counting too much on these Dublin people."

"There are as good men in Dublin as ever came out of Wexford," interrupted Allen hotly,

"I'm not denying it," answered Grey. "I'll be glad to see it proved. But here is what I say. If a French army, or a regiment even, landed, I'd call out Wexford to-morrow. And if Dublin strikes this blow, and brings it off, I'll call out Wexford to back it. But as for calling out Wexford again to face once more what we faced in ninety-eight, and maybe to be once more the only place in Ireland that gave serious trouble, I won't do it. I've talked this out with Cloney, and he and I will leave town to-day or to-morrow to go to Wexford, and act there as seems to us advisable and proper. And if any man in this room or out of it thinks we are showing the white feather, Cloney and I can afford to leave him thinking it." Then, rising, "Come, Tom," he said—"we may leave these gentlemen to their discussion now they know our mind."

An angry murmur rose round the table as the

two big men stood up to go. Dowdall's clever face was full of a mocking insolence and he leant forward to utter a taunt. But Emmet checked him, rising quickly.

"One moment," he said. "Grey and Cloney, do I take it that you speak for yourselves?"

"For ourselves as heads of the organisation in the county."

"If that is so, we shall have plenty of help from Wexford in our enterprise, even without you. I count on three hundred here in the city."

"Very likely," said Grey. "Poor young lads that have little to lose. They are answerable for themselves only. But I say to you again, Emmet, Cloney and I have been in this before, we know what it means, and we will not risk our people, unless a start, and a good start, is made elsewhere. But once that start is made, believe me, the pikes are ready in Wexford."

Emmet moved from his seat to the door.

"You have the right to speak, Grey, if ever a man had, and you have spoken. It is for us to take up the challenge you throw down. We shall give the lead you ask for. But since you will go, it is likely some of us here may not meet again, shake hands before you go."

Cloney, towering by a head and shoulders over the small, delicate-looking young leader, grasped the out-stretched hand and wrung it painfully.

“I’m sorry from my heart to leave you, Mr. Emmet. But I agree with Nick.”

And he went out. Grey, the more powerful mind of the two, lingered an instant.

“Good-bye” he said. “You may be right, and if you are, I’ll risk my heart’s blood to make up to you for this.”

The door closed behind them. Emmet with perfect coolness resumed his seat at the table’s head, and amid the tumult of angry voices raised his hand for silence.

“The immediate question is whom we are to send to County Kildare. Have you any suggestion, Graham?” he asked, using the name by which Quigley had decided to be known.

“I have, indeed,” said the mechanic. “Two steady, sound men—Tom Wylde, that is married to my own sister, and Dan Mahon that married Wylde’s sister.”

“How soon can you get them?”

“In half an hour. I bid them be up this day.”

“Well, then, gentlemen,” said Emmet, “I take it, these men had better set out at once. They should tell their friends to come in by small parties, and gather gradually to Thomas Street here according as it grows dusk: a crowd more or less on the Saturday night won’t be noticeable. They will act with me in the main attack. Now, Allen, you have charge of the Island Bridge barrack: will

it be early enough for you to send the word round to-morrow ?”

“You need not be afraid for my party,” Allen answered. “We have the ground surveyed. And the men out beyond there in Palmerston at Clarke’s cotton mills have a good guess they won’t be kept waiting much longer.”

“Well, then, I hope to God,” said Long, “they may not be too free with their tongues. Coming up here half an hour ago, I met Clarke who owns the mills riding post haste, and I saw him turn into the Castle yard, and I asked myself what was that for ?”

“That is serious,” said Emmet. “Allen, you must try and warn these men to allay any suspicions that may have been aroused. They are turbulent fellows, and I daresay they begin to chafe against discipline.”

“Never fear,” answered Allen. “What you say is likely enough. But I know one or two of them that are the spokesmen when there is any trouble over pay, and I’ll tell them to go to Clarke with a good story.”

“And for the people immediately about us, in the Liberty,” said Emmet, “we trust you, Howley, to give the word, but not before to-morrow night at the soonest. Owen Kirwan and Condon will help you : it will spread quick.”

“Too quick, maybe,” said Long, whose

countenance showed a growing anxiety. "Four and twenty hours for a secret to be all over Dublin. It is a big risk."

Again Emmet threw back his head with a challenging gesture.

"The secret will be among Irishmen who love their country. Which of them is going to turn informer? Risk, do you say? Can such an enterprise as ours be undertaken without risk? But I say again, the ground of confidence is that for all these months we have worked here, under the very walls, almost, of the Castle, and not a suspicion raised. We are screened in the deepest secrecy, and behind that screen we have carried our preparations to the maturity of accomplishment."

"Maturity," cried Dowdall. "Robert, I am with you heart and soul, but this is child's talk. Maturity? Have we cannon? Have we muskets even? Where is our armament?"

"Where should it be?" cried Emmet, rising. "In the arsenals of the British Government. We have the arms that are needed to surprise those arsenals—and why ask more? Come, gentlemen, this is no time for weakening. Our plans are laid, we stand committed, and each of us here has work and to spare to do between this and the appointed hour. Let us get to work, I say."

CHAPTER XV

ON Friday, July 22nd, in the library of the Law Courts, John Pollock, Clerk of the Crown for the Leinster Assize, passed between the tables and approached Leonard MacNally, who sat near a window busy over a pile of briefs.

"Well Mac, my bold rebel," he cried with ostentatious geniality, "and how's your old carcass? Any news from France yet?"

"Believe me, you may be quaking," answered MacNally, turning to him with his ugliest grin. "From the hangman downwards to Clerks of the Crown and such cattle, there'll be a short shrift for you all before long."

"Well, for the sake of old times you'll put in a good word for me?" said the red-faced lawyer. Then, dropping his voice, and coming nearer, "Can't you get any news? Marsden has a letter to say the whole country in the North expects a rising."

"I wrote to him yesterday. Every well-to-do Catholic that I speak with is determined to have

no hand in any such work—even if the French land. Of course they're looking for a landing—when weren't they?"

"There's some mention of young Emmet. Where's he gone?"

"Never you fear, I can find him when I want him ; but take it from me, there's no system in the country, there's no preparation ; only a general expectation that a rising would take place if the French were to land."

Pollock sat with wig pushed aside, rubbing his head, and contemplating his boots with a dissatisfied air.

"I'm partly with you, myself, Mac. But it seems Clarke of the Palmerston mills came in yesterday to Marsden to say that he noticed a queer temper among his men, and words and looks passing among them, and they were inclined to be insolent, telling him they mightn't always be taking their orders from him and so on. Marsden asked him to inquire further, and to-day he came back to say he had taken some of them aside and questioned them closely and was convinced there was nothing in it."

"Do you see that now?" said MacNally. "Why, half the respectable people in this country think there's going to be a rebellion if a sober postboy happens to give a sharp answer to a drunken squireen."

“Well, I tell you fairly now, Mac, you may say what you please, but the information they’ve received, coming on top of that explosion and manufacturing of arms in Patrick Street, has frightened the devil out of Marsden. He’s in sole charge now, for the Chief Secretary is away still, and he’s nervous ; and he’s not a bit too confident that you’re doing the square thing by him.”

“The blasted fool,” retorted MacNally. “Haven’t I done enough for them ?”

Pollock put his head on one side with an ugly look.

“That’s just what they think you may be saying to yourself. They have a kind of notion that you may think the Amnesty Act loosens their grip on you. In ninety-eight, you see, they could hang you any time, and they knew it, and you knew it ; and I suppose it wouldn’t be quite so easy now.”

“You may say that indeed,” retorted MacNally drily, “they couldn’t touch a hair of my head.”

“I told Marsden so, my boy, I told him so. But believe me when first I brought you into this way of business, it wasn’t only that I had a liking for you, you droll old devil, and that I wanted to save your skin. It was because I knew a clever man when I saw him, and there wasn’t one other in Ireland fit to do what you have done. Man, Mac, why didn’t you act plays instead of writing

them? I've watched you in court again and again and thought how you must rejoice in it—roaring patriotism there for all your voice can carry, and picking the brains of the fools that are your clients the whole time."

"You may talk about fools," MacNally snapped at him. "But let me tell you they were no fools I had to do with. Any fool can work with the law on his side: it makes no matter what slips he may be guilty of. But to plot is no such easy game, my friend Pollock."

"Yes, and to counterplot."

"Harder again. But you may tell Marsden this, that whatever happens in the North, I answer for it nothing can stir in Dublin or the Midlands unknown to me. I know well enough, they talk among themselves, they may forge a few pikes; but they can't outwit MacNally. I stake my credit on that."

"It's a great thing to have a reputation," said Pollock, rising, "and I'm compromising yours." Then as he walked away, he raised his voice again.

"Well, God forgive me for spending so long in such company. I'd be lost if it got round to the Castle that I was seen colloquing with you."

So the worthies parted. MacNally sat for a moment biting his stubby nails.

"It's not possible," he said to himself. "It can't be possible. Still, it's queer, that young

fellow keeping so quiet all this time. I was sure he had gone to France ; but it seems he's in Ireland. I gathered so much from that bull-headed ass Cloney. I must try and see my bold Cloney this evening."

With that resolve MacNally gathered up his papers and set out for the Globe tavern, which was resorted to by some of the extreme politicians.

But Cloney was not there: very naturally, since he and Grey had left Dublin that morning for Wexford. And so, on this Friday afternoon, the eve of the rebellion, the Castle's best spy was completely at fault. So far Emmet's system had completely justified itself.

But on the other hand its defects were rapidly becoming apparent to its operators. On the Thursday evening, Quigley, not content with his despatch of Wylde and Mahon and feeling a natural anxiety as to the upshot of his promises in Kildare, left the depôt and went down into that county. On the Friday Emmet turned his mind to making ready the various destructive engines which had been perfected with so much care. His solid beams were duly charged with powder and drilled through their length : his hand grenades had been manufactured by laboriously quilting bullets round strong bottles, stuffed with powder. Everything was ready but the fuses, in whose

manufacture Quigley, and no one but Quigley, had been instructed. And now Quigley could nowhere be found.

Emmet himself had neither the time nor the mechanical skill to turn the rammers for the beams nor the fuses for the grenades. Still, there was a considerable length of slow match prepared and with this he hoped to make shift.

In the *depôt*, however, confusion augmented. Some eager spirits from Kildare hastened up and added to the crowd now in the narrow store. Hevey, the publican from across the street, sent in provisions, and the place was full of men eating and drinking. It was with difficulty that Emmet kept them out of a loft where powder was loose in quantities, among the feet of those who were loading ball cartridges.

Kirwan was busy putting the finishing touches to uniforms: MacIntosh, Keenan, and Howley were still planing down shafts of deal into pike handles: and about each worker now was a ring of onlookers. Emmet chafed, sending messengers high and low for "Graham," the name by which Quigley was generally known: but at last, at dusk, he left the *depôt* to go into the little room at the inn to take some food and to revise his plans.

These had now reduced themselves to an attack on the Pigeon House Fort at the harbour, an attack on the outlying barrack at Island Bridge some

distance up the Liffey (if this were taken, the adjoining magazine might easily be seized), and finally, and chiefly, the main blow at the Castle. Byrne was with him and together they went over the details of this central enterprise.

Byrne himself, at the head of three hundred Wexford men, was to wait in Redmond's house and yard till the hour of nine, when Emmet and his party in six hackney coaches would drive slowly past the house and straight on to the Castle. As the second coach entered the party would leap out and seize the sentries, blocking the gate with the carriage : Byrne and his men charging up hot foot behind would be masters of the place in less than five minutes.

The whole project was so simple and so complete that Emmet's spirit, ever sanguine, dilated with anticipation.

"I have information," he said, "that a Privy Council will be sitting. We shall capture the whole staff of Government, and there are men in it that I would gladly have a talk with. A quarter of an hour with Beresford would delight me, Miles. Mind you, I would not hurt a hair of his head ; but I should like to tell him what this movement owes to him, and his riding school. The weals that his tortures left on men's backs may have healed, but the spirit of the land is chafing under them still."

"Believe me," said Byrne, "you won't have an easy task keeping such prisoners. The strongest gaol would be the safest place for them. As for the Lord Lieutenant now, no one would want to hurt him."

"He shall go to Dwyer in the mountains," Emmet answered, "In this fine weather his Excellency will not be inconvenienced, even though he should need to sleep a night on the side of Lugilaw. But, Miles, I must get back to the yard and see if Graham has returned. It was ill done of him to leave me."

"And I must go and look up my lads," said Byrne. "I'll be with you to-morrow before noon : Allen wants me to go with him to reconnoitre in the morning out by Island Bridge. It'll be a big day, to-morrow."

The men nodded good-bye to each other, and Emmet stepped through the backway into the passage from which a door led to the yard. It was almost dark, and as he entered, he heard low and angry voices, and saw a scuffle by the gate through which carts passed in and out from Marshalsea Lane. Hurrying down, he saw five or six of his people dragging along a man whom he did not recognise, and heard Howley's voice, saying, "Out him—be done with the dirty spy."

Emmet spoke quickly : "What is this ? Who have you there ?"

"A fellow we caught there at the gate, peering in to see what information he would get. But, God be thanked, I saw him," said Howley, "and I pinned him so that he couldn't let a squeak."

"Bring him inside here," said Emmet. "Close the door. Now let him loose. What is your name?" he asked of the terrified workman, who stood shaking.

"Farrell, your honour."

"And what were you doing when they took you?"

"Nothing at all, your honour; only, seeing such a traffic in a place that mostly does be quiet, I looked in."

"And you saw too much to go out of it again," said Howley, fiercely.

"That is true," said Emmet. "But it is no great matter to keep him. After to-morrow he may get a bell and cry in the street all he has seen. Give him a bed with the rest of you; and mind you, Farrell, if you try to escape your blood is on your own head. We'll find work for you in the morning. Those gates must be closed for to-night or we shall have other people surprised at the traffic. Is Graham come yet?"

He was answered by a chorus of "noes."

"No matter, he will be here in the morning, and time enough. Turn in now, boys, and lights out; we don't want notice."

CHAPTER XVI

SATURDAY, the 23rd of July, dawned with all the lovely radiance of midsummer in a country where sunshine is never torrid. Dublin and its neighbouring hills and plains and sea were all bathed in blue radiance, limpid and caressing ; it was a day for holiday-makers, not for conspiracy.

Miles Byrne, no poet, but a simple and generous nature bred in the open, felt something of this as he walked out with his two companions along the main highway towards Kildare, and from it struck down the Circular Road between Kilmainham prison and the grounds of the Royal Hospital. The hill led down to where the Island Bridge Barrack lay on the right of the road, filling the angle enclosed between it and the Liffey. Facing the barrack across the road were open fields, and into these Allen led the way through a gap. His pallid face was lit now with emotion, but it showed no hesitancy. Not so with the third of the group. Denis Lambert Redmond was a tall, thin young

man, long necked, with prominent nose and cheek-bones ; and, unlike his companions, he was dressed in a long coat, under which, as he moved, the outline of a weapon could be discerned. His eyes searched the hedgerows nervously, the muscles of his face twitched.

Allen led across the field by a path to a large quarry-hole situate some four hundred yards from the barrack gate.

“ We’ll bring our men in here by tens and half dozens,” he said ; “ if the soldiers notice they’ll only think it is to fight cocks or the like of it people are going. And you can put the whole three or four hundred here, and never one of them could be seen from the barrack. Hickson will be in command. Then, when we see the rocket fired, I come down the road with the last party, and as we’re passing the gate there, we make the rush in, and the whole of the crowd here dashes across to join us ; two minutes will do it. It’s apt to be a smart fight when we get inside, there’s the best part of a regiment there. But half the men will be in the town, you can be sure of it.”

“ Will you send a party up the hill into the park to rush the magazine ? ” asked Byrne.

“ No, that must wait. If we get the barracks we’ll get the magazine easy with half our party ; and we can seize the guns that are mounted in the barrack square and carry them in along Thomas

Street. Felix Rourke will be with me ; he understands the laying of a piece."

"I don't know," said Byrne, "but it would be as well to send a score or so at the magazine to attack when you attack the barracks. It's easy creeping through the plantation to get near."

As he was speaking, the rustle of somebody moving was heard on the other side of the hedge near which they stood. Allen and Byrne turned to look ; but Redmond, with a wild gesture, flung open his coat, raised the blunderbuss, which hung by a strap from his waist and fired at the bushes.

"Easy, man," cried Allen, "you'll have the whole neighbourhood out about us."

Byrne was already on the top of the hedge.

"It's an ass pulling thistles," he said. "Isn't it well now you missed him, Redmond? Don't charge your piece again for a while anyhow ; we may be moving out of this."

Striking across fields for some distance, they emerged again into the road and travelling half a mile along it came to a field bordering on the junction of the canals.

"Here's the assembly," said Allen. "We'll see the Kildare men going in by the road—the last of them any way. It's no matter about gathering a crowd in the open out here. No one will suspect anything in a place like this. Then

about eight o'clock we can start them off for the quarry in parties."

He looked about him with a queer, questioning smile.

"Well, God knows how it will go," he said. "But the plan's right enough if the men are right. Come on now, Miles, we'll get breakfast in a little place over here. Cheer up, Redmond, man, don't be feeling at your throat that way ; the rope's not round it yet."

They ate their meal together comfortably, joined by a couple of Allen's party whom he had appointed to meet him there, and to whom he promised pikes and blunderbusses if they would call at his house at six in the evening.

Then Byrne left them. It was after ten o'clock when he reached the depôt and he found Emmet for once in angry mood, rating Quigley, who had only that morning returned from Kildare and now was avowing the impossibility of finishing the rammers for the powder-charged beams.

"The upshot is," said Emmet, passionately, "that all the scientific work of these past months is gone to nothing."

"Sure, them things was never anything but a cod," grumbled the mason in his high, querulous voice, "you couldn't tell what way they would work. It's likely blowing up ourselves we'd be."

Emmet left him, too angry to speak more.

His face was whiter than usual, and his underjaw projected. Approaching Byrne, "Well, Miles," he said, "what news?"

"I've been round with Allen to reconnoitre a bit by the barrack. All's right there."

"No sign of any preparedness among the soldiers."

"Not a sign."

Emmet's countenance cleared.

"After all, that is the main thing next to the Castle. We can spare them some extra help. The Pigeon House attack is given up, Miles. Brangan came to me last night. He says the Wicklow men won't act."

"That surprises me," Byrne answered. "Brangan was very active, and he had his plan well laid for crossing in the boat."

"They have recoiled anyhow. But after all," Emmet added hurriedly, "some defections were to be expected, and that is no essential part of my plan. Brangan himself is not to blame: he has promised to join me here. I will send him with Allen. Quigley's absence has handicapped us badly: few or none of the explosives will be ready for use, and we must rely on push of pike."

"What kept him last night?"

"It seems there was some backwardness among the Kildare men; and even now the leaders of that

district have sent up word to say that they insist upon seeing for themselves the preparation that we have before they will bring their men in. They will be here in two or three hours."

At this news Byrne looked very grave.

"I don't like that," he said, with ominous brevity.

Emmet met him with almost indignant reply.

"Why not, after all? We can convince them. But it is for that reason I am sorry we have not our engines to show. If all had gone right, we should have been not only as well equipped for street fighting as the troops, but in a far better and more modern manner."

"Are not these Kildare men that I passed in the depôt just now?" said Byrne. "They have the look of country fellows anyway, with the frieze coats."

"They are indeed, the poor brave lads. But the trouble is, Miles, they are all clamouring for muskets, and guns of some sort I must find for them. Here is a note I want you to take to Phil Long. Tell him I must have the money—five hundred pounds—in an hour, if possible. Then we can buy all that is to be bought in the gunsmiths' shops. Urge upon him to spare nothing."

"Very well, Mr. Emmet."

Byrne went out from the shed where they had

been talking into the open yard. Near the gate a cart was standing on to which three or four men were hoisting a couple of the hollow beams, containing pikes. Byrne called to the chief of them.

“Condon, come here a minute.”

The carter came over, and the others proceeded to open the gate to let the cart out.

“Are these the pikes for Baggot Street?” Byrne began to ask, when a sudden scuffle at the gate checked him: there were only two men now, where there had been three before.

Condon flung down his whip and swore heavily.

“God above us! He’s away. That’s the Farrell fellow that was caught last night spying into the yard. I forgot all about him. Why didn’t we knock his brains out? Emmet has no sense, he’s too soft.”

“We must tell him at once,” said Byrne. “I suppose we couldn’t get hold of the man again?”

“Is it likely?”

Meanwhile, Emmet, hearing the commotion, came out. He was told what had happened.

“Don’t trouble, boys,” he said. “That poor fellow was telling the truth last night. He’s no spy. We did him no harm, and you will find he will do us no harm, but only be thankful to get clear in safety.”

“Still,” he added aside to Byrne, “it is an

awkward thing to have happened, and the less it is talked of the better. You need not mention it to Long."

Byrne went out into the street, marvelling much at the sanguine complacency of this young man in the midst of so many perils.

CHAPTER XVII

AT three o'clock one of the party told off to watch the Castle came in hot foot to announce that the Lord-Lieutenant had driven in there, carrying in his coach an officer in uniform who was believed to be General Fox, the Commander-in-Chief.

"Good," said Emmet. "The birds are in the trap. Let the watch be carefully maintained."

In truth, had he known it, the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief had come in by urgent summons from Marsden, Under Secretary of State, head of the Castle officialdom, and controller of the Secret Service. And they sat now listening to the announcement that a rising was meditated for that evening. MacNally, at the eleventh hour, had gleaned some vague hints—"To-morrow night you will see what you will see." A priest had come to an alderman, reporting what he had gathered that morning in confession from a penitent—un-named—who sought absolution as on the eve of battle. And lastly, Mr. Clarke, of Palmerston, had ridden hastily to unsay what he

had said on Friday, to repeat and emphasise his warning given on Thursday. His men had been almost mutinous ; they had demanded their week's pay in the morning, declaring they had business that afternoon ; he could dock them if he liked, they said, but he must pay. And they had added scarcely veiled threats of a change in the State.

General Fox, brother of the great Whig statesman, a large leisurely man, listened with open incredulity. He had only been a month in Ireland, he was just back from a prolonged tour through the country, which he found absolutely peaceful. In the city itself there was no outward sign of revolt, or preparation ; and there were three thousand troops.

Lord Hardwicke was less sceptical ; the Patrick Street explosion had left him strangely alarmed ; and he enforced upon the General the absolute need of precaution. After more than an hour's discussion, it was agreed that Fox should send round orders to all commanding officers to keep their men in barracks, and to be in readiness for emergencies. This settled, the Viceroy left the Castle. Driving out by the upper gate and into Thomas Street, on his way to drop the Commander-in-Chief at the Royal Hospital, before he himself returned to the spacious leisure of the Park and Viceregal Lodge, he passed under the windows of the White Bull Inn.

Behind them, at that very moment, Emmet was closeted with the Kildare leaders.

There were five of these—big upstanding men, some young, some middle-aged; a veterinary surgeon, three horse-breeding farmers, and a land surveyor.

“It comes to this, Mr. Emmet,” one said, “we were told consistently all through, and we were told again by the men you sent down yesterday, that persons of the highest rank and of great property were concerned in this business. We ask you, when our men are marching on Dublin, Who are these persons? Where are they? You refuse to answer. We were told you had a great magazine of arms, and we demand to be shown them? What do you show us? A few bundles of pikes, plenty of cartridges and powder, but hardly a score of muskets; and a few bombs and the like which we think may just as likely hurt the men that handle them as anyone else. And the plain long and short of it is, we have been deceived.”

There was a chorus of assent. “That’s the truth he’s speaking.”

“And we may go home about our business,” continued the spokesman, “and stop whatever men we can reach from joining in such madness.”

Emmet listened in silence, and the men hung hesitating before they moved—clamorous, but

ashamed. There was a moment's lull in the voices, and he spoke :

“One moment, gentlemen, before you decide to abandon those of your countrymen who will certainly go on, whether with you or without you. The county of Kildare has never bred traitors, and I am sure that you will at least consider what I have to say before you take a step which some at least will inevitably censure as unworthy of the race that you represent. You say you have been misled, and I cannot tell what our messengers may have said to spur on men whom they found reluctant to face the final hazard. This only I can answer to your demand for names. I name no man. No one shall be committed in this business but by his own acts. I can offer you no credit but my own, which in point of property, is now worthless, since all that I owned six months ago has been spent on this undertaking. But I have shown you papers which prove that I am the agent accredited by our organisation in Paris, and that my brother, whose character no man dare impeach, is there at the head of our Provisional Executive, and is in actual treaty with Bonaparte and his ministers.” He paused for an instant : then with rising voice. “That is all I can show you,” he went on. “But, believe me, I am only a subaltern in this business. The general does not march himself to the breach, he sends one of his

officers, and once the place is stormed he takes command. Let us succeed to-night, and to-morrow the foremost in this land, the foremost in merit and in station, will take the places of the carrion who have too long polluted our high seats of justice and of power. For that I pledge you my own assurance : it is all I can pledge. And, as for the arms, Dwyer in the mountains has muskets in plenty : Wexford is armed : but for what we have to do to-night firearms are of little use. Have you considered that it is a night attack, a war of surprises that we have planned—an enterprise that can be achieved and only achieved by a sudden rush of brave men, such as Kildare has promised us? Can you capture a barrack by firing musket-bullets at its wall? No, but you can, with a surge of pikemen, sweep into possession of the gates : once inside, the arsenals are yours. That is the scheme, planned and matured through long months. Wexford men will attempt it ; Dublin men in their thousands will carry it through ; shall it be said that Kildare, which was foremost with promises, flinched back when it came to the supreme trial?"

Sweat streamed from his face in the violence of his emotion. But he woke no answering thrill. The men stared heavily at him : and, as he paused for breath in his rapid speech, one spoke up :

"Let Dublin mind itself. There's plenty men in Dublin, if they are men. We'll go back to

Kildare and turn out there this night. There's arms in plenty in Castletown and Carton to be had for the taking, and when we have arms, you'll see what Kildare can do."

Michael Quigley sprang out from the chair in a corner where he sat.

"You'll show us that, will you, you fat-gutted farmers? There's as many Kildare men in town already as will save the county from shame. Get home, you cowards, fit for nothing but to starve the poor men and to beg from the rich. God forgive me that I ever trusted the likes of you—when did one of you all risk himself, unless to be leaping a fence? No, but the smiths and the carpenters and the labouring men will face the trouble you drew them into—you Judases.—Get home with you," he cried shrilly and fiercely, for they had begun to move.

"Never mind the low blackguard," said one; and another, turning in the doorway, cried:

"You have too much talk, Michael Quigley, and had always."

"Talk, is it?" he snarled back. "Wait till to-morrow's light, and the women of your own houses will hunt you, when they hear you betrayed us."

He was following them to the stair-head, when Emmet who had seated himself called him back.

"Let them go, Michael, and close the door.

This is a serious matter. Send some one at once for Allen and Dowdall."

"Dowdall is below in the yard. Would you tell them, Mr. Emmet? Wouldn't it be as good to say nothing? There's eight or ten of the Kildare lads about the place already, and no one would suspicion that these fellows would turn back. Sure it's our party these traitors were to join, not Allen's, and we can go on without them."

"It would not be fair dealing, Michael. Allen and Dowdall are entitled to know all that I know. So is Byrne. Send for him also. But tell no one else."

Quigley went out, and Emmet rising paced the room with eyes bent on the ground. His face was very white, and more than naturally quiet.

In five minutes steps were on the stair: Dowdall came in, followed by Quigley.

"Allen will be here directly. He is across the street at Hevey's," said Quigley.

"Yes," Dowdall added. "Someone has been busy, Robert. The talk is all abroad that our business is put off till Wednesday."

Emmet's eyes lit fiercely.

"That sounds like treachery."

"Our good friends, Grey and Cloney, very likely," Dowdall replied with a sneer.

But Emmet swept away the accusation with a swing of his arm.

“No, not in seven generations would men like those betray us. One cannot tell where such a rumour springs from. Michael, go and find Owen Kirwan and Howley, and tell them to go round our friends.” And as Quigley left the room he continued—“They have three hours yet. We can check it. But if only Jemmy Hope were here.”

“Allen is busy at the same work,” Dowdall answered. “He can tell you more when he comes. That should be his step now. He won’t thank you for calling him off.”

It was Allen who entered flushed and angry.

“How the devil do things get round?” he cried. “You’ve heard this story, I suppose, and the two of you bring me here to talk when we all should be out whipping up our men. And, by God, we’re not at the end yet. Coming in now, I was told the Kildare men had refused to act.”

“That is true,” said Emmet, coldly.

Silence fell on the three. Dowdall made a gesture with his hands and shrugged his shoulders. Allen with lowering face glared at Emmet.

“Are you mad?” he said. “What do you mean?”

“The Kildare leaders came in two hours ago, demanded to be told names of leaders, to be shown arms, and so on. I refused to give names: I showed them the arms. But Wylde and Mahon, whom we sent down on Thursday, had exaggerated

out of all reason, promised cannon, muskets for an army, and so forth, and they were disappointed—said they had been deceived, and, in spite of all I could say, they declared they would go back and stop their men on the road.”

Allen struck his hand heavily on the bare deal table.

“That settles it. First Grey and Cloney. Then Brangan and the Wicklow men. Now the Kildare party, who were to be the backbone of the whole. There can be no rising, and the sooner we are all a hundred miles away the better.”

“If we had been reasonable men we should have started this morning, and been safe by this time,” Dówdall added contemptuously.

Emmet turned to him, sharply. “Are you in the cry, too, Dowdall?” Then addressing himself to the other :

“You must see, Allen, that it is too late now for us to draw back. Here, in Dublin, the secret has been out for the last twenty-four hours. Within another day, at furthest, the existence of this dépôt will inevitably become known somehow to the Castle. You and I may escape, but it will be impossible to secure the retreat of all who are concerned. Besides, we lose at one stroke all our preparations ; we put Government finally on its guard : we sacrifice the hopes of Ireland.”

“And suppose we go on,” Allen retorted. “We

make an abortive rising : we give full excuse for martial law. Is that likely to be better for our supporters? We give them the encouragement of a stupendous failure ! I never heard such madness."

"I admit no failure till failure has been proved !" Emmet cried, his voice rising. "You have the men needed for your part of the work—to storm the Island Bridge barrack and capture its arms. I have enough here, with Byrne's three hundred, and the men who will assemble at this dépôt in an hour—who are already assembling—to carry the Castle itself. Are we to shirk the leap when we come to it?"

"You want a thousand at least," retorted Allen. "So do I. We may get them. But, for your part, you are counting on Kildare, and Kildare has failed you. For my part, I am counting on Dublin, and half our friends in Dublin have been told the day is postponed. I do not believe they will muster. You know yourself, I have followed you so far against my judgment. I have always believed we should wait for the French to land. You have answered me that Ireland was ready, and I supported you ; but now when I see that Ireland is hesitating, I will not go on. You may call me coward if you like, but I will not alter my resolution."

"And," said Dowdall, "I support Allen. It is sheer lunacy to go on."

Emmet drew the back of his hand across his forehead and dashed away the streaming perspiration. He was in a cold sweat.

"I cannot reproach you, Allen," and there was a tremor in his voice, so violently was he moved. "But for my own part, I will not turn back. Have you forgotten that Russell and Hamilton at this very hour are preparing to attack in the North? You must judge for yourselves. I cannot desert them."

"Russell and Hamilton can take good care of of themselves," Dowdall answered. "If they succeed, we may rise behind them. If they fail to-night, they will fail independently of our action. Why should we set the gallows to work in Dublin, for a fantastic scruple like this?"

Emmet turned on him a flash. "For a scruple, Dowdall? For the honour of ourselves, and for the honour of Ireland. I tell you this: if I had no hope of success—but I believe as surely as I stand here that, unless Government gets warning, within two hours I shall be master of the Castle—but even if I had no hope, for that same scruple I would turn out, if there were only a hundred men to follow me."

Allen's face, as Emmet spoke, was strangely played upon. He watched and judged the enthusiast: he was unconvinced; but the words

appealed to that in him which lay deeper than reason.

Dowdall had turned away with the characteristic lifting of his shoulders ; he did not easily face Emmet's eyes. But Allen met them full.

"Emmet," he said, "you have not convinced me. I will take no hand in this enterprise. I will not go out to head the men who are expecting me, and I am certain that such of them as may assemble will disband. But although I have every desire to save my neck and to preserve my freedom, I will stay here this night. I will be in Thomas Street when you make your venture, and if you carry the Castle, I will join you at once ; and when the day comes for credit to be given I will own fully the part that you have played, and the counsel that I gave you. It is cold comfort, but it is the best I can do. Come, Dowdall, you and I and our friends will go on to Hevey's and await what may happen."

They went down the stair and out into the street. As they crossed it, walking towards Hevey's inn, which lay a couple of hundred yards distant, Allen looked about him at the crowded thoroughfare and saw frieze-coated men in plenty standing in knots, and others of the Dublin trades busy with talk, by twos and threes, among the evening marketers.

"By God," he said, "they are gathering anyhow."

"And that lunatic will take them out to be shot to-night or hanged next week," said Dowdall.

"He may be a lunatic," said Allen grimly. "But I tell you this : I never felt less contented with myself than I do this minute."

Left alone, Emmet paused for a moment. Thought was hateful to him : he was glad that action called. In the yard below a hundred things surely needed his attention. He hurried down, with a fear still on him. Miles Byrne and the Wexford men were an essential part of his remaining scheme.

And as he entered the yard he caught sight at once of Byrne's open face and broad shoulders towering above Quigley. He went straight to him.

"Well, Miles. You have heard of the Kildare men's action. What do you say ?"

"We have gone too far to draw back now, Mr. Emmet."

"That is not all. Allen and Dowdall have refused to go on. They say there is no chance."

For a moment Byrne was silent. Then he spoke.

"That is cowardly of Dowdall, any way. He should not desert you after he lived in your house all these months."

"And you, Miles?"

"I will be ready and the men with me when the hour comes."

"God bless you, Miles," said Emmet suddenly. Tears sprang to his eyes in the rush of his feeling. Then, resuming his quietness :

"Has a runner brought me back the money from Long's yet."

"Young Fitzgerald is below there with it. He is asking to see you."

"Bring him here."

The slim, quick-moving clerk came up in a moment from one of the sheds.

"Here is the money, Mr. Emmet. Mr. Long had trouble to get it. The Bank of Ireland was closing when I reached there with the draft."

He looked expressively at Byrne and then at Emmet. It was plain he had more to say.

"Go on," said Emmet, "I have no secrets from Miles."

"They were doubling the Guard on the bank as I came away. One of the runners at the bank told me that a rising was expected."

"You told Mr. Long this?" asked Emmet. He spoke with an evident restraint on himself.

“Yes, Mr. Emmet. He was greatly excited.”

“Go back to him and tell him that Mr. Allen and Mr. Dowdall with some others will dine at Hevey’s this evening. They do not act with us, but await the event. He can join them, or can stay in his own house : the latter is best. He has risked and sacrificed enough, and for the work in hand he will not be wanted.”

“I’ll tell him, sir.”

“Did you notice anything else as you came?”

“I thought it would be no harm to come through the Castle yard on my way from Crow Street. The gates were open, and I saw no soldiers except the sentries.”

Emmet’s face lit.

“You hear that, Miles.”

“It is only what I would expect,” said the Wexford man. “Soldiers are always slow to move : I saw that in Wexford. We may surprise them yet, and surprise is everything.” Then speaking to the clerk—

“Do you hear me, Mr. Fitzgerald, there will be no excursion to Island Bridge, and I think you were of that party ; but any friends of Mr. Allen’s can join me at Redmond’s house on the Coal Quay in an hour from now.”

The lad nodded.

"I will be there," he said, "and a dozen more with me that were for the other job."

He vanished.

"Well, Miles," said Emmet, "they have wind of something."

"They have," Byrne answered. "We must keep a good watch on the Castle. If they are in force there, we can't attack."

"In that case," said Emmet, "I should march out to meet Dwyer in Rathfarnham. He is due there an hour after dusk. Such of us as cannot stay in Dublin may join him till the French land."

"It will be no novelty to me anyhow," said Byrne, "and the mountains are good enough for anyone in this weather."

"Go then and gather your men. It is seven now, the rocket will be fired at nine. Once more—you understand the plan—I shall leave this in the first of six hackney coaches: four men in each. We shall drive to Redmond's house, and from that slowly to the Castle. You come out with your fellows as the coaches pass. When the first has entered the Castle gate it will stop: we leap out as the second coach is in the gateway, so that the gate cannot be closed, and while we are mastering the sentries, you will be up: charge straight through the Castle yard, seize the two

other gates and man them. That's the whole plan."

"I shall be ready. When I have my men there I will send a messenger here to tell you."

"Good," said Emmet. "Now go. I must see to the beams and the hand grenades."

CHAPTER XVIII

EMMET was now alone—the single leader, the one man of education, among a crowd of countrymen and mechanics. When he went down into the yard of the dépôt, all about him was bustle and confusion. There was a knot in a corner gathered round something ; going over, he found a small barrel of whisky.

“Where did this come from ?”

“Hevey sent it in, sir ; he thought it would put some life into us.”

“Take it up at once, and carry it before me, one of you.”

Grudgingly he was obeyed.

“Up the ladder into the loft,” he said. “Be careful how you go.”

The countryman stepped into the darkened loft, and as he took a stride forward, something dusty gritted under his feet. Looking down he saw it was powder. Men were working madly, filling cartridges ; all care was cast aside.

“Put down the cask here,” said Emmet. “It

is more dangerous to us than the powder. Graham," he said, calling to Quigley, "I charge you let no one near it."

Quigley signed assent.

"We learnt that much in ninety-eight, boys. Not till the job is done this time."

The countryman retired dismayed, but impressed.

"There's what would blow the whole city to pieces up yonder," he said to his comrades.

"But, sure, what use is it to us without the guns?" another answered. And to this it was not easy to make reply.

Emmet meanwhile was handling the pile of hand-grenades which had been prepared under his direction during the week.

"Where is the match for these, Michael?" he said to Quigley. "We must fit them quick now. They are wanted for the men who will be in the window above the upper gate."

Quigley's voice rose shrill and sulky :

"The match is over beyond there, fathoms of it. But some blasted fool threw it all in a heap while I was in Kildare, and I don't know now which of it was dipped."

"God above us!" cried Emmet. "The whole thing is gone then. There is no time now to make a test. We don't know the prepared from the useless."

“Without you set a light to it.”

“And find out by destroying it. That would be a useful expedient.” The young man’s eyes blazed. At every turn his ingenuity, his thought out plan, failed by defect in the human machinery. Quigley stood before him sulky and downcast, expecting fierce reproaches. But Emmet checked himself.

“It can’t be altered now. I must get men with blunderbusses there instead.”

“Sure,” said Quigley, “that would be far better. But there isn’t a gun left in it, only what the boys have divided among themselves.”

“I must send out at once then,” Emmet answered. “It is lucky the money came in just now.”

He went down into the yard and sought out his habitual messenger. Not seeing him :

“Where’s Condon ?” he asked.

They pointed him to a shed half filled with straw, in which the men had slept, and here the big drayman was stretched heavily.

“For the Lord’s sake, Mr. Emmet, sir, don’t ask me to stir. I was running all the night, and I ask only to get a snooze before we turn out.”

He rolled over on his side as he spoke, and Emmet laughed in spite of himself. For his own part he had not slept an hour since daylight on the yesterday.

“Poor brave fellow,” he said, then issuing into the yard again, he caught sight of Darby, the labourer who had been employed with MacIntosh in Patrick Street.

“Go round to Watty Coxe’s,” he said. “Here are sixty guineas. Tell him to give you the gun he has for me, and all the blunderbusses and pistols in his shop. Load them into a coach and drive back here for your life.”

The labourer took the bag of gold, nodded assent and went off. As he opened the gate to go out, he looked round with a quick, furtive glance. Once the doors closed behind, he shot through the narrow way to the street and up into the crowded Coombe. It was not on that side that the gunsmith lived. But Emmet did not watch his messenger. Once before the fellow had proved his fidelity : he trusted him now—wrongly.

At the moment his attention was claimed by a messenger who came staggering in with a huge flat parcel.

“From Stockdale, sir,” he said.

“Ah !” cried Emmet, “the proclamations. Put it down here.”

He tore open the wrappings, and disclosed a great bundle of broad-sheets, wet from the press. They were headed “The Provisional Government to the People of Ireland.”

It was a lengthy document, which began with

a special appeal to the men of Leinster, to renew the evidence of valour that they had given in ninety-eight: this was accompanied by an admonition to deal honourably with prisoners. The men of Munster and Connaught were called upon to rise and show that eagerness which five months earlier had needed to be restrained: and finally there was a general address to those Irishmen from whom opposition, not help, must be anticipated, and to the Government which was the object of attack.

Throughout, humane counsels were preached: and at the close a provisional constitution was decreed in thirty articles.

Emmet glanced his eye over this, as one familiar with its contents: then, searching in the bundle, he drew out a smaller parcel consisting of copies of a brief address headed

“CITIZENS OF DUBLIN.”

Here was a more florid rhetoric, the week's work of Phil Long. It began by reciting that “A Band of Patriots mindful of their oath and faithful to their engagement as United Irishmen” had determined to give freedom to their country. It assumed that scenes like those in Dublin were enacted simultaneously in every town throughout Ireland, and Emmet reading it smiled grimly, as he thought of its author and the other confederates

seated a few hundred yards off, in safety. The need for a brief period of reflection was urgent on him ; therefore, he called together the men in the yard, and pointing to the papers :

“ There, boys,” he said, “ these are our orders of the day. Let someone read them out. The rocket does not go up till nine.”

Then, summoning Quigley.

“ Get Stafford,” he said to him, “ and put on your uniforms. We must be ready to lead the people in half an hour.”

The three men had slept in the same corner of a loft, and together they apparelled themselves in the dress so familiar now to every Irishman : the green coat with its gold braid and sash, the close-fitting, white pantaloons, the high black boots. Quigley and Stafford chaffed each other, but Emmet arrayed himself like a young priest for some high ritual. In his mind pictures were shaping themselves : he saw the assault, the sudden seizure of the Castle, men swarming through the empty courts : he saw the great Officers of State seized in their official apartments and brought before him where he sat among his conquering band ; he framed the parley that should be held with them ; he dictated his terms to the Government thus suddenly dethroned.

And always in the back of his mind there was the image of one spectator, one whose mobile, tender face and deep black eyes shone and sparkled

in the glow of her lover's achievement : yet that presence was only there like an accompaniment of music to spoken words : his brain was busy planning, step by step, with the infinite vivid detail of a dreamer of dreams.

He was alone now : Quigley and Stafford had gone down to make their appearance, to call the men within the *depôt* into order, to see them armed and ready : he still waited, since daylight was hardly waning, and many minutes had to go by before he could expect Byrne's messenger announcing that the Wexford party were ready at their post in the other house, and before the rocket could be fired to give the general signal. A little rough table stood in the loft near his stretcher-bed : and on it his writing-desk stood ready. He sat down, laid his sword upon the table, unlocked the desk, and with it before him propped his head on his hands, plunged into the deepest abyss of thought.

He was now face to face with his own soul. All the accumulated disappointments and frustrations of the past forty-eight hours recurred to him : he reviewed them, yet he did not feel despondent. It seemed to him almost as though he were in a dream, so imperfect were the ties between reasoned possibility and anticipated action. Why, in spite of all did he feel so light of heart ? why not despond when ground so strong existed for

despondency ? Always prone to act, yet always by nature constrained to meditate upon the principles of his own action, he took up pen and paper, almost instinctively, and began to write.

“ I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my work ; that these difficulties will likewise disappear, I have ardent and, I trust, reasonable hope ; but if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition ; to that disposition I run from reflection, and if my hopes are without foundation, if a precipice is opening under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to turn back, I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the vision of happiness that my fancy had formed in the air.”

He laid the pen down, took out his watch and looked at it. It was half past eight o'clock. The hour to act was upon him. Closing his desk upon the paper, he took up his sword, and in all his young bravery of uniform, descended to his men. Some seventy to eighty were gathered there, armed with pikes. His face fell as he counted them.

“ Is this [all, Quigley ?” he said, to the stonemason.

"There's thousands in the street only waiting, but they are backward to come in."

"Where is Darby with the guns?"

"He never came back."

Emmet's face blackened. "The traitor," he said. Then quickly composing his countenance, "We must pile the pikes outside in the lane, and send word for the people to come and take their weapons. Put men to do that." Then raising his voice, he called for Henry Howley.

Howley came to him wild-eyed, with a red spot showing on his high cheekbones. He had a blunderbuss slung round him, and a pistol in each hand.

"It is time for the coaches," said Emmet. "Go across to the stand at Essex Street Bridge and fetch me six into the lane. Here is money. Drive in the first yourself. You should be back here in five minutes."

The carpenter pulled his big coat on, hiding the weapons, and went out on his errand.

The rising had begun.

CHAPTER XIX

MEANWHILE the city lay peaceable and unconscious in its wealthier quarters. Only in the lanes and streets about the Coombe talk buzzed. Timid persons bolted their doors, climbed to the housetops ; others, vaguely eager, hung about in the streets. Owen Kirwan was at his doorway in Plunket Street, shirt-sleeved in the warm evening, keeping watch : about him a knot of men gathered, and others were within his house.

At the Castle Marsden, anxious but half incredulous, sat talking to General Asgill, one of the soldiers who had superintended many military executions in ninety-eight. The Commander-in-Chief at the Royal Hospital, wholly sceptical, had appointed with the various commanding officers to meet him at nine—the very hour of Emmet's project. Asgill, leaving Marsden, rode up to his appointment through Thomas Street, and noted the gathering crowds, but saw no signs of a weapon.

Yet already orderlies had been despatched to all the barracks : in the growing dusk a dragoon was on his way back from the Pigeon House, with a note to say that the message had been received and precautions were being taken. At the Bank, guards had been doubled : a tumultuous rush there had seemed possible. Generally, there was a belief among the authorities that bands might rise on the outskirts of the city. But of Emmet's actual plan, no faintest surmise was entertained. None but the officers actually on duty had been apprised of the rumour ; and at the Cork Street barrack, which lay off Thomas Street, only a few hundred yards from Emmet's dépôt, the forty or fifty soldiers quartered there were for the moment in sole charge of a young lieutenant, Felix Brady. The lieutenant, partly to relieve himself of the responsibility, and partly fearing for his superior's safety, sent a message to his Colonel, begging him to come into barracks. The message was delivered to Colonel Browne in his lodgings at Usher's Island ; and that officer, finishing his wine, cursed the rebellious country, buckled on his regimentals, and proceeded along the south bank of the Liffey towards his barrack.

As Colonel Browne left the quay to turn up Bridgefoot Street, his eye was caught by a line of six coaches crossing the bridge towards him ; but

from this his attention was immediately distracted by the sight of a quarrel in Bridgefoot Street itself, between a soldier of the ninth regiment and a tall countryman in frieze coat. Fierce words seemed to pass; then Colonel Browne saw the frieze-coated man spring at the soldier, grapple him by the throat, and begin to batter his head against the wall. Drawing his sword, and hurrying to the spot, the officer peremptorily ordered the stronger man to loose his hold.

But at the same moment the line of coaches entering Bridgefoot Street drew abreast of the affray; and from the first of them Howley leapt out, pistol in hand, with eyes blazing.

“Fair play for the countryman,” he cried.

Colonel Browne, sword in hand, turned on him. As he did so Howley discharged his pistol full into the officer’s breast.

In an instant, the hackney drivers, frightened of their lives, turned their horses and drove away. Howley with an oath leapt at the head of the horse nearest him, and, pointing his other pistol at the driver, bade him gallop up to the door of the yard in Marshalsea Lane.

And in the meantime Byrne, with his three hundred Wexfordmen, pike in hand, packed together in the yard of Redmond’s house, stood

within a hundred yards of the unguarded Castle gate, chafing like hounds on leash for the expected signal of the coaches.

Howley's shot had been heard in the dépôt. Emmet met him as the gate opened.

"Where are the other coaches?" he cried.

"Scattered. The devils ran when they smelt powder. But I've downed one red coat anyway—ay, and a big man."

Quick inquiries draw the whole story from the flushed desperado. He was exultant in his act: of the plan shattered, he recked nothing. At the same moment two men rushed in from Thomas Street, shouting: "The soldiers are on us."

Emmet flung up his hands.

"Turn out at once, boys. Follow me."

Then crossing the yard to where the signal rocket was set upon a frame, he touched a light to it. In a second it had shot, shrieking and flaring into the quiet sky.

Owen Kirwan at his house door saw it, and cried, "Come on, boys, there's the signal." With a dozen pikemen at his heels he made for the line of Thomas Street. To the same point other parties poured, some armed, some with blunderbusses and no ammunition, some with powder and shot but no gun: confused, ignorant, going to seek leaders that they had never seen.

Meanwhile Emmet, mustering the few score of men who had assembled in the dépôt, and forming them roughly into column, issued at their head into the narrow laneway that divided the yard from the backs of the Thomas Street houses.

Wheeling to the left, he marched towards the Bridgefoot Street end of the lane : it was his way to the Castle. He moved slowly, for the men from the street were coming in and taking pikes from the pile outside the dépôt : the lane was filling up behind him. As he had almost debouched upon the street, round the corner suddenly came the Chief Constable of Dublin with a dozen watchmen at his heels, carrying pistols.

The Chief Constable, a man of courage, was for a moment dashed by the unlooked-for spectacle of this silent, slow-moving column of men with pikes slanting from their shoulders. Then, advancing pistol in hand, he called boldly : "Lay down your pikes this instant or we fire on you."

For a moment the column hesitated. One or two, surprised by this sudden encounter, threw down their pikes. But Emmet, advancing sword in hand, made a lunge at Wilson, who fired at the same moment. The shot missed its mark, though it wounded a pikeman : the thrust went home, and Wilson retreated towards Thomas Street with

his hand pressed on a bleeding wound in the belly.

At the same time Emmet gave the word for the pikemen to open right and left ; and his few musketeers, firing down the alley, killed one of the watch. The whole skirmish was over in a moment, and Emmet led his men into Thomas Street, where the crowd was thick already.

Marching out on to the centre of the street with Stafford and Quigley his officers beside him, he waved his sword high :

“Come on, boys, we’ll take the Castle,” he cried.

But the crowd, though it surged this way and that, made no move to follow. It was not a body, it was a chaos of atoms. Hardly one man in it knew Emmet or his officers by sight : few even, in the press, got sight of the uniforms. And promptly the baser rabble turned to the work of mere riot.

The dragoon passing back from the Pigeon House with the reply to the Commander-in-Chief’s message, had already been torn from his horse and piked. Emmet, as he marched on with head high, but with eyes already troubled, saw the crowd about his body. As he reached St. Catherine’s Church, barely a hundred yards from where his march started, he was aware that the multitude was not following. Halting there, he sent back Stafford and Quigley to try and fetch the laggards

on : he himself kept about him a dwindling band.

He waited three minutes that seemed like an eternity—swift marching would have taken him already to the Castle gate, and no soldiery showed yet upon the streets : then Stafford and Quigley were seen coming back towards him, alone.

“The ruffians will not move a step,” cried Quigley ; and he heaped profanities on them. “They are breaking into the shops ; we may give up. It’s only destruction to stand here.”

“I will march till I see the Castle,” Emmet answered. “They may be shamed into coming. Keep together, men.”

Swiftly now, with pikes carried at the charge, but with sinking hearts, the knot of some fifteen men advanced till a hundred yards only divided them from the Castle gates. Save for ordinary passers-by who stared wildly at them, women who screamed, men who ran to bolt their doors, they were alone in the long street. The crowd stayed surging far behind them. Howley’s rash folly, the sudden alarm following it, had forced Emmet to move before he could communicate with Byrne : to march past the Castle now, as he must to join Byrne, would ensure the shutting of the gates : retreat was the only course, and from where they had now come to, Francis Street, leading due South off the line of Thomas Street, pointed the way :

beyond it they could see in the dusk the looming outline of Kilmasnogue.

"By the right," Emmet cried. "For the mountains," and swinging away from their objective, they marched fast through the darkening streets, no one opposing them.

Emmet spoke no word to his comrades on that bitter journey ; and they avoided his silence. But in the first of the dark, when they turned in off the road to his house at Rathfarnham, Anne Devlin ran forward like a watchdog. A man was beside her in the yard, mounted, carrying a sack of cartridges and bottles filled with powder.

"Who's there ?" she cried.

"It's me, Anne," Emmet answered simply.

Then Anne Devlin, who worshipped her young master as if she were his dog, sprang at him with a fierce assault of words. All the faith in her was turned to bitterness and revilings.

"Oh, bad welcome to you," she cried. "Is the world lost by you, the cowards that you are, to lead the people to destruction and then to leave them ?"

Emmet answered in a low voice :

"Don't blame me, Anne ; the fault is not mine."

Then without another word he went in.

He sat down at the table and wrote hurriedly

the few lines which had to tell Sarah Curran that all had failed, that those whom he trusted most had left him, that his only hope was now in France—that he must fly.

Sealing it he came out again. In those few minutes Anne Devlin had learnt the story. She came to him now, her eyes streaming with tears. He had the note in his hand.

“Will you take it for me, Anne?” he said.

She caught his hand there before them all and pressed it to her lips, abasing herself in contrition.

“Ah, forgive me, Mr. Robert; I had always a bad tongue. But I would be cut in pieces for you.”

Tears sprang into his eyes also.

“I know that, Anne,” he said simply.

Then turning to Quigley :

“We must send word to Dwyer,” he said.

“This is one of his men,” Quigley answered.

“I told him all that happened.”

“So,” said Emmet, “then, boys, we take to the mountains. Someone there will give us lodging for this night anyway.”

In the city left behind them confusion reigned. Before Emmet was fairly out of Thomas Street, the mob had dragged the humanest judge in Ireland from his coach and piked him almost to death; Lord Kilwarden had enough breath left in him to

utter the hope, where he lay dying in the house they brought him to, that no one should suffer but by due and seemly process of law. His daughter, whom the mob spared, ran, half mad with horror, to the Castle where her story was received at first with open derision ; while they still questioned her, the 67th Regiment, charging in from its quarters in the old Custom House to man the gates, showed that the alarm was real : and the Castle was secured. Miles Byrne and his party, waiting in tense expectation, sent a second messenger, who brought back the news of what he had seen at the depôt : pikes strewn everywhere, crowds in disorder, rout general. The Wexford men sallied out, but the Castle gate was now manned against them : they marched and countermarched through the quarter of the Coombe, meeting no opposition. For an hour after the outbreak no troops were in the streets save Lieutenant Brady and his party, who, anxious for their officer's safety, had gone, too late, to assist Colonel Browne. They did not find him, but they came on Lord Kilwarden's murderers and scattered them, killing some, arresting others.

By midnight all was quiet, save for the search from house to house by troops, and the flight of the insurgents, now seeking cover like rabbits.

But in the cool night, under the stars on the heathy mountain slopes, Emmet, as he and his party marched seeking for some hillside farm to

shelter them, was already planning new combinations ; cherishing the inextinguishable hope, defeated yet undismayed, building up projects of another plan to rouse out against the usurping power all the paralysed will, all the daunted manhood, of the people who that night had failed him.

CHAPTER XX

SARAH CURRAN slept always with the light sleep proper to delicate and finely strung natures : and these nights while so great a hazard was pending, while so heavy a secret lay on her mind, her slumbers were broken and unsettled. Now, as it neared dawn upon the Sunday, something, a muffled sound, wove itself into her sleeping consciousness ; and then, suddenly in an instant she leapt up tense. There was a soft patter on her window pane : clay striking the glass. In a flash she realised that some dreadful message was near.

Hurrying to the open casement, she peered out, and underneath a form was dimly discernible. A whisper came up.

“It’s me, Miss Sarah darling, it’s Anne. Throw down the cord.”

No other bedroom window was near but her sister’s, and this plan of signalling had been thought out by Robert Emmet—but only for desperate

emergencies. The girl, with heart beating wildly, sought out the weighted cord and threw it to Anne : in a moment she had drawn it up again with a paper tied in the loop. Then in the grey dimness she distinguished the hasty words in which her lover told her what had befallen.

Now, indeed, grim reality gripped her like a vice. She crouched together, her hands clenched themselves : the pressure of blood on her brain grew almost unendurable. Robert was a fugitive then, an outlaw, a hunted man fleeing for dear life—and fleeing out of her sight, out of her ken. Only two things stood out in his message, the name of France and that he must fly : the words drummed in her ears. Her nature recoiled against them in the strain, like a drawn bow : she sprang up, and from the window could discern Anne crouching by some bushes. Whispering “Wait,” she ran to her writing table.

“I must see you at all costs,” she wrote, “you must not leave the country without seeing me.”

She sealed the paper hurriedly, then throwing on a dressing-gown ran barefooted as she was to the door : stealthily she turned the handle, stole downstairs, opened a window in the drawing-room and stepped on to the lawn. Circling wide, she motioned to Anne to follow her till the two were hidden from the house by some shrubs.

Then she caught the messenger. “Give him

this, Anne, I know you can find him. He must have it without a moment's delay."

"Miss Sarah, dear, I won't know till night-time where they have gone. Word will come to me from Dwyer's men at dusk : and on the next day I will go up with your letter. Sure, don't I know how he'll be watching for it ? I can fancy the eyes of him when he sees me coming."

"Then you will come here : you will bring me word at once."

"Early the next morning, Miss Sarah, darling. I can't be coming again like this in the night : he wouldn't let me : it's dangerous for you. But never fear me—you know well I would be cut in bits for Mr. Robert—and, there's no other thing so near his heart as yourself. God forgive me, miss, I gave him the hard word when I seen him coming out, as if it was he had deserted them. No, but they deserted him, the black traitors : too good he was for them and ever will be."

"But you will come early on Tuesday, Anne. I envy you that can come and go and be of service."

"Ah, Miss Sarah, 'tis you can do more than any other one. Isn't it you that can give him heart and comfort in his trouble ? What am I but the poor greyhound, as he called me, running for the two of you ? Go in, my treasure, 'tis cold out here in the dawn for the like of you—and not safe either.

Ah no, then"—for Sarah Curran had flung her soft young arms round the stout shawled figure and kissed her—" 't isn't right for you to demean yourself. Run, darling, run now, and I'll be with you the earliest minute I can with news of him."

Light of a fair dawn was growing in the sky ; but Sarah as she slipped in again by the drawing-room window and closed it, longed for darkness to hide herself and her quivering nerves. Her door stood as she had left it, barely ajar ; but when she entered, a cry broke from her. Her sister was there, white and angry.

"Are you quite mad, Sarah?" she said. "I heard you move and I came in here ; then I saw from the window."

Sarah for an instant faced her ; then breaking away, flung herself face downwards on the bed and burst into a passion of tears. The mother woke in Jane Curran ; in a moment her arms were round the sobbing girl and she gained from her the story. Hiding her own consternation, she spoke what comfort she could ; she promised concealment, help if help were needed, and, lastly, laying herself beside the frightened creature, drew her head on to her own breast, and soothed her into a sleep of sheer exhaustion.

CHAPTER XXI

CURRAN's household moved about him in a secret understanding with one another, of which he, for all his cleverness, had no inkling : they feared and anticipated his moods and motions. Jane's first warning to her sister was to beware of the deadly anger which would be visited on a daughter who had not only disobeyed, but had linked her affections to an unsuccessful rebel.

"He will be raging when he hears, even without any word of you ; for everyone knows what a friend of ours poor Robert was, and the Counsellor would think himself compromised," said Jane, judging shrewdly.

News came, as she foresaw, when the servants returned at noon from mass.

The priest had been eloquent from the altar in denunciation of the mad outbreak ; above all, of Kilwarden's murder :—and through the first hours Curran discounted on this theme ; the madness, the criminal folly of it all. The people,

he declared, were unworthy of redress and incapable of it. No names had yet been mentioned ; it was known only that the leaders were unknown and still at large. But Curran had his suspicions, and he did not spare them to his daughters. Without naming Emmet, he denounced to them in bitter words a younger generation who affected to despise the tried patriots, and then, to justify their own pretensions, launched an enterprise which could serve only to blacken the name of Irishmen before the habitable world. Then he came to a decision.

“ These gentry have let loose a gang of cut-throats who would as soon pike me as poor Kilwarden. In ninety-eight I would have counted the insurgents for a bodyguard ; but to-day, thank you, I prefer the law and the army, such as they are, to these patriots. No man can say where the flame will break out next ; we shall move into Dublin to-day. God ! to think that I—I !—have to put myself under the protection of the English soldiery for fear of my own countrymen.”

But before the flitting was effected Curran's gardener, Pat Kennedy, came to summon Sarah out for some consultation over flower-beds. She refused at first, but noticing the man's ill-suppressed excitement, followed him in strange anxiety to a spot safe from observation. Then, suddenly, he broke out upon her :

“Miss Sarah, darling, I was in it : I seen it all : but sure I never knew till last night who was to lead us. Wisha if I’d known, I’d have had a party with me that would follow him to the gates of hell.”

“What do you mean, Paddy? I don’t understand,” the girl said unsteadily, and shrinking from his scrutiny.

“Arrah, bless you, miss, don’t you know I was always a United man, and am this minute, and do you think I wouldn’t have a great wish for Mr. Emmet when his brother was the chief man among them all in ninety-eight? I wouldn’t make so bold as to speak to you, only I know well there was something between him and you. He’s safe out of it, Miss Sarah, darling ; my heart rose into my throat, last night, when I seen him come out there on to the street at the head of his party, and believe me, I said to myself, I would watch him well. And when the rabble that was in it were hanging back, and turning to rob and murder too—my black curse on them—I followed after him and the other lads in green coats till they saw it was no use and turned up Francis Street towards the mountains. I pitched the pike from me then, and followed after them till I was sure they were clear away and safe. He’ll be up with Dwyer in the hills before this, and no man can touch him

there.—You'll not be angry with me, Miss Sarah, for speaking."

Tears flooded the girl's eyes : she had forgotten her confusion and bewilderment.

"Angry—oh, but Paddy, you have trusted me with your own secret. There is danger for everyone who was concerned. You may have been recognised."

"And who will tell on me if I was? I'm in no fear for myself. But remember now, Miss Sarah, he'll surely want friends : and little and all as I am, you needn't fear to trust me, if you are looking for one to turn to."

He stood before her, this peasant whom she had known all her life, his keen, grey eyes wearing a new light in them. The change was so sudden that she hesitated.

"It is true," she said, "Mr. Emmet was a very dear friend"—she paused an instant—"of ours." Then, as if repenting her evasion, "If you can help him, Paddy, believe me I shall never forget it. But"—and again she hesitated. He stopped her quickly.

"Don't say another word, Miss Sarah. Better for you to go in now. Maybe the thing I said to-day need never be remembered. But I'm bound by it for your sake and his sake, and for the sake of old Ireland."

Her eyes thanked him before she turned to go : then a thought struck her.

“Can you take a message for me to-day, Paddy?”

“Surely, Miss.”

“There’s a girl called Anne Devlin, at Butterfield House, in Rathfarnham. Tell her to bring the work she has for me on Tuesday to Ely Place, and not to this house.”

His eyes lit with a flash of comprehension.

“Very well, Miss,” he answered.

She stood a moment looking at him. Then : “I have trusted you, Paddy,” she said. And with that she turned and went in.

It was afternoon of the Sunday when the Curran household reached their town house, and they found Dublin in a wild turmoil of excitement. Sarah Curran had to steel herself to live through that day and the next—when vengeance began to take the place of fear, for the mail coaches had come in all safe, Russell’s attempt in the North had not gone beyond the issue of a visionary proclamation, and it was plain that public security remained undisturbed, so that loyal citizens had time to denounce the Government because it did not forthwith proclaim martial law and get to work with the gallows. All this talk buzzed

about the girl while she stayed trembling for her lover—whose name was already rumoured as the leader, though no proof was yet forthcoming. They had, indeed, found in the dépôt letters addressed to him, even manuscripts of his own—including the brief meditation which he penned half an hour before the signal to rise was given. But this carefully-prepared conspirator had trained himself to write in a number of hands, and it was difficult to prove his writing. Besides, if they could prove it, where was he ?

That same question was the passionate preoccupation of the girl who knew so much more than they, yet knew not the essential. Had her message stopped his departure ? Sarah Curran told herself many times that but for it Robert Emmet might now be far away and in safety, or well on the road to it. Perhaps, indeed, he was gone before it reached him ; she asked herself, did she wish that ? She did her best to make herself wish it : she chided herself for what she had written—words that were only a cry for him. She told herself that she should have given sympathy and support instead of craving her own solace ; if the chance came, she determined to strengthen and not hamper him.

So that day passed over in its dragging length ; but when it came to the Tuesday each hour was

endless. She looked for Anne Devlin early, but Anne did not appear ; and now the girl's mind was racked with agonies of terror and suspense ; for she knew that guards had been set, that it was possible her messenger might have been arrested and searched—and though the letter would bear no address, still every effort would be made to trace out its destination.

At last, late in the afternoon, she was told the girl was in the hall asking for her.

Anne spoke quick and furtively as she handed her the bundle of needlework.

“The letter is in it. He's safe enough. I couldn't get coming sooner, for they have a watch on the bridges, and I daren't come except with the evening milk cart.”

Sarah flew to her own room with the letter.

It told her instantly that Robert Emmet had no thought of leaving Ireland while the men who had followed him were in danger. He would be near her, he could have word of her ; perhaps even after a while they could meet. She was not to think their attempt abandoned : the spirit of the people was not broken. One of the party detached into Kildare on the Sunday had come back bringing a message from the men there who had gone out on their keeping that the country would rise at once if he gave the word : they had resented the conduct of their representa-

tives who deserted on the 23rd. If Kildare rose, Dwyer would join, Emmet wrote, and it would be easy to give the movement the respectability of insurrection ; those with him were anxious to make this fierce retort to the language of contempt which was being heaped on their outbreak. But he had refused to sacrifice lives uselessly : the project of a surprise having failed, they must wait, he said, till they could rise round the rallying point of an invasion which he looked for confidently. Meantime, he said, he and another of the uniformed men were doing their best to spread rumours of the likelihood of a French landing by talking French to each other and giving themselves out to be French officers.

There was much, indeed, in the letter to tell of his sorrow for the trouble and unrest which he had brought upon her ; but he exhorted her to be of good courage, told her that Anne Devlin was charged specially to report of her health and spirits. And though he spoke of despondent hours and dwelt with some bitterness on the defection of his closest allies, yet the whole tone of the letter was confident and sanguine. He magnified the embarrassment of Government and the success of his own measures to ensure secrecy ; he spoke of the whole as merely one trick lost in the game which he was still determined to win ; and so contagious was his spirit that Sarah found herself laughing

easily over the description which he gave of their shifts to find a lodging.

Yet that mood soon passed ; she dreaded now more than ever to meet her father's eye. To wait and watch, watch and wait, must be her portion ; and she knew already too much of what is the hardest task in the world.

CHAPTER XXII

WITHIN a week of the rising, Emmet was back in Dublin.

He returned first to Butterfield House, and here resumed relations with his party, and his friends. The latter implored of him to fly : money was forthcoming, escape could easily be compassed : but he answered them that while those were in peril who had followed his lead, he would never desert them ; and that from day to day he hoped for word of a French landing. Hope was heightened at this time by the receipt of a letter from Paris, which he knew to be from one high in the counsels of the United Irishmen ; but it was in cipher, and the key to that cipher had been left behind in the dépôt. Everything urged him to get into communication with France, and no ready messenger presented himself. Dowdall, Allen, and all the more educated conspirators had already fled ; Quigley was too humble in origin to command confidence, and, besides, Quigley had separated himself from Emmet and gone on his

keeping in Kildare and West Meath. In his extremity Emmet thought of Miles Byrne.

It was again the risk of life that had to be run ; for Byrne had escaped the hue and cry, and was back quietly presiding over his brother's timber-yard. And again the brave, simple Wexford man undertook the venture. He was charged with papers for the elder Emmet, and as proof of his identity Robert Emmet gave him the impress of his own seal. So these two parted : Miles Byrne to be smuggled on board a Yankee vessel trading to Bordeaux, and to reach France not without grimly comic adventure, yet safe at last in the country whose uniform this born soldier was destined to wear on many bloody fields. Before him was long life, honour, a competence, loyal comradeship—and a grave away from his own land. For the other, his leader and his friend there waited in Ireland—what has yet to be told.

Emmet quickly left Butterfield House, being warned that some hints of his earlier residence there had reached the Castle. Michael Dwyer's emissary, who on the night of the failure saw Emmet's dejected arrival there, fell under suspicion of treachery. But treachery followed him no farther, and he found safe shelter in his old lodging at Harold's Cross in the house of Mrs. Palmer. The house had this charm for him, that its windows

faced the road by which Sarah Curran passed to and fro between Ely Place and the Priory ; and, since Curran's fear was now allayed, she was back again at the country house, and her eyes were as keen on the little lodging as his were on the road.

By this time, he had infected the girl with his own confidence. He wrote to her, and she to him, again and yet again, and though each letter reiterated admonitions to him to burn it, she herself admitted how loath she would be to deal out the same destruction to his replies. They were treasured by her—these letters of a hunted conspirator, on whose head there was now a thousand pounds.

Nor had they even the faithful Anne for a go-between. Two days after Emmet left Butterfield, Sirr, the head of the Dublin police, arrived suddenly there with a party of troopers ; ransacked the house, found some papers which Dowdall had left ; and seized Anne, the sole custodian. But to all inquiries she was stolid in her asseveration that she knew no such person as Mr. Emmet. A Mr. Ellis had lodged there : she knew no more. Sirr cajoled, bullied, bribed. " All I ask you to say now, Anne, my girl, is just which way did Mr. Emmet go when he left here." But Anne would not answer.

Then Sirr's face changed. He called up his

troopers and they set sabre-points to the girl's throat and breast. Anne shut her eyes and her teeth and muttered prayers. Sirr swore violently. Then a word was given, they caught the girl, slipped a rope round her neck, and in a moment she was dangling high between the shafts of a tilted cart—fierce and dumb in her agony. Then, just as she was losing consciousness, the cart was let go, and she came to the ground with a crash amid shouts and jeers.

“Now will you speak? or up you go again,” Sirr hissed into her ear. But speak she would not. And therefore, conscious that he had considerably exceeded his warrant, the zealous officer fetched her swiftly, and without undue publication of the facts, into Kilmainham prison, where the prison doctor, Trevor, who added to his medical functions the active business of a Government spy, was sedulous in trying to extract information. But in prison Anne Devlin found her tongue and she loosed it upon Trevor in a manner that earned her a constant regimen of bread and water. Yet neither by starvation nor by soft words nor by the last extremity of violence could this peasant girl be induced to utter one word that might be used against her master.

Weeks had lengthened now almost to a month and still Emmet was free : the safer in that all the Government officials were fully persuaded that by

this time the leader of the conspiracy must have certainly escaped. They knew that a messenger had gone to France : so much as this MacNally had been able to ascertain for them, though too late to intercept the messenger. MacNally himself was perhaps the one man who guessed that Emmet was still in Ireland ; but MacNally in these days was subject to unwonted contumely. His paymasters asked him bitterly through Pollock what his intelligence was worth : another man living far away in the North had given them valuable information of what was passing in Dublin under MacNally's nose—and they had trusted rather to MacNally—with what result ? Pollock bade him, if he ever wanted employment again, to justify his reputation : to assist them to arrest some criminal of importance—some man whose forfeiture might appease public opinion. MacNally answered fiercely that he was no felon-setter ; that he had long ago decided in the best interests of his country to give such information as might enable Government to ensure the country's peace. But, he repeated, blood-money should never come his way.

Pollock laughed bitterly and congratulated him on the fine shades of his conscience ; yet at the bottom of his heart he believed that MacNally spoke the truth. It was part of the old devil's queerness, he said to himself.

And in a sense MacNally did speak the truth. So far, he was directly answerable for no man's arrest, though many a prisoner defended by him had revealed to his counsel far-reaching secrets ; and many a prisoner had found in court the Government singularly well prepared to meet MacNally's most ingenious line of defence.

Now, however, there was a thousand pounds to gain. And more than that, MacNally was piqued, stung to the quick. He prided himself on his minute knowledge of whatever passed in Ireland : he had an artist's pride in his singular trade—already indeed he was busy proving that what had happened had happened for the best, politically ; that this rash enterprise and its ignominious failure was a brain blow to the United Irishmen's schemes ; that all the thinkers among his friends were disgusted ; that even the Union seemed attractive beside this madness of a mob. Yet at bottom he felt that he had been overreached, disregarded, set aside : confidence had been denied him. Well, then, it was his wits against the wits of those who put the slight upon him.

For many days he prowled with ears open, till at last, meditating over the signs he had gathered, there dawned in his mind a perception : Curran's daughters—and more especially Sarah Curran—were noticeably sedulous in inquiring if any news had been heard of Mr. Emmet ; whether he had

escaped ; whether any rumour ran as to his whereabouts.

He decided to go out to Rathfarnham that evening—it was now late in August—and to dine with his friends, who were permitted again by prudence to inhabit their country-seat.

CHAPTER XXIII

CURRAN and MacNally were pacing slowly the gravel path outside the drawing room window of the Priory. Warmth of the late afternoon, the genial glow of his wine, had softened the master of the house, and it was almost with an accent of tenderness that he said, looking round him :

“ I declare to you, Mac, that I never come out here of an evening now but I think of that unfortunate young fellow and the last time he was here with us.”

“ It’s well it was the last time,” MacNally responded drily.

“ That’s God’s truth. It was a true friend’s warning you gave me, Mac. A pretty story the Castle would have made if he had been back and forward here up to the very eve of this mad business.”

“ Mad enough,” said the other, humping his shoulder as he hobbled along.

“ Mad and wicked,” Curran said, with rising vehemence. “ Poor Kilwarden—he of all men, the honestest judge on the bench—to be piked to

death by that drunken rabble. If it was not for him, I could find it in my heart to be sorry for Emmet : it must be bitter to know that he has made the very name of rebellion ridiculous. Well, as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined. Do you remember his father ? ”

“ The old doctor ? ”

“ Yes—Grattan used to say he had his pill and his plan, and he mixed so much politics with his prescription that he poisoned the patient. There was a story of his having the family up to drill every morning. ‘ Addis, what would you do for your country ? Robert, what would you do for your country ? Would you kill your brother ? Would you kill your sister ? Would you kill me ? ’ ”

“ They minded the lesson any way,” said MacNally with the same grim humour.

“ They did indeed,” Curran answered. “ Look at them now.—Addis an exile in France—they say, plotting still—and this young fellow out on his keeping with a price on his head, and the best name anyone can give him is criminal lunatic. Man, do you remember how he talked that night here : how it had been all botched before, but it would be done right another time.”

MacNally paused for a moment, as they turned in their pacing, and seemed to consider. Then—

“ He was secret enough any way,” he said.

“Ay,” retorted Curran, “and much good it did him. The thing went off like a bomb under the very nose of the Government. Why, the Castle gates were open and scarcely a corporal’s guard in the place ; it could have been seized with a rush. But no—they were too busy piking Kilwarden and breaking windows. So much for young men’s prophecies.”

“Our prophecy came nearer the mark, Counsellor. Here we are at the old work.”

“But not for the old pay, Mac. These poor devils can hardly scrape a couple of guineas for a brief. No matter. Counsel for the defence—John Philpot Curran and Leonard MacNally—it’s the old story—and the old defence : some hard swearing at alibis, and Sirr’s battalion of testimony swearing harder against us. Well, it’s lucky poor Emmet himself must be safe out of it.”

MacNally paused, grunted, and glanced sharply at his companion.

“I don’t feel so sure of that,”—and there was an accent in his voice as of one holding back some knowledge.

Curran was nettled.

“Nonsense. Why, he has had a month now to get clear in. A man like that, with plenty of friends and command of money—he must be in France by this.”

Again MacNally hesitated for a moment before

he spoke, and again there was the same ominous hinting note in what he uttered.

"It sticks in my mind, Counsellor, that he might not be so anxious to leave the country."

"And in God's name, why not? Does he want to hang, do you think? Has the rope dangling allurements?"

The other met his rhetoric with argument—yet argument put forward without conviction.

"I tell you, Counsellor, that a young enthusiast like that is capable of anything. He may be hoping for the French to land."

He was met with a passionate burst of bitter mockery.

"The French! Man, if there was ever hope of that, he has knocked it on the head by this miserable fiasco. What can Bonaparte suppose but that the last kick is out of rebellion here?"

But MacNally pursued doggedly.

"Ay, you and I see that; but does he? Or he may be trying to organise a rescue, or else,"—he broke off, and his voice took a new inflection, questioning and sly—"Did you remark how Miss Sarah took the news of this performance?"

Curran stopped in his walk, contemplated the little man, and then, with amazement breaking into laughter, retorted:

"To look at you, Mac, who would suspect that the springs of romance bubbled in that battered

carcase? Scratch the lawyer and you always find the playwright in you. Do you go back in your dreams, Mac, to 'The Lass of Richmond Hill' and the gallery shouting 'Author! author!?' Why, man, that advice of yours was lucky enough, but as for the consequences you frightened me with, I never saw a sign of them. I watched my young lady for some days after I gave orders that Emmet was to come no more to the house and I never saw her in better spirits."

"Did you not, then? And when the news came in?"

Curran shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! then, of course, everybody was upset—screeching and crying. We were all of us fond of poor Kilwarden, you know, and I was in no state myself to notice much. Since that, maybe she's a trifle quieter than usual, and little wonder, if there was any truth at all in what you said. She'll be thinking of the escape she has had."

For a moment there was silence. MacNally seemed to ponder a puzzle. Then suddenly and brusquely—

"I wonder, Counsellor," he said, "if a man is always the best judge of the feelings of his own womenkind."

A coldness and shadow fell across the mobile features of the great orator. One could almost see the rush of his thought checked in full career

by the sudden memory of a shame. He spoke, wincing, and reproachfully.

"That's a sharp stab, Mac. You might have spared me that."

Like a dog that in fawning has offended his master, MacNally was abject in his expression of dismay. He pressed Curran's arm, patted him on the shoulder, with every sign of contrite stupidity.

"For God's sake, Counsellor, don't think I meant to allude to that unhappy business of your wife. I could cut my tongue out for its blundering."

Curran, easily convinced of his follower's submissive loyalty, accepted the atonement, in his turn laying his hand on the other's arm.

"Indeed, my dear fellow, it is you who need to forgive my testiness. A misfortune like that rankles constantly in a man's mind, and he cannot believe that it is not always in the mind of his neighbours. It is true enough, I know little of my daughters. I do not love their company as I might if they did not remind me of another woman."

Vanished now was the confident rhetorician, the unruffled man of the world. Curran spoke gravely, doubtingly, and MacNally echoed his mood, with tenderness.

"There is an old friend of yours that had a guess of that, Counsellor—and you'll forgive him

if he speaks boldly. Miss Sarah, now, is a generous, free-hearted girl, and she has no mother to direct her."

Curran sighed, eloquently.

"Ay, poor child."

MacNally acknowledged the sigh with a renewed pressure of the arm, and continued :

"You see yourself, then, how easily her very virtues might lead her sometimes into so warm a defence of this young man as might set tongues wagging—you and I know the world and its charity—and she might never give a thought to the fact that she would be compromising not only herself but her father. If, now, she could get a hint of that—from some old friend—supposing you don't care to approach these subjects yourself."

Curran turned to the ugly little man, whose stolid face now was earnest in exhortation.

"My dear Mac," and he laid a hand on the humped shoulder, "you were always the most considerate and thoughtful of friends. There shall be no delay." Then going over to the drawing-room window, "Sarah, my dear," he called, "fetch Mr. MacNally a cup of tea while I go in and finish a letter that he will be obliging enough to deliver for me."

Going up the steps he opened the hall door, and in a moment or two Sarah Curran appeared in the doorway, carrying a teacup which she offered to

MacNally. He took it and she turned to go in, but, patting with his hand the bench on which he had seated himself—

“Sit down now, Miss Sarah, and talk to me, for no man’s company is cheerful to himself these times. The Counsellor and I are just tired out, racking our brains to see could we find some loop-hole for these poor creatures.”

The girl seated herself by him, but her manner was cold and even tinged with distrust—distrust chiefly of herself.

“It is all very horrible, Mr. MacNally,” she said.

“Indeed, and you may say that. Little chance there is for them—and well they know it—poor ignorant people.”

She answered coldly still, and with contempt.

“They did very little to deserve pity, I think. If they had fought, now, when they were called on, instead of murdering and robbing, and then running like sheep.”

MacNally spoke indulgently, humouring her.

“And that’s true too. Still, if you saw them you wouldn’t be too hard on them : some of them fine loyal fellows that seem to have done their best and will leave wife and children. There’s one Kirwan now.”

At the name the girl looked up with quickened interest. “The man who made the uniforms ?”

“Yes. Why, you know all about him?”

Catching herself up, she added with assumed carelessness, “Oh, I read the papers of course.”

“To be sure. And so that got into the papers?” he replied, with a quick glance at her, but not insisting. “Well, he was one that Emmet trusted.” Then, with a sudden change of manner, “Do you know, Miss Sarah, it would touch you, the way these poor people speak of Emmet. Never a word of blame. One got a pistol somehow and shot himself to-day in his cell, and he leaves a paper all curses for the Government and blessings for Emmet. ‘Poor Mr. Emmet, may heaven preserve him out of the hand of his enemies.’ Those were the very words. And, indeed, I say Amen to them.”

As he spoke, the girl’s face grew tremulous, her eyes shone dewily; he played on her as on a fiddle; and at his last words, she broke in with a sudden absence of reserve:

“And so do I, Mr. MacNally, and so, I’m sure, would every good person.”

He shrugged his shoulders, and gave to his voice that inflection of something kept back which was so frequent with him.

“Well, maybe the Counsellor’s right, and we needn’t be so anxious.”

“Why,” questioned the girl quickly and nervously, “what does my father say?”

“He’s sure Emmet is safe in France by this time”—and MacNally’s sidelong glance caught the marked relaxation of Sarah’s tense attitude.

“Well, well,” he added. “But I doubt he misjudges him.”

With an air of bewilderment, “How do you mean, misjudges him?” she asked.

MacNally drew her hand to his, patted it, and with a droll, deprecating look, “Now, Miss Sarah, you mustn’t be like your father, and set me down for a romantic old fool; but I have the notion that poor Emmet is staying on in hiding out of some pure piece of quixotism—not choosing to desert the men he got into trouble—or the like of that. Don’t be laughing at me now. Do you not think yourself it’s like what he’d do?”

While he spoke, Sarah’s countenance was changing; her eyes rested on him with an unconcealed tenderness as she replied:

“Indeed, Mr. MacNally, I was never so far from laughing at you.”

“And you think it’s true then?” he broke out, speaking with extraordinary rapidity, as if all his caution were flung aside. “Ah, the poor lad, the poor brave lad!”

“But why do you say that?” the girl cried, shaken with emotion. “Who would betray him? You say yourself they are all true to him.”

MacNally flung his hands apart in a gesture of despair.

“True, true enough, God help them. But you don’t know all. I tell you Dublin is just raging—all the respectable people crying out that here is a month gone by us and nobody hanged yet.” Then, urgent and very emphatic, putting his face close to hers, he said in a low voice, “I have it on good authority, there is a hunt to go out such as never was yet. They’ll quarter the town and the suburbs like dogs in a field ; for some way” (and he added that meaning inflection which was in itself a question) “there’s a report gone out that it isn’t far off he’s hiding.”

The girl listened quivering. Tremulously, she began :

“Then you think——”

But he interrupted, beating on her with a rush of words :

“What should I think ? Lord Edward escaped for a month too, but he was taken—and it was only by a miracle he wasn’t taken sooner. Do you know what this young fool did ? I call him that, for I can’t help being angry with him. There was a Yankee ship for Bordeaux, and he could go in her—and what did he do but send a farmer fellow from Wexford to tell the news in Paris !”

Unconscious now of what she disclosed, the girl replied, “But he had to communicate with

his brother—" Then indeed, checking herself, "if they were in correspondence, as I suppose they were," she added faintly.

MacNally took no notice, it seemed, of either the slip or the attempt to cover it.

"Communicate ! By a Wexford ploughboy, this Byrne, that had no more French than an ass in a cart. Why could he not go himself? If his life was nothing to himself, could he not think of the need to represent things properly to Bonaparte. You see, Miss Sarah, I make no secret of my sympathy. I tell you fairly I am searching high for one of the half-dozen people who know where he is. But I doubt, I doubt, it will be too late."

Passionately, vehemently, yet still half afraid, the girl questioned : "What do you mean, Mr. MacNally ? Too late—for what ?"

He paused, scrutinised her, seemed to consider. Then, "Well, why should I not tell you? Only, on your life, keep it secret. There's a schooner leaving Balbriggan in five days and the skipper, I may say, owes me his life. If I could get speech of Emmet I would have him on board her. Ay, by God, if I had to kidnap him." He spoke with rising vehemence. "He needs to be told that two men like him don't come in a generation and that his place is in France till he can come again in triumph."—Then, with abrupt

transition, he fronted the girl full.—“You don’t know where he is yourself?”

Wholly confused now, realising at last the effect of her gradual admissions, Sarah Curran faltered, and fended off the question.

“But, Mr. MacNally—you assume so much—how should I know?”

MacNally’s voice and manner were something almost paternal, yet touched with a rough deference, a suggestion of intimacy between comrades, now. He drew the girl’s hand to him, enclosed it in his own.

“My dear Miss Sarah, listen to me, and bear with me a moment. I think I am the nearest friend your father has. I cannot but notice your confusion. If it were possible, I would refer you to your father, but in this matter—no, you know it can’t be. I will ask you, then, to consider two things. First, if Mr. Emmet were so unhappy as to be arrested, who would be named his advocate? Your father. And who with him? Your humble servant, I fancy.”

“That is true,” the girl murmured, but still with hesitation. MacNally’s voice grew lower, his tone more intimate.

“But consider now more carefully this other point. You will forgive me if I put my whole thought into words—no, I will not ask pardon for noticing what was apparent to whoever is not

blind to the signs of pure affection—Emmet loves you. Should not a woman consider whether her lover may not be influenced even unconsciously by the desire to be near her? whether this feeling that he is bound to remain in Ireland may not be prompted by a wish to see you, perhaps, far off—to retain some cherished hope of meeting—possibly even ” (and he fixed sharp eyes on her) “to receive letters from you?” Then, with a sudden leap of the voice—“You write to him—do not deny it ; I can see the truth. Then you know where he is ; you can help me to save him.”

“To save him !” the girl cried. “Ah, if I could ! But indeed, Mr. MacNally, I cannot do what you think.”

Again he pressed her hand, caressing her with voice and gesture.

“My dear young lady—my dear Miss Sally—cannot you trust old Mac?”

She was in tears now.

“Indeed,” she cried brokenly, “I do trust you. But I do not believe that any arguments will induce him to leave Ireland now while the men whom he led are in danger.”

“All I ask,” MacNally persisted, “is to get the chance of reasoning with him. What good can he do here? His life is too valuable to his country to be endangered on a scruple.”

As he spoke, the girl was gathering together

something of her composure : she arrived at a decision.

“Mr. MacNally,” she said, “I may trust you so far as this. What you have guessed is true. But without his leave I cannot disclose my knowledge to any living soul.”

“That’s my brave girl ; and I would never ask it of you. Besides, what use in my going to him ? I want you to send to him. Ask him to see me, ask him to listen well to me, can you do that ? will you do it ?”

Wholly reassured now, Sarah answered gladly that she would.

“You have a messenger—a sure one ?”

She signed assent.

“Then for God’s sake, Miss Sally, let there be no delay ; every hour is precious. Will you send to-night ?”

“I cannot,” she answered. “But in the morning—as early as may be.”

MacNally rose, rubbing his hands.

“I am content, and more than content. I will post myself to Balbriggan to-morrow, see my skipper, and have all in readiness. By to-morrow night I should be able to hear from you. Write to me if he consents, and I will go to him instantly. Go in now, and be writing your letter. Good night, my dear child. I wish to God I saw you safe out of all these troubles.”

Sarah Curran, whose face was still disfigured and marred with weeping, looked the little man full in the face with great earnest eyes.

“God bless you for all your kindness and goodness, Mr. MacNally,” she said.

Under the gaze of those eyes he turned away ; his ugly face took on its wonted mask of stolid drollery.

“God will have enough to do in this matter, my dear Miss Sally,” he said, “without troubling himself at all about so unimportant a person as old MacNally.”

Very few minutes later MacNally on his stout cob trotted out of Curran’s gate. Arrived on the road, he dropped into a walk, then with a gesture habitual to him scratched his right ear. “She can’t send to-night, but will in the morning.—It must be some man that works about the place ; and there’s only the gardener : a likely one enough : I heard he was a United man—Patsy should be here now.”

He whistled a couple of bars, and a small figure detached itself from the dark.

“Is that you, Patsy ?” MacNally dismounted. “Listen to me, boy. The Counsellor and I are sending a man on an errand, and I’m not just wholly satisfied with him. Be back here before day-break, watch who goes into the house there, and

follow him when he leaves it, till you see him turning back again. Then come straight to me and tell me all he did and where he went to. Don't let him remark you following him. I'm afraid the Counsellor's mistaken in him, and there's lives depending on it."

Patsy, a half-grown street arab from Dublin, nodded.

"I'll watch him, your honour, never fear. 'Twill be best for me to stay here in the ditch till morning ; sure the night's warm, and 'tis a small thing to do to help them poor lads in jail."

"That's a brave boy, Patsy," said MacNally, as he mounted again and rode off.

By breakfast time next morning Patsy was with the lawyer.

"Well, Patsy ?"

"I seen him coming in, your honour, at six o'clock when the workmen's bell rang there in Marly ; and as soon as ever he came level with the house, there was a young lady came out, and she stood talking to him a while, and he took away there down the road to Rathfarnham and myself after him ; sure 'twas easy following, for there wasn't hardly one about, and he never turned his head, but on straight as he could go to a house in Harold's Cross—a small little house facing the

road, number 26 it is—and he was in it for maybe the length of ten minutes, and he came out then, and back with him.”

“And he went straight back, Patsy.”

“Straight as a bee would go, your honour.”

MacNally made a gesture of relief.

“The Counsellor was right then, Patsy. The poor fellow is all right. We may depend on him—There’s half-a-crown for yourself, now.”

“Your honour’ll not forget me when you want the like again.”

“Indeed, then, Patsy, I will not. I’m well pleased with you this day.”

So, indeed, he might.

MacNally had the secret ; the thousand pounds were in his grasp. But it needed careful handling.

“I must go and see Pollock,” he said to himself. “’Twill be a nice nest-egg to start a new bank account for Smith or Brown or Jones or the like of that. But Pollock, my fine lad, you’ll sing small when I come to you. You talk a deal of these clever lads in the North that are telling Marsden all I don’t know. There isn’t a man in Ireland could do what I’m after doing, only Leonard MacNally himself.”

CHAPTER XXIV

It was now the 25th of August, and Emmet had been for more than three weeks a lodger in the quiet little house in Harold's Cross, facing the main road to Rathfarnham, along which almost daily, Sarah Curran drove or rode. He had seen her pass more than once, and letters came and went between them ; but her sister's entreaties—for Jane Curran was now in her secret—had prevailed on her to desist from writing, and in formal compliance with that promise she had given Pat Kennedy only a verbal message as to MacNally's proposal. Emmet wrote his reply, intimating his refusal to leave Ireland.

And in truth his mind grew now painfully perturbed. A date for trial of the prisoners had at last been fixed—August 31st—and though no man of any moment was among them, Emmet felt none the less his responsibility for those whose lives were at stake.

A project shaped itself in his mind, visionary but intensely characteristic. By this time he knew

that Byrne should be landed in France : he was increasingly confident that French aid would be forthcoming. All Dublin was crying out upon the impotence of a Government which had allowed itself to be so bearded, and could in reprisal do no more than seize a few paltry mechanics. The Castle had been baffled after the rising as before it ; they had failed to obtain information beforehand, they had failed to obtain it after. Now, more than a month after the outbreak, they knew only what lay on the surface ; it was apparent that the whole people of Ireland was in a conspiracy, at least of silence, against them. The simplest man must see that a French landing would inevitably put the match to a powder magazine. Surely, he thought, as reasoning and reasonable men, they would not refuse to read the signs of the times. Even from an avowed enemy they might take counsel ; they might reflect on the folly and injustice of inflicting death upon the rank and file of rebellion while its responsible heads eluded and defied them. Punishment in such a case could not deter, it could only lead to bloody vengeance when the day came for reckoning.

This singular young man spent his afternoon in drafting a memorandum to Government to urge that history plainly proved the futility of executions as a means of pacification.

“ If Government,” he wrote, “ can neither by

the novelty of punishment or the multitude of its victims impress us with terror, can it hope to injure a conspiracy so impenetrably woven as the present, by cutting off a few thousands from the end of it?"

Nothing, he continued, could affect the determination of the United Irishmen; the contest between them and the British administration must come at the time they chose—though its nature, sanguinary or lenient, might be decided by the cruelty or clemency of the administration now in power.

"That administration"—he was proceeding, when his landlady, a kind, timorous soul, interrupted him with the advent of dinner, and rebuked him for excessive study.

Emmet threw aside the unfinished paper, and not unwilling for company, sat down to table with Mrs. Palmer, eating and drinking like a man without care.

A quiet knock at the hall door roused no alarm in their minds, and Mrs. Palmer's daughter, a child of ten, went to answer it. But a sudden inrush of steps was heard, and the parlour door, violently flung open, admitted Major Sirr with a soldier at his heels.

All the blood suddenly rushed to Emmet's head: consciousness concentrated itself in agony upon one fact. He had Sarah Curran's letters upon him.

He had sprung to his feet, but steadiness was the one chance.

"Your name?" Sirr asked.

"Cunningham," Emmet answered, fluently. His self-control baffled Sirr for a moment. Ordering the soldier to watch the young man, Sirr bade Mrs. Palmer follow him into another room that he might cross-question her apart. Glancing about him before he went, he saw Emmet's unfinished paper, picked it up and thrust it in his pocket. Emmet saw the act and knew that it meant certain discovery. Hardly had the door closed behind the police-officer, when the young man sprang towards the window hoping to escape. But the sentry a tall powerful fellow, was too quick for him, and with a blow of his pistol butt felled the fugitive and partly stunned him. Sirr, returning in a few minutes, found him streaming with blood.

Mrs. Palmer's answers had given him ground to act on, and he sent back for a guard to surround the house, then proceeded methodically to search it. Emmet meanwhile sat in a chair, bloody and to all seeming dazed.

But his brain was active, and with returning consciousness he realised the need of feigning a swoon. The soldier who stood guard over him, soon relaxed his vigilance and began to survey the room. On the buffet opposite the window,

stood an object which attracted his eyes—no less than a bottle of whiskey.

Going to the window, he closed it, then cast a look on his prisoner, whom he found still torpid. He went to the buffet, filled a glass, drank it, filled another. Then with a spring like a cat, Emmet was across the room to the window, flung it open and leapt out ; the sentry followed in hot pursuit.

But on the upper floor, Sirr, an active and very vigorous man, heard the scuffle, and darting downstairs saw his man running. “ Fire,” he cried to the sentry, and the sentry snapped his piece, but ineffectually—lucky, perhaps, for the Major, who was already close on Emmet’s heels. The policeman was the better athlete ; in a minute his grasp was on his quarry, whom he and his man dragged back, a pitiable object, into the house. Then with a pistol at his head they searched him, and in an inner pocket discovered the two letters from which he he had not borne to part himself.

Emmet pleaded : “ You are a soldier, sir,—a man of honour. Those are a lady’s letters. I give you my word there is nothing political in them.”

The Major shook his head.

“ I have no choice in the matter, sir. If what you say is true, the secret will be kept : and I can best respect your wishes by refraining from reading them.”

Methodically he parcelled these with the other paper—the unfinished manifesto to Government—and stowed them safely. Then, looking at the prisoner who stood there bruised and bloody, with mortal anxiety written terribly plain on his countenance, pity touched him, and that respect which Emmet never failed to inspire.

“I am sorry, sir, that you have been so roughly handled,” he said, gruffly.

Collecting himself with what dignity he could, the young man answered :

“All is fair in war, sir. I have nothing to complain of. You do your office.”

Within half an hour, Robert Emmet was in Kilmainham gaol.

CHAPTER XXV

A DAY in prison has so many hours, so many minutes, so many seconds; the sun rises and sets upon it as upon other days; the clock moves there with its measured pace. Yet how long those hours, how long each dragging minute, only the imprisoned know.

Death hangs with a chill shadow over the heart when it must be waited for by one fettered, inert, inactive; and from the moment that Emmet was a prisoner he knew death for certain. In that sanguine mind, no doubt, there moved hopes of a rescue, hopes of Frenchmen landing before his hour had struck; that they would land, and speedily, he counted with confidence. This much was spared him, that he never guessed at a total relinquishment of the endeavour for which he and his comrades had risked all. The same blind faith, judging all mankind by his own measure, which had led him to count unreservedly on the will to act in all who had the wish to see

something done, upheld him even now. He did not see himself as one who by an abortive effort had wrecked fair prospects of ultimate success.

Yet even so, when he walked the prison yard, the sign of ruin was all about him, ruin that he had helped to make. Many of his followers were there ; many also of his friends. Phil Long was there, the generous and kindly, and for his life Emmet had cruel reason to be apprehensive. Anne Devlin was there too ; they brought her suddenly across his path on the first day that he was taken out for exercise, and he wondered to see her pass him stolidly without the faintest gleam of recognition ; then he guessed the truth. The strong peasant woman had mastery enough of her nerves to restrain even the least motion that might somehow be construed into evidence against the young leader. Her part was to know nothing ; and she passed him dull and expressionless, while inwardly her fierce primitive nature raged to break out in a thousand cries of pity and compassion, in a thousand execrations against the power that held him caged.

Yet in very truth Emmet, young and an idealist, accepted Anne's devotion to the cause which he represented as a thing natural and therefore naturally to be borne. They were losers in a perilous game upon which they had entered for

honour, and honour dignified even their loss. He gave to her danger and that of the rest little thought, one might say; or, more truly, he was too fiercely racked with one special torture to feel any other pain.

As a leader he had failed; he had led his comrades and associates into deadly defeat; for that he paid as they paid, and he never thought himself guilty in this matter. The men chiefly and truly responsible in his judgment—though that judgment had no acrimony in it—were those who by drawing back had foiled a great enterprise. But, as a man, as a lover, he had a very different indictment to face.

She, about whom the stars rose and set for him, was in peril, involved by his folly, by his fault. He had not been content merely to let her risk herself by writing to him; he must keep the letters on his person, not reckoning all that was due to the care of her safety, not considering his bounden duty to be chary of her generous rashness. He had not even observed her own wishes, her own command rather, repeatedly given in the letters, to destroy them when they were read.

And now by this folly of his she was dragged in, against all justice; she, who was no conspirator, no active mover. He would never, he thought, have allowed one of her sex, so young, so tender,

so delicately nurtured, to commit herself in act ; now, he himself had committed her.

For the letters taken conveyed a full sympathy with his projects, a full knowledge and even fore-knowledge of what he had done, and a willing complicity in what he designed to do. They were the letters of a rebel—what a rebel ! he thought : the girl wore her lover's notions as she might wear his favourite colour. It had never been his wish to see her seriously engaged ; her sympathy, not her support, was what he, confident in his young strength, had craved and had accepted. Yet, in the eye of the law, if the authorship of her letters could be traced—even apart from the public exposure, and the terrible domestic ordeal—there was guilt of treason.

Whether the letters could be traced—for they were unsigned—was a problem over which he racked himself in agony of speculation. And it gave a poignancy, little guessed at by the gaolers, to his feelings when they came to him on the first evening of his imprisonment with a demand.

Trevor, the prison doctor, who was what the State correspondence called civilly a “ confidential person,” came at once to see the new inmate. Emmet in his hiding had of course abandoned the famous green coat for one of plain dark cloth, but he still wore the high boots, the white pantaloons, and the black stock.

"I must trouble you, Mr. Emmet, to part with that cravat, if you please," was Trevor's observation.

Emmet's face whitened.

"Why, pray?"

"Do not press me for a reason."

"But, sir, I must insist that I am here, a man upon whom no sentence of law has been passed, and I am entitled like any prisoner in like circumstance to wear my own clothes."

"Well, Mr. Emmet, if you insist upon an answer, we are responsible for seeing that a man in like circumstance is deprived of the means of doing anything rash. A cravat has before now been used for very singular purposes."

The young man laughed defiantly. "Do not fear for your charge, sir. I am the last man in the world to deprive myself of the right to face any tribunal which can be called to judge me. There is no need to inflict what I regard as an indignity."

"Do not take it in that way. Pray be assured that I merely take a precaution which my duty forces me to recommend, and do not put upon us the necessity of using force."

With the best air of indifference that he could assume, Robert Emmet detached the stock and handed it to his gaoler. But when the door closed upon the unwelcome visitors, he threw himself on the pallet in a new spasm of remorse. For

into the lining of the cravat was stitched his only love token—a dark silky tress of Sarah Curran's hair. It was one clue the more—if they found it—to the writer of the letters. And he could not, he dared not ask a word at any future moment, to know if this hidden thing had been brought to light.

And now a new problem presented itself.

The prisoner was asked to nominate his solicitor and his counsel. In every previous case the arrested had named Curran. No advocate on the popular side approached him in reputation. For the lawyer's ability Emmet cared little: he had no hope of escape, his mind was already made up to offer no defence, save what he himself should urge in justification of his acts—a defence that would only deepen his offending. If Curran learnt the truth of Emmet's relation with his daughter, Emmet knew well how fierce his resentment would be: under such circumstances it was scarcely delicate, scarcely fair, to ask of him any service. Yet if Curran were not named, curiosity would be instantly excited, and set to search for the cause. It was no time for delicacy. He named Curran in the hope to screen Curran's daughter.

In the meanwhile, at the Castle, Wickham, the chief secretary, had written off his brief exultant dispatch to England reporting the great

capture, and now sat with Marsden, putting shrewd heads together over the letters.

Puzzling letters enough they were ! Sarah Curran had inherited much of her father's nature, his wit, his sense of the ludicrous, his talent for turning a phrase. Her self-scrutinising, self-doubting temper had none of passion's simple directness : motherless as she was, and ill-fathered, she was set in a pass where only the most straightforward devotion could have marched without turning eyes to the surrounding precipices. Conscious somewhat dimly of what she risked in the eye of the law, but far more acutely conscious of her social indiscretion, she had insisted on maintaining the style of friendship rather than of lover's intimacy, and with the fancied sound of "immodest," "unmaidenly," ringing in her ears, she had blushed in remembrance of the abandonment of those few passionate lines which she had confided to Anne Devlin at dawn, on the morrow of her lover's defeat.

And so in these letters, she argued upon her conduct, she split hairs ; and again, yielding to a turn of her nature, she laughed over the humours of her attempts to communicate with him : she filled her pages with references to little jests and catchwords, intelligible only to those who shared the memory of some bygone moment of laughter. And from these letters, written for a lover,

at a lover's deadly risk, yet so unlike love-letters, the upshot was that two wise administrators and politicians, their minds full of the possibilities of conspiracy, smelling out cipher on every page, convinced themselves that here was a mere blind to hide some hidden plot; and, looking about for an author of them, they pitched upon the the likeliest—Robert Emmet's own sister, the wife of Robert Holmes, a barrister of Nationalist tendencies, who was already gaol-fast on suspicion.

Yet for all that, they had no proof. The writer, this disguised conspirator, eluded them.

Nor, in point of fact, had they decisive proof to produce against Emmet. His precaution of writing in half a dozen different hands had created a great difficulty for them: if they proved his authorship—as they could beyond dispute—of the amazing half-finished proposal to Government which Sirr's advent had cut short, they went far to disprove to a jury's apprehension his responsibility for other documents found in the dépôt.

And of all the prisoners not one would consent to identify him or bear witness against him. Even the man Farrell, who on the eve of the 23rd had been dragged unwillingly into the yard, as a consequence of his curiosity, and had escaped before the outbreak, remembered how Emmet had saved him from Howley's levelled pistol, and declined to recognise the prisoner. The web of the conspiracy

refused to ravel even when they had seized him who was at the very heart of it. So much embarrassed were the Government that they discussed even the possibility of bringing forward the secret information which they had received: but their decision was unanimous. Better even that Emmet should escape than that the source of knowledge should be closed whose springs were in the breast of Leonard MacNally.

On the fifth day of Emmet's imprisonment, he was brought for examination before a committee of the Privy Council—Redesdale the Lord Chancellor, Wickham, and O'Grady the Attorney-General. The tribunal sat silent and menacing, facing the prisoner, who was also seated: the Attorney-General alone spoke.

Emmet's mind was made up. For himself he had no hope. He avowed his name at once. Beyond that he was determined to answer no question. Anything that he said might go, he knew, to throw light upon the history of the conspiracy or to involve some other person.

And therefore, when the Crown lawyer explained to the prisoner that he had been sent for to have an opportunity of explaining what was suspicious in his late conduct, he replied with a curt but courteous refusal to give any such explanation. There was nothing, he said, which they could ask him that he could not answer with

pride ; but if he replied to one question and not to others, inferences would follow.

“From this silence, I am aware,” he said, “that an unfavourable conclusion must be drawn. I hope that no unfavourable conclusion can be drawn as to the point of honour. This is the rule that I have laid down to myself.”

Then followed a string of questions, each met with the reply “I must decline to answer.” Then the Attorney-General came to documents.

“Did you ever see a Proclamation purporting to be a Proclamation of the Provisional Government?”

Emmet replied :

“I have only to make the same answer.”

“Have you seen it in manuscript?”

“I have only to make the same answer.”

“Have you seen it in your own handwriting?”

“I make the same answer.”

So far he had faced his challengers boldly. Yet constantly in the recesses of his mind was the impending dread of another question which he could not meet with the same unconcern. And it came now.

“By whom were the letters written that were found on your person?”

Now the prisoner was no longer taciturn and unmoved.

“As to those letters, how can I avoid this being

brought forward?" He hesitated—indicated, though faintly, a plea—"Those letters may have been committed to my care to keep for another : I affirm nothing regarding them, but you are to suppose they may have been entrusted to me. I would wish you to have the benefit of those letters, for whatever evidence they may contain, without making public by whom they were written."

The tribunal sat silent and watched the young man in his struggle to shield a woman. It was their business to apply the rack, and now they observed it in operation.

He went on, brokenly, putting forward feeble suppositions.

"Suppose those letters had been for years in my custody—suppose a friend had left them with me on a sudden—would it not be hard that I must betray?" Then in very despair, he put the question that was burning in his brain.

"May I ask if you yourselves can tell me the name of the writer? May I know by what means those letters may be kept from coming forward? Has anything been done in consequence of their seizure?"

He reiterated these inquiries with unconcealed passion, and the Attorney-General replied :

"You cannot be answered as to this?"

Sweat stood on his brow as he broke into an ap-

peal to their common humanity. As gentlemen, he said, they themselves would realise how disagreeable it would be to have a lady's name brought forward. And once more he begged to be advised by the lawyers as lawyers, in the interests of their common manhood, how it could be arranged that the letters should yield whatever evidence they contained against himself, the arraigned prisoner, without involving an exposure of their innocent writer. To this appeal the law made grim answer.

"The expressions in those letters go far beyond a confidential communication between a gentleman and a lady. There are evidences of High Treason, and therefore their production is necessary."

High Treason! So, then, not mere delicacy, but liberty, life even, was at stake for the girl he loved. The young man attempted no concealment of his despair.

"May I not be told the utmost limit to go to prevent the exposure? I would rather give up my own life than injure another person."

"We all knew, before you came into the room," the lawyer answered—as if glad of a human impulse to which he could yield—"that this was the line you would take."

The accent of sympathy was well thrown in.

In a sudden gush of relief, Emmet thanked his examiner, and begged now, almost as friend of friend, for counsel. Had any proceedings been

taken against the writer, he asked. Then, pausing to collect himself :

“I will go so far as this. If I have assurances that nothing has been done and nothing will be done upon these letters, then I will do everything consistent with honour to prevent their production. Might I make one request—that until my arraignment, nothing will be done?”

He was answered that, though he might make the request, he would receive no immediate reply. Thus hope was dangled to lead him on.

He appealed to the common code of what gentlemen might consider to be due to a woman.

“Are you aware,” asked the Attorney-General quietly, “that the letters form evidence against the person who wrote them?”

For a moment Emmet stood on the defensive. He answered that he did not know how far proof might be based on handwriting. But, casting aside argument, “If,” he cried, “I who am primarily concerned, do all that in me lies to give you against me all the weapons that those letters could give, it is surely cruel and needless to proceed against the writer.” Then, with a sudden frankness of avowal, careless of what he implied : “I feel the more acutely,” he said, “because the keeping of those letters is the only act of my life within these five months of which I have to accuse myself.”

“Do you mean,” asked the Attorney-General, giving him line as a cunning angler lets the worm go with the nibbling fish, “that this person only had opinions?”

“I say it on my honour.” Emmet spoke now with confident vehemence, arguing as he might among friends. “A woman’s sentiments are only opinions, and not realities. When a man gives opinions, it is presumed he has actions accordingly; but with a woman, the utmost limit is only opinion. I admit in the eye of the law it is otherwise, but they may have laid down the law where it is unnecessary.”

Then briefly, decisively, the lawyer brought him to a practical issue.

“Do you know of any depôt of arms or ammunition?”

Emmet saw in an instant the purpose. This suggested a proposal that he should make a disclosure which directly impeached no one—which concerned things only, not men. Pondering, he fell back upon his stereotyped reply: “I can make no answer.”

Then the Attorney-General made the offer more explicit and in terms as flattering as they could be.

“You,” he said, “cannot expect any compromise for yourself. However, if you could render a service to Government by making a

disclosure which may entitle the writer of the letters to some favour, it might be considered as far as respects that person, though not extended to yourself." Then, changing his tone to one of argument, "If, perhaps, you consider the disclosure of names as inconsistent with your notions of honour, is disclosing concealed arms dishonourable?"

That was the bid. Emmet was offered a double palliative for his scruples. If honour forbade him to denounce an associate, honour also commanded him to protect by all means the woman whom he had compromised. And honour might seem to justify the revealing of a mere fact, now useless—especially to comply with honour's demand for the safety of the woman.

His reply was a soldier's:

"I will never save honour at the expense of what I think my duty."

The Attorney-General, recognising his failure to win over the prisoner to any voluntary confession, now had recourse to common arts of the Old Bailey lawyer, tried to entrap him into avowals by leading questions. These the prisoner simply disregarded, returning importunately to his demand.

"Before I consider what I can tell you, if anything, may I know whether any disclosure of those letters has been made, or any arrest taken place?"

“Would it answer your purpose,” the Attorney-General asked, “to have the writer brought into the same room with you?”

Even now, the lawyer, wedded to his theory of a veiled political correspondence, did not realise what a goad he was applying. But the picture of Sarah Curran led into his sight, a prisoner—a prisoner charged with High Treason—maddened the young man beyond all power of self-restraint.

“It might perhaps answer your purpose better,” Emmet cried, and, springing from his chair, he paced up and down the room. His examiners watched him with perplexity and not a little admiration. This unknown young man, known to them only as the head of a paltry conspiracy nursed and reared in taprooms, had imposed himself on them as an equal, had refused to treat except as one entitled to make terms—not for himself but for his dependents.

Even now, as he paced the room, a sudden thought entering his mind, he turned to them with a wholly new topic—a new attempt to extend protection.

“In respect,” he said, “of the person at whose house I was arrested, the lady was under personal obligations to a part of my family : her sentiments were not the same as mine. Her name might lead to a supposed connection with a person named Palmer of the Coombe.”

The Attorney-General was quick with another leading question.

“Do you mean the person who had the gunpowder?”

But again Emmet parried, with obstinate refusal to answer further. The interview was closing now, and he was told that if on consideration he decided to make disclosures, opportunity would be given him. And the Attorney-General reminded him how in ninety-eight several of the leaders, including his own brother, had made such disclosures, concealing only names.

But to this Robert Emmet made characteristic reply.

“The object for which they spoke was to save the lives of others, their own never having been in any danger.” Then, watching the activity of their pens and seeing the quick light in the Attorney-General’s eye, “I know the conclusion you are going to draw,” he said, “and that my words will be taken down.”

He said it smiling, with a courteous rather than a defiant acceptance of what lay involved. But when he pressed to know the date fixed for his arraignment, and further for leave to hold an interview with one person—an Englishman (he named Burton, Curran’s clerk, knowing well that from him could be learnt all that affected Sarah), the refusal that met him did not leave him

indifferent. The Attorney-General's voice was harsh as he replied—

“It is unusual to permit a person in your situation such indulgence.”

This sudden insolence and frigidity of tone struck upon Emmet's overstrung nerves : he flushed, and then whitened, and the effort to control himself was painfully apparent. For the first time the Lord Chancellor spoke.

“Mr. Emmet's feelings are a good deal affected,” he said, and he said it gently.

“I wish they were at an end,” the young man replied. Then recovering himself, “I wish you good morning, gentlemen,” he added, with sedate courtesy, as the sentry led him from the room.

The Attorney-General, biting his pen, looked over at Wickham. They had learnt the nature of the man they were dealing with : they had learnt nothing else.

“A stout-hearted gentleman,” said Wickham, rising.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN prison, as elsewhere, the stiffness of regulations has a way of bending. Emmet saw himself, to his grief, among a company of imprisoned friends ; but there was this much solace, that some communications were allowed to pass.

Trevor, the good physician, relaxed the rules ; his humanity was not without a purpose.

Early in August, St. John Mason, a young Kerry landowner, Emmet's near cousin on the mother's side, had been arrested. He had shown liberal proclivities, had been active in opposing the Union, and was therefore suspect. Soon after Emmet's capture, the doctor authorised his new prisoner to send a note to Mason asking for a change of clothes. And in the days after Emmet's examination before the Privy Council's committee further communication between the friends was permitted.

These were dark hours when the shadow of death lay over the prison. The trials had begun, the machinery of law was working

smoothly and easily, verdicts were secured, and the gibbet had its daily portion. Defence there was really none to offer. MacNally kept up his reputation in the eye of the public, and Curran spoke once—a notable pleading. He was defending Owen Kirwan, the tailor, and did indeed in his conclusion make some allusion to his client—who, poor soul, was duly sentenced, and went to his fate next morning, stripping off his coat in the cell as he parted with his wife, and throwing it her to buy bread for the children. But after all Kirwan's fate was neither here nor there; the speech was delivered not merely to eulogise the mild and beneficent rule which Ireland enjoyed, but to warn Nationalist Ireland against the universal tyranny of Bonaparte, in alliance with whom had been framed the "odious, drunken conspiracy," promoted by "a despicable gang of needy adventurers, desperate from guilt and poverty, uncoun tenanced by a single individual of probity and name." In short, the speech was delivered not to defend Kirwan, but to condemn Emmet—and to exculpate the orator.

Yet it was only the eloquent advocate who spoke lightly of the imprisoned leader. Those prayed for Emmet's safety who scarcely troubled to petition for themselves; and St. John Mason, his near kinsman, was naturally anxious to rescue from the fate that grew daily nearer so beloved a life. The indulgence which Trevor

seemed to extend opened a door for projects ; and thus it happened that on the 5th of September Mason offered the warder who attended on him five hundred pounds to effect Emmet's escape.

This turnkey, George Dunn, listened, said it was a great risk, but no doubt the sum was large : he felt for the poor gentleman, and at least he would think about it.

On his next round he entered the cell and said that he had decided to attempt the enterprise. Half an hour later he was with Emmet.

Robert Emmet had known six days and nights of prison since his examination. He had written again a proposal to the Government, offering to inculcate himself completely, but declining to give any information unless he could be allowed to consult with friends. His offer of a conditional and limited disclosure was rejected ; and he found himself back in his uncertainty—ignorant still as to whether the one whom he sought to protect was or was not already discovered. This besetting care dwarfed in his mind all other considerations. The men who died on the scaffold were only in his own case ; it was their risk and their right to die so ; but this innocent one, so cruelly dragged in by his folly—he could not look upon her as upon these others, with the mind of an officer who sees men fall where he had sent them.

To him came George Dunn bringing a note from Mason. Emmet read it, and the flame of sanguine hope leapt high in his brain.

“And so you are willing to try and help me out of this place,” he said.

“Indeed, sir, believe me, it is not for the sake of the money, though money is a great deal to a poor man ; it is the feeling I have for you, sir.”

Emmet rose and caught his two hands.

“It will never be forgotten to you, I hope,” he said. “And now tell me your plan.”

The plan was very simple. Mason, more laxly guarded, was in a position to have clothes and other things brought in from the city. Thus it could be arranged that Emmet in his cell should assume a disguise, and Dunn should go to the governor of the gaol, while that officer was at dinner, and procure from him the key of the main gate. Then the two would slip out—Dunn accompanying the disguised prisoner.

All was settled. Word had to be sent to Mason’s friends, and it was only on the second day that the parcel of clothes came in. Through the intervening hours Emmet had lived from moment to moment, with all his faculties astrain. He listened as he walked the yards for exercise, and he listened through his door, trying to ascertain the position of the sentries ; catching now and then ominous mention of his own name, and of

the need for renewed precautions. But on the 7th the precious bundle reached him. His plan was complete in every detail ; only, he needed spectacles to complete the disguise, and early in the day he sent a note to Mason asking him to get them.

That same afternoon Dunn came with a long face to Mason. He told Mason that the governor's suspicions had been roused, and that Dunn himself was under strict supervision. All hope of the attempt must therefore be abandoned. Mason conveyed the news to Emmet. Again a blank shutter dropped between the captive and the open world.

In the recoil upon himself, Emmet found the torture of suspense more than he could endure. Somehow he must make his justification to the girl whom he had so cruelly wronged. He had gathered that she was still at large ; but she would guess at least that her letters had been taken, she would be in deadly apprehension. This much at least, he said, Dunn could do for him ; he could deliver a letter.

In the dark of night, scribbling uncertainly, Emmet poured out his brief, hurried sentences of passion and regret. He told Sarah all that had happened ; how he had been seized and searched with a pistol to his head ; how he had offered to give up his own life dumbly if the letters might

be suppressed, and how this had been refused ; but how also he had been urged to buy her safety by giving up the secrets of others.

Hurriedly, passionately he told her all ; he urged her to confess to her father ; to destroy his letters ; to deny all knowledge of him, save mere casual acquaintance, since he had rigorously avoided all that could inculcate her. And lastly, "For God's sake," he wrote, "write to me by the bearer one line to tell me how you are in spirits. I have no anxiety, no care, about myself ; but I am terribly oppressed about you. My dearest love, I would with joy lay down my life, but ought I to do more ? Do not be alarmed ; they may try to frighten you, but they cannot do more. God bless you, my dearest love.

"I must send this off at once ; I have written it in the dark. My dearest Sarah, forgive me."

He sealed the envelope, addressed it to Miss Sarah Curran, and when the hour came, handed it George Dunn.

"Do this for me, George," he said, "and I shall care little whether I escape or no."

George Dunn out in the passage looked at the superscription, whistled, and walked straight to Trevor's room.

"Well, Dunn," said the doctor, "what have you this time ?"

"What will surprise you, I think, sir."

Trevor took the letter, glanced at it, glanced at it again.

“God Almighty,” he cried, “Dunn, my lad, you are a made man. You shall take this to the Castle yourself ; but, by the Lord, I’ll send an escort with you.”

In this manner Emmet himself, by his too ready trust, with his own hand drew into the net her whose escape he sought to achieve, if it were by the last drop of his blood.

Wickham at the Castle decided to proceed with delicacy towards the famous lawyer, who was indeed personally exculpated, not only by his speech on Kirwan’s trial, but by the letter itself. Sirr was directed to proceed early in the morning to the Priory with a warrant to search the house for papers, and to bring Miss Sarah Curran in for examination. A letter was addressed to Curran offering that the examination should take place at his town house, rather than at the Castle.

But as it chanced—and it chanced fortunately—the great advocate had not spent that night at home. Richard Curran, his son, was there, with Sarah Curran’s two sisters, sitting at breakfast, when Sirr was announced. The major learnt with some dismay that Miss Sarah Curran was still in her room ; she had been indisposed. Her elder

sister promptly offered to go upstairs and assist her to dress, that she might come down and answer whatever inquiries the officer wished to put to her.

But Sirr interposed sternly.

"I am deeply sorry, Miss Curran," he said, "most deeply sorry, believe me. No man could have a more unpleasing duty. But I must search Miss Curran's apartment before any room in the house."

"Why, this is monstrous," the lady protested. "It is an outrage. Are you and your guards to force your way into my sister's bedroom? I warn you, Major Sirr, this is a thing that cannot be endured. Your position in the country will be intolerable; there is not a gentleman in Dublin that will not cry shame on you. Search the room, if you must, in person; but I insist that we two ladies shall accompany you, and you only."

Not unwillingly, Sirr consented. He was an intrepid man; within the past weeks he had arrested Russell in Dublin, though Russell had a pistol in his right hand and another ready to his left; but this task was new to him, and, to the credit of a much abused man, let it be said, most evidently distasteful.

He insisted, however, that he should enter the room along with Miss Curran.

Sarah Curran, since the news of Emmet's

capture, had lain like one stunned and swooning. And now from day to day came the dreadful tale of the public hangings and headings. His turn must come soon. She heard nothing, but she dreaded always to hear : haggard morning followed a tossing night. And now—heavy steps on the stairs, hurried feet at her door, her sister's cry, and behind her sister the figure that she knew, as all Dublin knew it. There was no need to tell her why the law's officer had come.

Under this last wrench to racked nerves she gave way utterly : reason left her. It was no place for a man, the room of this screaming, sobbing creature. Sirr could not withdraw, his duty forbade ; but his human compassion overpowered him, and he forgot all but to fetch water for the sister who was trying to quiet and restore that tossed body, so frail and small there in the white bed.

When he had assisted for several minutes, eager to justify his reputation in the eyes of ladies who had accused him of indelicacy, he became aware that the elder sister had with swift hands been tearing and scattering beyond hope of recovery a small bundle of letters which she had seized from a drawer. When he stopped her, Miss Curran, with a defiant glance, flew to her sister, and left the Major disconsolately gathering what written scraps he could.

At Jane Curran's invitation he carried out a perfunctory search, but soon withdrew gladly from the sound of that terrible hysteric sobbing on the bed. Downstairs he wrote a letter to Wickham, detailing the circumstances, and sent it off by an orderly.

Within an hour he had orders to leave Miss Curran in the care of her sisters. Her father, too, was on his way home with a passion of mean anger burning on his eloquent tongue.

Sarah Curran, with her brain still reeling under the crisis of the morning, was told that she should have neither shelter, support, nor countenance from the parent whose indignation she had incurred. With every circumstance of contumely he cast her off; and, having discharged this duty, hastened to the Castle to exculpate himself before the Privy Council.

Such were the consequences achieved by the intermediacy of George Dunn; such were the final effects of Robert Emmet's general trust in humanity; so complete was the victory achieved by solid, well-established power, asserting the majesty of law through its accustomed instruments.

CHAPTER XXVII

CURRAN threw up his brief for Emmet—announcing his decision in a curt, savage note to the prisoner : and the circumstance occasioned some further delay before another counsel could be instructed. On Wednesday, September 15th, Emmet was taken into court to hear the arraignment read : the trial was fixed for Monday, the 20th.

During these ten days that elapsed after the writing of his letter to Sarah Curran, and the consequent disclosure of all that he had sought to conceal, MacNally and his solicitor, MacNally's son, were with him frequently. These two, except indeed, the warder of his cell, one O'Farrell, were his sole friends.

It was to MacNally that Emmet poured out the regrets and self-reproaches for his act of foolish confidence : yet even now he did not know that he had been betrayed. The gaoler, Dunn, had told him a story of being pursued, of throwing the letter into the Liffey, of its being picked up on the

Strand. MacNally did not question the verisimilitude of this account.

Meanwhile the other prisoners were being tried in batches from day to day, and hanged off at suitable places about the town. Rumour of these events quickly passed through the cells; it was the news most accurately communicated within these walls.

Peter Burrowes had been named instead of Curran as senior counsel, and on the Monday he and MacNally took their places in the crowded court. Robert Emmet was led in by warders, and stood in the dock at ten o'clock that morning.

The Attorney-General opened at great length, recounting all that was known of Emmet's movements. It was noon before the Crown began to produce their witnesses one by one; first to prove the taking of the house in Butterfield Lane, then Emmet's presence at the depôt, and then, generally, the events of the night of July 23rd, and his subsequent appearance with an armed band at houses on the Dublin mountains.

No serious attempt was made to shake the testimony; but one witness was cross-examined to exculpate Dowdall; another, who had been appearing in other trials, whose task it was to swear away the lives of yet other men, was shown to be a paid informer; and a third, at Emmet's express request, was questioned to prove that no mention

of bringing in French assistance had been made when the insurrection broke out. At another point the examination was stopped—again, at Emmet's request—in order that a passage in the rebel proclamation might be read which forbade the infliction of any punishment or revenge except by sentence of the leaders, and which absolutely prohibited either torture or flogging.

But all this occupied hours, and it was late in the afternoon when the Crown case was closed. Then, to general surprise, MacNally rose to say that Mr. Emmet did not propose calling any evidence, or putting forward counsel to state a case.

The audience, weary now of the long hours, craned their necks for the judge's summing up. For a moment it seemed to them and to the prisoner that the ordeal by endurance was approaching an end. But an unexpected episode delayed the climax for a while.

William Conyngham Plunket, a leading orator of the Irish Parliament, had declared some four years earlier, at a famous public meeting, that if Pitt and Castlereagh succeeded in their vast intrigue, he would, like the old Carthaginian, "bring his little Hannibals to the altar" and teach them to swear undying hostility to the Union. But four years bring counsel, and Plunket was now holding a retainer for the Crown. His speech was ready, his chance of preferment hung on its

delivery ; and though no defence had been offered he claimed the Crown's right of reply.

A buzz of comment, not friendly, ran through the court ; MacNally protested, argued the point against the Attorney-General ; but Lord Norbury on the Bench held that Plunket was entitled to proceed.

To the young man there in the dock, this seemed mere wantonness of cynicism. He listened now with a combatant's careful attention to the long and studied harangue in which the orator, following the lead of all Government speakers, dwelt on the contemptible and ludicrous character of the rebellion ; assumed as proven the intention to bring Ireland under the yoke of Bonaparte ; and ended with a warning against the dangerous names of Liberty and Equality.

Thus the very venom of the prosecutor gave a new fire to the prisoner's spirit. But the strain grew very heavy. Already the lamps were lighted in the court ; from early morning to dusk he had heard the indictment accumulated against him, with no single note of extenuation or sympathy.

And now the judge began his summing up—bearing down with the full weight of his authority upon the young man who stood before him, still undefended ; leaning upon the bar, respectful and silent, with head characteristically drooped yet unflinching. All the circumstance of his offence

was recapitulated with damning detail ; and if some touch of pity found its way into the peroration, it was only used to reinforce the conclusion : talents, opportunities, were all reasons the more to condemn.

The jury did not leave the court, and gave their verdict after a moment's whispered consultation. The Attorney-General moved formally for judgment to be pronounced, and the clerk cried,

“Gaoler, put Robert Emmet, Esquire, to the bar.”

But the prisoner spoke a word to his counsel, and MacNally shouldering himself forward, asked that the motion for judgment might be deferred till next morning, since the time was well advanced into night.

He was met with a refusal on a point of form.

Thus Emmet, oppressed, weary, and dizzy with all those hours spent standing in that foul atmosphere, with all those eyes fixed unceasingly on him, with all that hostile array of wills battling to crush his resistance, had to nerve himself now for his final effort.

He was led forward by the gaoler, and, still passive and drooping, listened mechanically to the monotone of the clerk's voice reading for many minutes the long pages of indictment, concluding with a recital of the verdict given. But when the last words came, “What have you therefore now

to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you according to law?" there came over his whole demeanour that change with which those who knew him were familiar.

The drooped head was thrown back ; the whole body became tense and magnetic ; the eyes kindled and burned ; and a strange thrill ran through the court.

"Why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon me I have nothing to say ; why the sentence which in the public mind is usually attached to that of the law, ought to be reversed I have much to say." As he spoke, he moved forward a pace in the dock. "I stand here a conspirator," he cried, like one making profession of faith. But then, falling backward again, and again moving forward, he told them in swelling tones, his body swaying with the rhythm of the sentences, how from the fact of treason—as their law understood it—he would never seek to exculpate himself ; but that since he had been calumniated—and his glance dwelt a moment on Plunket—since calumny had done its part in delivering over the victim more than ever helpless into the hands of the law—since the victim was now fully secured—he claimed at least to unmanacle his reputation.

"I am charged," he said, "with being an

emissary of France for the purpose of inciting insurrection in the country, and then delivering it over to a foreign enemy. It is false !” and his voice rang out.

Then frankly he stated to the Court that a new agent of the United Irishmen was at that very moment in Paris negotiating with the Government of France. But was that meant, he asked, to deliver Ireland over to France? And he recalled in passionate words how France had treated Switzerland, Holland, Italy. Then, beginning the exposition of his own ideal, “Our object was to effect a separation from England.”

But here Lord Norbury leant from the Bench ; his gross, red face and thick lips were menacing, and his coarse, strong voice broke in upon the speaker. He told the prisoner that he was abusing the indulgence of the Court and endeavouring to vindicate his treasons ; he reminded him of what was due to the benignant temper of British law. Then, appealing to a family history familiar to all, he recalled the position of Emmet’s father, and the brilliant career of his elder brother, Temple Emmet, who had indeed been “one of the greatest ornaments of the Bar.”

“He,” said the successful placeman, “left you a proud example to follow ; and if he had lived, he would have taught you to admire and preserve that constitution for the destruction of which you

have conspired with the most profligate, and associated yourself with hostlers, bakers, butchers, and such persons, whom you invited to your councils when you created your provisional government."

The heavy thunder of this allocution rolled by, and Emmet again raised his voice.

But at once Norbury struck in again : " If you have anything to urge in point of law it will be heard ; but what you have hitherto said confirms and justifies the verdict of the jury."

It was a duel now, and the assemblage grew tense as they watched it. On the bench, hot, heavy, and massive, sat the arrogant judge, his bulk swollen with great wig and flowing robes—all the force of his domineering will directed to beat down and overawe the temper that faced him there in the dock, where stood the slight, delicate, pock-marked, young man, about whose neck in a few hours the rope must tighten ; who stood alone there, unsupported, without allies, convicted of treason, convicted of failure, the butt and scorn of these acute advocates. Yet he maintained his spirit and the purpose of his argument.

" What I claim is this—to free my character from a foul imputation," he reiterated.

The judge, he argued, in assuming the right to discuss and reason upon his motives, instead of merely giving sentence upon the facts, had conferred

on him the right and duty to put on record some statement which should justify his memory. "For," said he, "this is my hope that my memory and my name may serve to animate those who survive me."

Again Norbury broke in. 'The Court could not sit there to hear him broach treason.'

Emmet's voice grew fiercer, his tone more dramatical.

"Why insult me then, why insult justice rather, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lords, the form prescribes that you should put the question; the form also confers a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with—and so might the whole ceremony of this trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury was impannelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle. I submit, but I insist upon the whole of the forms."

He paused there, and the assembly hung breathless.

"You may go on, sir," Norbury growled.

The prisoner had gained one advantage and he pressed it, launching upon a new topic now. They had charged him with being the keystone of the combination.

"You do me honour over much," he cried,

with the note of triumphant defiance ; “ you have given to the subaltern all the credit of his superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but ”— and he stepped forward with outstretched hand— “ even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord ; men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow in deference, and who would not deign to call you friend—who would not disgrace themselves by taking your blood-stained hand.”

He was stopped now in terms of fierce reproof, told that he was insolent to the Court. Norbury, drawing on the black cap, bid him prepare to receive sentence.

But he refused to be silenced : “ I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for my short life,” he cried, “ and am I to stand appalled before a mere remnant of authority ? ” And again he entered on the vindication of his motives, quoting from the manifesto of the Provisional Government to bear out the humanity of his principles. There was no doubt of the effect that he produced upon the whole audience, as he pointed to the black cap and cried.

“ The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors with which you surround your victim : it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, though in a little time it will cry to

Heaven. Be yet patient. I have but few words more to say."

He paused for an instant and looked about him—dizzy with fatigue and confinement. The Court had sat now for twelve hours : the lamps even were guttering out and smoking ; all of life was on the lees. The sentiment of the scene was with him as he began again :

"My ministry is now ended ; I am going to my cold silent grave : my lamp of life,"—he pointed to the flickering and waning lantern,—“is nearly extinguished.” A deep hush fell on the court ; men held their breath to catch the accents of those low tones—the tones of the orator that thrill and carry. His body swayed instinctively to the rhythm of his utterance as in that last period of his speech he dwelt upon his own personal sacrifice with melancholy lingering phrase. Then into that lonely voice came suddenly a new ring, like the challenge of a clarion.

“I am ready to die : I have not been allowed to vindicate my character. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph ” (the words thrilled out clear and menacing) ; “for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace : let my memory be left in oblivion, and my

tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

He had come forward to the railings ; his hand was outstretched and upraised : there was a silence—then stepping a little backwards—"I have done," he said.

Norbury himself, abashed and overawed before the splendour of that close, was silent for a moment before he pronounced in shaking accents the horrible words of the extreme penalty.

The words in that heavy voice rumbled through the court. Emmet listened with perfect composure, then bowed and retired, led out by two warders.

Not until he had disappeared from sight, did the clamour of many voices break out into a medley of sound.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THAT night, in Sarah Curran's bedroom at the Priory, a fire was blazing ; but the window was open wide, and by it, heedless of the chill night air, the girl stood listening, listening. All the powers in her seemed astrain to reach out beyond their limit, as though she were trying to see, to hear, to take into her spirit, things that were passing far away—reaching out to meet news that must come to her, as one under torture might stretch and struggle towards the grim mercy of a sword.

Her sister Jane, who sat near the fire with anxious eyes ever on the girl, rose and came over to her.

“Sarah, dearest,” she said, “you cannot stay standing there any longer. Look, it is eleven o'clock ; you must lie down : it is not right for you to be up at all. Come now,” and she laid her hand on her sister's arm, “rest for awhile.”

But Sarah drew away from her touch. “No, no,” she said, and her voice was hard and dry with

fever. "How can I? After it is all over—then, perhaps,—some time or other—I may rest."

"But the court must be adjourned," Jane reasoned with her. "They cannot finish to-night."

Sarah turned on her with wild eyes.

"No," she said; "that is true. They will finish to-morrow—early in the morning, to-morrow. It is always early in the morning that they——" She stopped, and the hard, tearless ring in her voice, the dreadful significance of the pause, scared her sister, who fell away from her a little.

"Ah, dearest, why will you torture yourself?" she cried.

But the answer was colder, harder than before.

"Is it I who torture myself? You know it is early in the morning that they hang them."

"Sarah, Sarah," Jane Curran cried, throwing her arms round the girl; "leave off thinking of these frightful things. Come," she said, trying to draw her to a couch near the fire, "put your arms about me; do not force yourself to stand up there. It is not natural."

But again the white stony creature disengaged herself.

"You would like me to sit down and cry, Jane," she said, with that bitter inflection almost of mockery. "He is standing up, Jane. Richard said in the note that he sent, he was standing on his

feet all day in the court-house. If I were near him, maybe I could cry then ; but you all keep me away.—I wish you would go downstairs, the Counsellor will be angry with you.”

Jane lifted her hands angrily : “As if that mattered.”

“Yes, but it does matter. You are his daughter. I can do what I please, you know, so long as I do not make a public scandal” (and the melancholy of her voice took on a strain of fierce contempt)—“for I am not his daughter any longer.—And he is no father of mine.”

Jane Curran wrung her hands in despair, powerless before this cold distraction.

“Do not say such things, Sarah,” she cried.

“Did I say them?” the girl answered in that same icy monotone. “I think it was he who said them. But go down or he will be angry, and he can be very cruel when he is angry.” Then suddenly, in a flash, she leapt as it seemed out of numbness into preternatural life. “Listen,” she cried, and all her body was tense in the effort to hear.—“I hear horses’ feet.—Yes, I hear them.”

Her sister, coming to her, strained her ears also.

“No,” she said. “No, truly, dearest, you are wrong.”

But the other caught her convulsively.

“Yes—I say—listen. I hear them quite plain.”

There was a pause ; then Jane heard also.

“Yes.—They have turned in from the road. It is Richard—Oh ! my poor Sarah ”—for now at last her sister clung to her, and for a space of time the girls were silent, straining together, till as Richard Curran entered the room, Sarah sprang towards him : their eyes met, and she stopped there, her shoulders contracting, her arms stiffening by her sides. Jane, running to him, whispered :

“Is it all over ?”

But low though she breathed it, the words reached to those overstrung senses. Sarah spoke :

“No, it is not all over. When will it be ?” she asked, in a hard colourless voice.

Her brother half turned from her as he answered.

“To-morrow at eight, they say.”

Now the girl’s accents rose shrill and cruel.

“Did I not tell you, Jane ? They like to begin the day well.”

Richard Curran crossed to Jane and spoke low.

“This is dreadful. What can we do ?”

“She has been like this all day—I can do nothing with her.”—Then anxiously, “And the letters ?” she questioned.

“The Attorney-General was kinder than we could have hoped. He read out a few sentences, but always, whenever he referred to them, he

spoke of them as written by 'a brother conspirator.' "

"Then no one will know," Jane cried. "Oh, Sarah, do you hear?"

But Richard shook his head sadly.

"My poor Sarah—a mischance happened. You know Huband was one of the Bar for the prosecution, and while the Attorney-General was speaking, the papers were on the table. Huband picked them up. I saw him turn quite white. He recognised the writing."

Jane Curran's face was a picture of dismay.

"Oh, how dreadful," she cried. At the words Sarah burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Is it not?" she cried, her body swaying—"He'll come no more a-wooing; Richard, is it not dreadful?"

Her sister turned on her angrily.

"Sarah, Sarah, what has come over you? Surely you cannot be indifferent to the scandal?"

The laughter was checked now, but bitter, hard mockery rang cold and clear in that strange voice.

"It will be dreadful, will it not, for your sister's name to be coupled with the name of a man who has been hanged? I should be crying now, Jane, should I not?"

Jane Curran made a gesture of despair, as she turned to the brother.

"Richard, can you not use your authority?"

Make her lie down. She is in no state to be up."

The young man coming nearer her spoke soothingly :

"Yes, Sarah, that is quite true. You have heard the worst now. Lie down and try to sleep."

But she put her hand on him and fixed her strained eyes on his.

"Will he sleep, do you think?"

"If he does not," Richard answered her, with a note of actual relief, "it will be from no want of composure."

Now the girl's eyes softened, and new light came into them.

"Ah, tell me. He bore it well, then."

Brokenly, with a catch in his voice—for the sudden change in her had unmanned him—"He was magnificent," he answered. "That is all I can say."

"He spoke then?" she pressed him, pleading now ; and the memory of what he had listened to surged up confusedly.

"No one ever heard such a speech. Norbury from the bench tried to stop him, but Robert swept him aside. Even Norbury was moved himself."

"Ah," she cried hungrily, "tell me what he said, tell me all of it."

But he shrank away from the fever in her eyes, frightened for what might come.

"Oh, my dearest," he said, "I am useless ; my brain is all in a whirl. Another time I will tell you. But now lie down for God's sake, or you will lose your senses with this strain."

She shook her head.

"It will be over soon : it is not long till eight o'clock to-morrow. That is all the time I have to be alive in the world with him—and they keep us apart. I cannot even have the letter that he sent to me ; if they would let me have it, I would not have minded discovery, I would have thought it cheap at the price.—Richard, is there no way at all for me to see him ? His mother is to be let go to him."

Richard shook his head gravely, "His mother died yesterday, Sarah."

"Oh, the happy woman," the girl cried. "But no—that will leave him alone, absolutely alone ; he will go to his death without one friend : Richard, the Lord Lieutenant knows everything : could you not take me to him and let me beg for leave—What is that ?" Suddenly she broke off, pausing to listen.

"I hear nothing," said Richard.

"Yes," she cried, "you can hear if you listen. A man's footsteps—coming up the avenue—Who can it be ?—Ah !"

A pebble struck against the window. Richard Curran ran to the sash and leaning out spoke low.

“Who is there?”

From the dark a low voice came up—

“MacNally.”

Sarah sprang to her brother.

“Richard, bring him up. I know he has a message for me.”

Richard went out, and the two girls stood together with clasped hands till their brother re-entered. Behind him came MacNally, limping. On that leaden countenance was the expression of profound gloom, real sorrow; yet somewhere in his inscrutable eyes there lurked surely—expectation. A scene had to be witnessed, had to be played—strangely worth seeing, strangely worth playing in. He scanned the girl with a swift, searching glance—almost as a possible antagonist. After all, women were very clever. She might suspect something. He was here now to convince her of his utter and unlimited loyalty.

But Sarah Curran as she caught sight of him ran towards him, seized his hand, and crying out: “Oh Mr. MacNally, you have been with him all day,” she burst into a passion of weeping.

So then, there was no need to disarm suspicion. MacNally’s task was only to be the perfect

friend ; and in truth, nature readily prompted him to give what succour he could to one so stricken, so confiding in him for comfort.

Putting his arm round the sobbing girl who, with him—her lover's champion—had cast off all hardness, and leant upon him as she might upon her very lover, he led her to the sofa, and seating her beside him caressed her, patting her and speaking soothing words.

"Calm yourself now, my dear. Sit there beside old Mac, that has known you since you were a little curly girl. There, there—" and he drew her to him till the shaken breast and head rested on his shoulder. Then, looking round him,

"This is where Sirr took her ?" he asked.

"Yes," Jane Curran answered low. "It was a dreadful shock. She has not been herself since."

The sobbing fit was now spending its force, and Sarah, raising herself and looking with streaming eyes at MacNally, asked brokenly :

"Tell me how he is ?"

Like a nurse soothing a child he answered her :

"Just wanting one thing, Miss Sarah, and that is the kind word from yourself. Poor lad, the only trouble on his mind is the mischief he did you. And, indeed, I blamed him for it."

Sarah shook her head.

"You ought not to. It was my fault. I wanted him to write to me."

"But he says he kept your letters when you told him to burn them."

"He knew I did not really want him to burn them. He told me he was keeping the first—and I was glad."—Then, suddenly rising, as consciousness that had been half drowned in tears came back to her, "Ah, but what foolish things these are to talk of! Can you not take me to him?"

MacNally made a grave sign of dissent.

"That's more than I or anyone can do, my dear."

But at his words the wild look of despair began to spread again over her countenance, and it wrought strangely upon his nerves. He felt the poignancy of the situation with all a dramatist's double consciousness: but he had also the dramatist's intuition for the consoling word. His face lit up suddenly, as if with an inspiration.

"And indeed, listen now, it would not be right. Parting with you might disturb him: and you would wish for the end to be worthy of all the rest." Imagination had caught the old playwright now, and it gave a new colour to his voice. "Remember, Miss Sarah," he said, in thrilling

tones, "he has not to die like a common man : he has to die the death of a hero. People will be telling each other in far-off times how Robert Emmet died for Ireland.—And you may believe it, that's the truth," he cried, with a sudden strange inflection in his voice, "though it's only old MacNally tells you."

The girl laid her hand on his.

"Who should I believe," she said, "if not you, that stood by him to the last?"

Tears stood in Leonard MacNally's eyes now : actor and dramatist at once, he felt to the full the irony of his own work.

"Indeed, it was little he let me do for him," he answered, gruffly.

"But he spoke for himself," the girl said.

"Ay, to show reason why judgment should not be given."

"Richard told me. But he could remember nothing. You heard, too. Can you not tell me?"

He moved impatiently.

"Don't ask me ; you might as well bid a country fiddler to copy a great organ. It will be printed and men will be learning it off by heart for generations to come. Grattan never made such a speech. Only one thing I could tell you now. At the end—do you remember, Richard,

when he raised his arm and pointed to the guttering candle? 'My lamp of life is nearly extinguished,' he said; and then, Miss Sarah, he told them how he had given up all for his country's sake, and how he had abandoned for her another idol. Those were the words, and you were in his mind with every syllable he was speaking."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the girl's low weeping. Then raising her head, she cried brokenly :

"I wish I had been there with him—beside him in the dock."

Her sister chided her.

"Sarah, Sarah, you ought not to say such things."

"Do you think I am ashamed?" Sarah Curran cried, proudly now. "Do you think I am sorry all this was known? At least, he and I will be remembered together." Then springing up with a new look of determination, she cried, "Mr. MacNally, if you cannot take me to him, at least you can bring him a letter from me." She ran towards her writing table, then suddenly pausing : "No," she cried. "I can do more. Mr. MacNally, you can take him a message. Tell him I will be there—there to see him pass by. Richard, you must get me the carriage."

Her brother made angry protest.

"This is sheer madness, Sarah. The thing is impossible. My father would never let you into his house again."

"And if he did not, what then?" she cried in white scorn.

"Sarah, Sarah, what has come over you?" he answered. "This is no way for you to speak."

"Maybe so ; I am sorry. But Richard," she said, vehemently, "will you help me?"

He tried to reason with her.

"Dearest Sarah, you are not yourself. You would blame me afterwards."

She turned from him indignantly.

"Then, Mr. MacNally," she cried, "I have no one but you to look to. Will you help me? Will you bring a coach out here very early—to the road outside—and tell me where to station it so that I may see him? Then you will tell Robert. If my sister will come, she can be with me : if not, I will go alone in the coach. And if I can do no other, I will go out of this house and go alone on foot. Now, will you help me?"

There was a strange counterplay of emotion on MacNally's face. He felt his responsibility ; he was asked to assist in a desperate action of defiance ; yet the completeness of it appealed to

his emotion ; his imagination caught fire with her passion of surrender. Still, he reasoned.

"Miss Sarah," he protested, "it will be no place for you. Remember, the road will be guarded ; you cannot come near him."

"If our eyes could meet from as far as eyes can reach," she cried, "I would give up all for that meeting."

"He will be on his way to death—to ugly death—can you bear that?" he urged.

"He will travel it the better if he sees me," the girl cried, transfigured now, commanding them with her mood.

MacNally was weeping. "I cannot refuse you," he said. Then speaking to the others, pleading with them :

"Miss Jane," he said, "she must have her way. I will arrange all ; there will be a coach outside at six o'clock ; the driver will know where to go, I will tell Robert, and," he cried, meeting now Sarah's yearning eyes, "you shall see each other that last time."

The girl came to him, and, before he could stop her, had taken his hand and kissed it.

"May God in heaven bless you, Mr. MacNally," she said.

He paused, pressed her hands, then said :

"Oh, don't be talking, my dear. I'm glad

from my heart to be able to do any little thing for you."

Mounting his horse in the road, he sped towards the town, keenly excited and aroused.

"No other man in Ireland could have done it " : that was what he kept saying to himself.

CHAPTER XXIX

ROBERT EMMET was brought from the Court-house in Green Street to Newgate, and here the chaplain visited him. But at twelve o'clock, by order of the Government, who feared, even at the last, some desperate attempt at rescue, he was suddenly removed under strong escort and returned to the cell in Kilmainham where he had spent now so many days and nights.

He had one night more to spend, and the warder, O'Farrell, watching over him, was authorised to supply anything that he wanted. His demand was for pen and paper, and all through the small hours his pen never ceased.

He wrote first, covering many closely written sheets, a full account for his brother, Thomas, of every detail in his plan : how much was gradually given up, and how failure after failure accumulated upon him.

"I know," he wrote on the last page, "how men without candour will pronounce on this failure without knowing one of the circumstances that

occasioned it : they will consider only that they predicted it. They will not recollect that they predicted also that no system could be formed—that no secrecy nor confidence could be restored—that no preparations could be made—that no plan could be arranged—that no day could be fixed without being instantly known at the Castle—that Government only waited to let the conspiracy ripen and crush it at their pleasure—and that on these grounds only did they predict its miscarriage. The very same men that after success would have flattered, will now calumniate. The very same men that would have made an offering of unlimited sagacity at the shrine of victory will not be content to take back that portion that belongs of right to themselves, but would violate the sanctity of misfortune and strip her of that covering that candour would have left her.”

Then,—having thus set on record his own vindication which, confiding rashly in Trevor’s good faith and the Government’s generosity, he hoped would reach the hand of his nearest friend and relation—he turned to a task of courtesy. Wickham and the Government had dealt with him as gentlemen in the matter nearest to his heart : they had screened Sarah Curran. Now, therefore, he wrote his testimony, not only to the delicacy with which he personally had been treated, but to the general mildness of the administration

of that day. Having thus, with a fine punctilio made the acknowledgment which, said he, "justice requires of me as a man, and which I do not feel in the least derogatory from my decided principles as an Irishman," he addressed the letter to Wickham, and with free mind began to give expression to those cares which lay nearest to his heart.

He wrote a private letter to his brother and that brother's wife—"My dearest Tom and Jane"—full of tender and courageous messages for them and for their children. Then came its real purport—his dying request. He told them now for the first time of his attachment to Sarah Curran, of all the hopes he had cherished of bringing her into their lives as the companion of his own ; and, lastly, he wrote :

"She is living with her father and brother, but should these protectors fall off, and that no other should replace them, treat her as my wife and love her as a sister."

That task also was finished, but there was yet one more letter to write. To Sarah Curran herself, he would not, and dared not, address it. All intercourse between them had been abruptly severed from the day of his arrest : he knew not how she bore with all he had already brought upon her ; and to write to her now might only be to compromise her further. And therefore, in the last chilly hour of that vigil, he poured out his heart,

all his longing and all his remorse, to his friend, her brother.

“I never did tell you how much I idolised her,” he wrote passionately. And then he went back into retrospect of all he contemplated for his future life with her, of the honours he had hoped to win, to lay them at her feet. He told his friend how public motives had sustained him, yet how in certain moments, grief on her account had so sunk him that death would have been a refuge—and while he dwelt on these tender, melancholy thoughts, staring at the paper often for long spaces, pen in hand, with thoughts far away, footfalls in the corridor roused him. He ended the letter hastily with a blessing and he rose, composed as ever, to face those who came, bidding his warder open to them.

The newcomers were Mr. Gamble, the Chaplain of Newgate, and another clergyman, attending to offer the last consolations of religion; yet they offered them with constraint as men fearing a rebuff to what they most venerate. But Emmet welcomed them: he had been irregular, he said, in his church-going, but he had never abandoned Christianity, and now desired to receive the Sacrament and go out of life under its benediction.

They asked him if he was conscious of his sins and a penitent: he answered that he was; but when they pressed him to display contrition for

those actions which the law had condemned, he met them with a gentle but unyielding refusal. Had he no penitence, they asked, for Lord Kilwarden's murder? He told them he abhorred it, but was in no way answerable: the deed had been done after he had left the scene of its doing. But they urged indignantly that he could in no way evade responsibility for having assembled the persons who committed the deed; he must answer for the consequence of this act as well as for the shameful death that he had brought upon many of his own followers.

"No man goes out to battle without taking risks," the young man retorted, "and among those risks is the shedding of innocent blood."

Mr. Gamble raised his hands in horror.

"Can we treat you as penitent, Mr. Emmet, while you do not abjure the pernicious principles upon which you acted—not even when you are confronted with their horrible results?"

To his vehemence Emmet opposed a firm resistance.

"You must be the judge of your own duty, sir," he said. "I desire to make my peace with God and with man. But the things which you would have me disavow are in truth the most living part of my religion."

The clergymen held a whispered conversation, and at its close came to the prisoner.

“It is useless for us to reason with you, Mr. Emmet : we can only regard you as a visionary enthusiast, whose mind labours under strong delusion : and on that account, believing the delusion to be real, we feel ourselves justified in admitting you to the Sacrament as one who, according to his lights, is sincerely penitent.”

Emmet bowed in acknowledgment. The white cloth was spread, the elements set out on the rough table of his cell, and kneeling there he received the bread and wine. O’Farrell, aloof and apart in his corner of the cell, knelt too, uttering with passion the prayers of his own creed.

When the ceremony was concluded, and all four had risen to their feet, Mr. Gamble asked Emmet was it his wish to be left alone : “for,” he said, “if you so desire it, we are ready to stay with you and to accompany you to the end.”

“It is a kind offer,” the young man answered, “and indeed I shall be grateful for your companionship. This hour finds me,” he added, looking round him with a faint smile, “a little lonely in the world.”

“I have still hopes,” said the chaplain, “that your mother may have obtained permission to see you.”

But as he spoke there was a hurry of feet in the corridor, the door was thrown open, and MacNally entered. At sight of him, Emmet’s face flushed,

and running forward with arms outstretched he clasped the lawyer's hands.

"Ah, MacNally," he cried, "I knew I could count on you."

"Robert, my poor boy," MacNally ejaculated, returning the pressure with vehemence.

"Is she coming—is my mother coming?"

MacNally let go of Emmet's hand, and raising one arm with a solemn and dramatic gesture :

"You will meet your mother to-day, Robert," he said. "She has gone before you."

Emmet stood for a moment, silent with hands dropped by his sides. Then at last :

"It is better so," he said, low, as if speaking to himself.

The clergymen standing together and apart exchanged a whisper. Then Mr. Gamble, coming forward, said :

"Mr. Emmet, we do not wish to intrude upon your grief. We are entirely at your command, to go or to stay."

For an instant the young man paused, then, "You are very kind, sir," he said. "Since I may ask it, will you leave me alone with Mr. MacNally for a little while and then return to me?—MacNally," he said, turning to the lawyer, "these gentlemen have been so good as to say they will attend me—to the last," he added, after a pause.

“I’m glad to hear it, Robert. And, my dear lad, I’ll be with you too. I sent to the Castle asking for a pass, and they were to send it here.” Then turning to O’Farrell, who stood by the door, “Has it come, warder, do you know?”

“I did not hear, sir,” O’Farrell answered.

“Go then and find out,” said MacNally, testily. The warder shifted his feet uneasily.

“I beg pardon, sir, but I have orders—”

The man’s distress was apparent, and Emmet spoke soothingly to him.

“Never mind, O’Farrell.” Then turning to MacNally—“They are afraid I should cheat them, like Wolfe Tone: they little know how I should grudge one jot of the full ceremonial. For Tone it was different: he was a soldier of France, captured in a most gallant action; he owed it to the uniform not to suffer the insult of the rope. But I was a rebel, I am a rebel, and I desire to die a rebel’s death in the sight of all men.” Then, with that gentle composure of mind which had never left him, he made a request of the clergymen. “Perhaps, gentlemen, when you leave us you would do me the kindness to ascertain if any order has been sent authorising Mr. MacNally to accompany us when we leave this place—if I do not presume too far on your courtesy,” he added.

"Surely, Mr. Emmet," the clergymen replied. "If it be here, we shall bring it when we return."

They left the cell, and as O'Farrell closed the door behind them, Robert Emmet dropped something of the formal reserve with which he had surrounded himself.

"Ah, MacNally," he said, "that is well : here I am alone now with my two friends—my poor gaoler"—and he spoke the word with a tender irony, pointing to O'Farrell—"and yourself, my—what shall I say ?"

But MacNally, with an uneasy motion of his humped shoulder, interrupted him roughly.

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way, Robert—coupling me with a gaoler."

Earnestly now the young man replied, taking his hand.

"Indeed, MacNally, I meant no disparagement. If you knew all the kindness and sympathy this poor fellow has shown me, you would not think it." He paused. "And is it not the truth ?" he continued, his voice changing. "I tell you, Mac, I could find it in my heart to envy poor Kirwan and the rest that have gone this way before me, and that had their own friends at least to wave a hand to them out of the crowd."

MacNally looked at him with an odd question-

ing light in his little eyes. The drama was still playing itself out before him ; he still guided its phases.

“And do you feel that way?” he asked.

“How would you expect one to feel?” Emmet cried, passion rising in his tone unchecked, as he paced the cell. “My brother is in exile, my father dead, my mother—gone too. My poor sister has her own nearer trouble, her husband in gaol—for no offence but that he is married to my sister. Mason is here too, because he is my cousin—kith or kin, none is left except those whom I have helped to bring into misfortune.—Ay, if that was all,” he added with a terrible bitterness.

“And so that isn’t all?” asked MacNally, questioning him by his tone rather than his words. He was seated now, watching the restless figure that strode back and forward. Emmet disregarded tone and words, and for a while longer followed his own thought ; then suddenly, as if beset by a trouble too strong for him, he cried :

“What should a man think of that stands as I stand now? That he is going to die for his country, I suppose. Ah, MacNally, if one could have none but public feelings.”

“It would cheer you up to know there was someone crying her eyes out for you, I suppose,” said MacNally, brusquely and sardonically. Under

the sting of his words Emmet winced and started. Pausing in his walk.

“MacNally,” he cried, “a man with the coldness of death on him needs to be made feel no other coldness. Do you think I do not know? —that I have not reproached myself a thousand times? And still, I am selfish it may be, but here now I cannot but crave for some word, some message; that longing in me masters all other feelings.”

Rising from his seat, the old play-actor showed a countenance suddenly transfigured. With the limp in his gait marked by his haste, he crossed to Emmet, and laid a hand caressingly on his shoulder.

“There, there, Robert my boy; if you want my mind, you would be a monster if you had none but public feelings, as you call them.” Then bringing his face close to the young man’s ear: “I saw her last night, Robert,” he whispered.

Emmet started violently, then drew him over to the corner of the cell furthest from the warder.

“You saw her?” he spoke low and passionately. “Can you tell me anything? Have you no message? Tell me all of it.”

MacNally’s voice was broken now.

“I went out last night when it was all over. They were trying to quiet her. She was walking

up and down her room all day. She ran to me—" he gulped a sob ; tears streamed down his face. "No, I can't go on, Robert—there are things a man can't bear to go over again in words."

But Emmet caught him fiercely by the arm.

"Man," he said, "I have barely half-an-hour of life left. Will you send me out starving? Have you no message?"

For a moment MacNally seemed to struggle with his emotion, then whispering, he said into Emmet's ear :

"Listen, Robert. You know where Peter Street comes into the main road—as you go down Thomas Street. There will be a carriage there : a closed carriage, but the window will be open. She will be there waiting. You will see her, she will see you."

Emmet caught his breath : then vehemently in the same whispered tone :

"You are sure, MacNally? Sure in all assurance? For, think if she were not there—or if we passed some other way."

"It is all right, Robert. The route is fixed, and if she is alive, she will be there."

Robert Emmet threw himself back in his seat, and flinging out his arms as if to lift the load from off his chest, leapt to his feet, and crossed the room rapidly twice or thrice : then coming back,

"MacNally, MacNally," he cried, "how shall I

tell you my thankfulness. It was you thought of this."

"She cried with me to take her to you," MacNally answered. "She wanted me to move heaven and earth to bring her in sight of you: and we thought of this."

For an instant the young man's face clouded.

"But is it right?" he said doubtfully. "Will it not be too hard for her to see me passing?"—and he paused significantly, "on that journey?"

"I asked her," MacNally answered. "She only said, you would travel it the easier."

Now Emmet threw up his head and laughed exultantly:

"Oh, but she knew well," he cried, "I had no fear—but now, Mac, I am impatient: it is to see her I am going.—And it is time to get ready, I think—I hear steps."

There was in truth a sound of many feet. The Sheriff of Dublin entered in his official garb, accompanied by the clergyman and Dr. Trevor.

Emmet advanced, and bowing gracefully to the Sheriff, "I await you, sir," he said.

The Sheriff bowed in reply.

"I am sorry for this meeting, Mr. Emmet.—Now, men," and he signed to two warders who entered, carrying irons, "do your business."

But meanwhile MacNally was in altercation with Trevor. No order for him to accompany

the prisoner had come, it seemed. "Your presence here is an irregularity which I have tolerated," said the prison doctor. MacNally began a fierce answer, but Emmet stepping forward laid a hand on his shoulder.

"It can't be, MacNally, my dear friend. Do not delay us—remember," he said, significantly, "we are expected ; I have no feeling of loneliness now.—Good-bye," he paused, "before they put these on," he said, glancing at the irons.

MacNally grasped the hand held out to him.

"Robert, I would give a hundred pounds if I was going with you," he said.

"Ah, MacNally, good-bye. And may you never forget," said Emmet, holding his hand, and looking him full in the eyes, "all that you have done for me."

MacNally tore away his hand and dashing his arm across his forehead stood with face averted.

"He cannot bear to see this," whispered Mr. Gamble to his brother clergyman, pointing to the men at work fixing the fetters which pinioned Emmet's hands behind him. The work was soon done.

"Now, sir," said Emmet to the Sheriff, "I am ready."

Then on a sudden thought he turned to his own warder who stood apart in a corner of the cell with tears in his eyes, and, approaching him :

"Good-bye, O'Farrell," he said.

For an instant he hesitated, with arms fast riveted behind him : then stepping close he kissed O'Farrell on the cheek.

The man turned deadly white with emotion, and staggered against the wall : he could make no reply.

Emmet looked at him :

"Poor lad," he said. Then to MacNally :

"Good-bye, MacNally—I go to do my duty to my country. It can be done as well on the scaffold as on the battlefield."

Then to the Sheriff: "Pray lead the way, sir," he said, with grave courtesy.

They filed out into the corridor, which was lined on each side with persons of quality who had come there thus early in the morning to see the last exit of this celebrated criminal. Emmet walked between the ranks quiet and unembarrassed, without fear and without defiance, to where the Sheriff's coach stood waiting.

In the prison yard, as the escort disappeared, and the crowd of sight-seers cleared away, Trevor spoke to MacNally, who still stood there.

"Well, Mr. MacNally, and what can I do for you? The gate must be closed."

"I shall stay here, sir, till a communication in reply to my request is brought me. If the order arrives within ten minutes I should still be in time.—Ah," he said, "this looks like it."

A runner in the official uniform entered the gates and handed Trevor a letter.

"For Mr. MacNally, sir."

MacNally, taking the packet without opening it, hastened to pass the gate to where a boy held his horse. As the iron door closed behind him, he opened the sealed envelope. It was from Pollock.

"Dear Mac," the letter ran, "Government are afraid your patriotism might run away with you before the mob. They will not give you the pass. I enclose a small solatium which you will acknowledge in the usual course."

MacNally glanced at the enclosure: it was a draft for a hundred pounds.

"The dogs," he said to himself. "The fools. They do not know what it would be worth to them to have me there."

He paused for a moment before he mounted. In the morning quiet—for it was not yet eight o'clock—he could hear the clatter and the jangle of the escort as they rode with drawn sabres about that sombre carriage.

Then he shrugged his shoulders. "I may as well be going home," he said. "My job is done."

Crowds lined the long thoroughfare down James Street and Thomas Street: crowds and troops controlling them. Where a narrow street from

the direction of Harold's Cross debouched on to the line, a coach stood, and in it sat two women in black, closely veiled. As the escort passed them grouped close about the Sheriff's carriage, one of the two women with a sudden motion threw aside her veil, thrust her head and arm from the window and waved a handkerchief, with a wild and passionate gesture. It was here, and here only, that Robert Emmet, who sat at the Sheriff's side, facing the horses, turned his eyes aside from their steady gaze before him : and the face which in that one glance he saw was strange to him as the vision of a dream—so marred, so strained with anguish, were the white features and the maddened eyes.

With that moment of meeting glances all his personal life was closed.

He had yet to sit while the carriage rolled down Thomas Street, past the inn where he had plotted, past the entrance to his store of armament : and then came those few seconds more of driving till carriage and escort had come to where was a space cleared among the thronging crowd opposite the stiff frontal of St. Catherine's Church. In that space, a few barrels set together on the planks thrown across them made a sufficient platform for him and the two clergymen—and the man who had his work to do. Two tall uprights rose clear

with one plank between them—conspicuous to the crowd ; and to this plank a wooden stair led from the platform.

As Robert Emmet stood out there he scanned the crowd with a swift survey : his indomitable hope cherished even then, God knows, what visions of a rescue, some sudden turning of the tables in which the doomed prisoner would suddenly be lifted to the head of a successful rising. But he saw everywhere troops in command, no faintest stir of resistance : nothing more now but a ceremony to be gone through.

Leave was denied him to speak to the people : but he moved about on the platform shaking hands with those about him after the handcuffs had been removed, and himself removing the cravat before the rope should be adjusted. Then he mounted the wooden steps nimbly and stood out on the plank : two or three sentences passed between him and the hangman, the plank was suddenly withdrawn and he dangled there, holding himself quiet while consciousness lent mastery to his will. Then for a period the body was terribly convulsed : then came stillness.

The corpse was taken and laid on the table : the head was severed and the hangman held it up to the people, crying out “This is the head of a traitor !”

That was the end of all : except that many men

and women, before they went to their homes, ready for the day's business, dipped handkerchiefs in the blood that lay on the ground, to be kept for a memorial.

"When my country shall have taken her place among the nations of the world, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

Sundered head and body lie to-day, no man knows where: to trace them has baffled many searchers. But the spirit and the life which moved them are abroad upon the world, and have been for a hundred years, defying the violence of power, the authority of dominion. Not yet can the epitaph be written: but till it be, Robert Emmet the defeated, the deceived, the undismayed and undespairing, animates for ever the hope in which he died: and she, that tender one, crazed and shattered, moves sadly in his orbit, quickening all hearts with an eternal ruth for love forgone.

THE END.

NOTES

THE materials for a history of the Emmet rising are now tolerably ample.

These are, first, the narratives of actors in the episode—including Emmet's detailed account of his own project and its failure.

For obvious reasons, no survivor could afford to publish his reminiscences during a considerable period. Cloney, writing about 1830 a narrative of his experiences in 1798, denied all complicity in Emmet's attempt—justifying his statement by the fact that he left Dublin on July 22nd, 1803. It is easy to understand his disclaimer. Complicity in the Emmet conspiracy was, of course, not covered by the amnesty of 1802.

Madden was the first to write a Life of Robert Emmet, and in this, published in 1842 with the third series of his *United Irishmen*, we find the testimony of several actors in the tragedy—notably James Hope. It would be superfluous to praise Madden's work : but later writers have accepted its conclusions in too uncritical a spirit, and have strangely ignored another account of even higher value.

This is the *Memoirs of Miles Byrne*, put together by the Wexford man at the close of his long life when he

was living in Paris on his half-pay as Colonel. Very few copies of this book, which was published in 1861 in Paris, seem to have found their way across the Channel. So admirable an authority as the "Dictionary of National Biography" makes no mention of it in the article on Emmet: yet Byrne gave for the first time a clear, coherent, and intelligible account of the preparation, the attempt, and its failure.

Since then there has been privately issued another document of great importance, *The Emmet Family*, by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York.

This book, printed only for private circulation, can be consulted in the National Library at Dublin. I have been fortunate enough to have had copies put at my disposal, first by Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, editor of the *Ulster Archaeological Journal*, and later by Mr. John Redmond.

The volume contains letters written by Robert Emmet himself, by his father, and his mother, and other members of the family, which throw light on his movements before 1803. For 1803 it affords a new document—the diary kept by Thomas Addis Emmet in the period which he spent in Paris as accredited representative of the United Irishmen, negotiating for assistance with the French Government.

Lastly, we have Mr. Michael MacDonagh's selection from the State Papers, *The Viceroy's Postbag*, issued in 1904. In this was given to the world for the first time a mass of strangely interesting correspondence. Chief in human interest, perhaps, were the letters of Sarah Curran, taken on Emmet's person—letters, I may say, which make it impossible to deal with the heroine of this story as merely a figure to be filled in according to fancy. Emmet's letter to her, betrayed by

the warder Dunn, is new also, but it only fills up an outline which was previously familiar.

Apart from this, the letters published by Mr. MacDonagh show for the first time the conspiracy as Government saw it. I cannot find, either in those which he has printed, or in the MS. sources from which he extracted them (the Hardwicke collection at the British Museum, the Home Office papers at the Record Office), the least confirmation of a theory set afoot by Madden, which has been handed down since his day from one writer to another.

Madden believed that Emmet and his confederates were dupes of the Castle, victims of the agent provocateur : that Emmet was encouraged by Government spies in Paris to come to Ireland and begin his conspiracy, and that Government deliberately winked at its development in order to have an excuse for declaring martial law, and for crushing out finally the seed of rebellion.

We have in these papers the reports of the spies in Ireland, notably Turner and MacNally, which prove conclusively that Turner near Belfast got some inkling of the facts immediately before the outbreak, and that MacNally was wholly misled. We have ample proof that the Lord-Lieutenant and his Government felt themselves deeply discredited by the failure to detect and prevent such a happening ; that the civil and military authorities were for months engaged in fierce mutual recriminations ; and, in fact, that Emmet's scheme came a great deal nearer to the possibility of success than has ever been admitted.

On this point the implicit evidence of the State papers is explicitly borne out by the following passage in a contemporary memoir, published only the other day. It was written by Mr. Ross Lewin of the 32nd Infantry,

and has been recently edited by Prof. Wardell under the general title "With the 32nd in the Peninsula." Ross Lewin was with his regiment in Dublin in the summer of 1803 and this is part of his recollections.

"I came off duty on the morning of the twenty-third of July, and in the evening had retired to rest at an unusually early hour—about half-past nine—when my servant came into my room, dressed in marching order, to my great surprise. He was not less astonished at finding me in bed, for he told me that the town was in open rebellion; and that he had heard my name called on the parade, and thought I had gone with a detachment, as the greater part of the regiment had marched off already. I quickly slipped on my uniform, and hurried to the parade, whence I was sent with a party to Thomas Street, which the rebels had made their rendezvous.

"At this time Colonel Brown of the Twenty-first Fusiliers had been killed, while returning to his quarters, as were also Lord Kilwarden and one of his nephews; their bodies lay in the watch-house, dreadfully mangled. His lordship was coming into town from his country-seat, to apprise the Government of a danger of which they had so little expectation. Miss Wolfe, who was in the carriage with him, was permitted to proceed unharmed by the rebels. She fled to the Castle, and made her way to the Secretary, to whom she gave the first intimation of the breaking out of the insurrection that had been received there. All who heard her laughed at the statement; one said that she was mad, another that she was in love; but a sudden rush made through the gates by the 62nd Regiment put an end to their unseasonable jesting. That corps had luckily been quartered in the

old custom-house, a building not far from the Castle, and, on hearing what was doing, hastened without loss of time to the defence of this most important post, and saved it. Had they neglected to do so, the rebels would have been masters of the Castle in a few minutes, but such an unruly rabble acted too little in concert to have any chance in carrying it when defended by a regiment."

Nothing could more fully indicate the completeness of the surprise. So much as this, Emmet achieved. Writers, in adopting Madden's theory, have been so far carried away by their desire to accumulate charges of depravity against the Government of that day that they have represented Emmet as a mere dupe and tool of the ruling power. The truth is, that at a time when the ferocious measures of repression adopted in 1798 had done much to intimidate, and when the evidence of treachery within the nationalist ranks had shaken confidence, Emmet proved that confidence could be restored, that secrets could be kept, and that Ireland had not yet been cowed into submission.

Beyond question his project broke down, but it was not the project of a fool. The sanest and clearest judgment upon it is that which I find written in the diary of Thomas Addis Emmet, under date Sept. 17th, 1803 :

"The messenger, Byrne, is arrived in Paris . . . He has given me an account of the previous proceedings of the Provincial Government and of its efforts on the 23rd, by which I see there was a great deal of money and talent expended on a large and complicated plan, which perhaps would have been better directed to one single point and

to a simple plan. The failure seems to show this, for it failed for want of heads and means to make the different parts support one another."

The general opinion on this matter has been affected continuously by a stroke of policy. Government decided to direct the ability of their lawyers toward representing Emmet and his associates in a contemptible light. Thus Wickham wrote on Sept. 11th: "We are endeavouring here as much as possible to make the leaders contemptible and to represent them to the people as Traitors to the Cause and sacrificing the lower orders to their own interests." And there is a letter from the Lord Lieutenant to his brother, couched in similar language. But Wickham, when expressing his own opinion, never speaks of Emmet without respect.

Emmet's principal associates who failed to support him cannot lightly be charged with cowardice, as their record in Napoleon's Irish Regiment proves. Dowdall was killed in a small action upon the Scheldt: Allen accompanied the regiment to Spain, and in 1810 led a storming party on to the breach at Astorga, held his position through the night with a handful of men, and to the amazement and delight of Junot, under whose eyes the feat had been performed, was found living at the dawn. Promotion for these Irish officers was limited to their own regiment: a Frenchman with Allen's record might have won the marshal's baton: but at least he had achieved his colonelcy before the downfall of Napoleon. Like Byrne he was awarded the cross of the Legion of Honour for gallantry on the field of action.

Hamilton escaped: Russell was taken and hanged. Quigley and Stafford evaded detection for many months, and were at last run to earth in county Galway.

The Government, which throughout this business acted in no very vindictive temper, wanted no more bloodshed : and Quigley and Stafford were admitted to pardon on making full confession. I append the examination of Quigley, an important document which Mr. MacDonagh has omitted from his collection.

“ *Ireland.* Private and Secret. 1803.
Vol. 603.

EXAMINATION OF MICHAEL QUIGLEY.

In the Lord Lieutenant's (most secret).
15 Nov. 1803.

Pencil Endorsement. [This examination seems incoherently taken and is without . . . or dates.]

EXAMINATION OF MICHAEL QUIGLEY.

Landed at Dieppe in France after being discharged from Kilmainham some time in June or July 1802. Walked from Parkgate to Chester with Ware a land surveyor who is left in Paris, and McDermot a farmer also in Paris—took the coach from Chester to London—staid in London about 4 days—met there Smith of Leixhip a Callico printer now in Rouen, Kilby of the Queen's County a Maltster now in England *supposed to be in London his friends live in Wapping*, Rose of Windyharbour a Callico printer *supposed to be in Manchester* and Riley of Kilcock a shoemaker who is now in Paris working at his trade for an Englishman, who were all discharged at the same time as Quigley.

Quigley, Ware and McDermot went on to Brighton—and so by the packet to Dieppe—Kilby, Rose and Riley preceded them about 2 days. Kilby and Rose returned immediately to England—never heard from either of them but understands that Kilby is settled in Wapping and Rose in Manchester.¹ Conolly the Priest when in Paris towards the end of 1802 received a letter from Rose.

Near Rouen found McCabe employed in establishing a cotton manufactory—he had some Irishmen working for him, but none of any note in the Rebellion.² He had two master machine-makers both Irish; the name of the first was Costigan, he had brought him over from Manchester; the name of the other was (he believes) McPhea and that he came from Belfast. McCabe wished to have employed Quigley as a workman, but the Frenchmen to whom he had let the Building of his Mill would not give up their contract.—Staid there a month—then went to Paris with Ware & McDermot, took lodgings together—saw different Irishmen together, particularly Colonel McDonnell,³ Surgeon Lawless,⁴ Lewins the two Corbets, who were expelled the college. One of them had been on board the *Anacreon* with Napper Tandy, the other had been taken on board the *Hoche* with Wolfe Tone and exchanged as a French

¹ Conolly the priest was deeply concerned in the Rebellion, and also was at least privy to the late Insurrection in Dublin. He was in a very bad state of health, and on that account permitted to go to Lisbon soon after the 23rd of July.

² It appears from several different and concurring accounts that independent of his treasonable projects McCabe has been frequently in London for the purpose of seducing manufacturers.

³ This Colonel McDonnell is a Barrister of considerable talents, of the County of Mayo. He was deeply engaged in the late Rebellion, joined General Humbert at Castlebar, accompanied him to Ballynemuch, and escaped to France.

⁴ Surgeon Lawless is the person to whom Michael Byrne lately arrested at Portsmouth was carrying a letter under the name of Lesly.

Officer; Delany, another McDonnell called little McDonnell, also from Mayo, O'Mealy and Hamilton. At this time Quigley was endeavouring to obtain work, and he is sure that all those persons had at that moment no intention of attempting to renew the Rebellion in Ireland, their conversation turning principally on the means of providing for their subsistence and establishing themselves in foreign countries.

An Irishman from Cork of the name of Tissan who acts as a sort of steward to Mr. Tare an American who owns the Hotel Montmorency engaged him to work at that Hotel which Mr. Tare was repairing and enlarging—Quigley was principally employed in constructing Chimnies—could not speak French, was therefore generally employed by himself in work requiring only one man to be employed about it—earned 6 livres per day—occasionally employed by other people Rumfordizing Chimneies, when he earned 12 livres per day.

About the end of November or early in December Ware (who had been endeavouring to obtain a situation as English teacher in a school, but had failed) had a conversation with Quigley in which he told him that it would be better to live anywhere than in France, that he understood the French Government would give the Irish encouragement to go and live in Louisiana, and that Colonel McDonnell had spoken to him about it.—Some time after Ware having mentioned to him that Colonel McDonnell would be glad to see them together.—Quigley, Ware, and McDermot went together to Col: McDonnell's lodgings who produced a map of Louisiana & asked them if they would go there with him—that if they would he thought he could get a grant of Land and Tools and Instruments from the French Government thro'

the means of an Irishman whom Quigley believed to be Madget who was employed in the Public Offices. Quigley and his companions did not at the time give their consent to the plan. Quigley heard soon after that Col: McDonnell had applied in the same manner to other Irish in Paris. Soon after Ware, who saw McDonnell every day, told Quigley that Col: McDonnell was sure of the grant; and that Vessells would be prepared at Havre for the expedition; on which Quigley assented to go. In a short time after this conversation Gannon the Priest (who acted as Interpreter to General Humbert in Ireland) told Quigley that the General was returned from St. Domingo *disgusted*.

Soon after this about the middle of January Ware told Quigley that *a better use might be made of the Louisiana Expedition*, and Gannon told him that General Humbert would give up his Commission, sell his lands *and go with them to Ireland* that they might purchase arms and ammunition and raise 4000 men, and that Humbert was of opinion that 4000 men would conquer the country, if the Irish would go with them. Quigley entered into the plan, but being engaged in Work at the time, he only heard of what was doing in the evening of working days from Ware who saw McDonnell every day on and Sundays from all the Irish with whom he mixed particularly the 2 McDonnells, McDermot, William Corbett, O'Mealy, Riley and Gannon—never remembers talking with Hamilton on the subject—Hamilton was absent the whole time that it was under consideration having only spent two days in Paris after his return from Ireland in January. He went immediately from Paris to see Emmet & McNevin at Brussels and did not return to Paris before Quigley had left it. He is certain that McNevin was gone to Brussels because he called on

Quigley and Ware sometime in Jan^y. and said he was going there immediately.¹

Soon after Humbert's return Ware told Quigley *that the Expedition was to sail from Havre*—that the Arms were partly purchased—Ware also shewed Quigley a letter from Swany of Cork who is settled at Havre to Russell, that arms might be purchased for the West Indies at 13 livres a piece buying a quantity of them—that they were cast arms of the French army.

Early in February McCabe came to Paris from Rouen and called on Ware, Quigley and McDermot—he told them that they were to go immediately to Ireland, that he had seen Russell & McDonnell, and they were to go to Havre and call on him at Rouen in their way.

Quigley questioned him as to the force to be employed, the persons who were to embark, and many other points to which McCabe refused to answer.

Ware called the next day on Russell from whom he received 30£ with orders to give 10 to Quigley and 10 to McDermot but refused to give Ware any further information.

¹ It appears from the testimony of James Farrell that Hamilton passed through London on his way to Ireland in December last—that he stayd only ten days in Ireland, returned to London, and then proceeded to Paris under the name of Frazer.

It appears further, from another account given by Quigley, that Hamilton went to Brussels for the express purpose of bringing Thomas Emmet & McNevin to Paris, and of establishing Emmet there as the avowed accredited agent of the United Irishmen. The circumstance of Emmet's having assumed the character of the Representative of the United Irishmen is alluded to by Arthur O'Connor to Hugh Bell in a letter a copy of which was lately sent over here by Mr. King. It does not appear quite clear whether Quigley was brought over to Ireland by Hamilton and his friends in aid of General Humbert's scheme, or on a separate plan of their own.

I am rather inclined to think that they came over in aid of Humbert's scheme, not only because they left France some time before the King's message, but because Colonel McDonnell (Humbert's great friend) was very intimate with Russell and Hamilton.

Quigley and McDermot set out the next day for Rouen, lodged at McCabe's—staid there 4 or 5 days, found McCabe arrived—On the 4th day Hamilton arrived.

Hamilton told Quigley that he was to go with him to Ireland—in the interval McDermot had returned to Paris—there was a letter from McDermot since—Hamilton told Quigley he would receive instructions in Ireland—left Rouen with Hamilton.

Hamilton told Quigley that when he came to Ireland he would see a gentleman who would tell him what he was to do—he told Quigley that he opposed Lord Enniskillen in a debate and therefore left the country—did not tell him what he had done in Ireland—Quigley understood Hamilton that he was taken in the Hoche and escaped by passing as a Frenchman.

Hamilton introduced Quigley to Emmet at Corbett's in Capel Street, no other person was present—Quigley had never seen Emmet. Emmet welcomed him and told him that there were arms and everything ready in Dublin to assist, and asked him *to go to the county of Kildare*¹—that interview continued about an hour. Emmet asked Quigley what notice would be necessary to bring men from Kildare to Dublin. Quigley said it was according to the distance that the farthest might require two days—this was about eleven in the morning—Hamilton was present. Recollects that Hamilton said he had no doubts the County of Kildare would act well, and if they did as well as they formerly did, more could not be expected. Supposes Hamilton said something in his favour to Emmet, but not in his presence. Emmet asked Quigley what number of men could be brought in from the

¹ He was brought over for the express purpose of organising the County of Kildare.

county of Kildare and whether they could be brought in without the knowledge of Government or not. Quigley said there might as he believed be 1000 men got, but as to the possibility of their coming in without the knowledge of the Government he could not tell—Emmet and Hamilton were sitting, Quigley was standing. At parting Emmet said he'd see Quigley again, and they met by appointment that evening at Dillon's¹ in Thomas Street. Emmet gave Quigley 15 guineas and Quigley went on that night to the County of Kildare.² When they parted in the morning Emmet and Hamilton went together.

Quigley saw Hamilton afterwards at Butterfield Lane about a fortnight before the Insurrection, believes he lived there. Quigley slept there one night and Hamilton slept there also—they spoke of Dwyer—Russell was there also that night and big Arthur—Quigley dined with them—they talked of the business of Ireland—Quigley was brought there to shew him how to fire Rockets—they were to be fired in Dublin to go horizontally—they were made of iron, and a small one was then fired. Emmet explained it to Quigley, none but they two were then present—the object was to fire on the soldiers.—After dinner they said that Dublin would be easily taken, they were all present then—Quigley got there about 4 in the

¹ Dillon's in Thomas Street is a Publick House (the sign of the White Bull) principally frequented by the Kildare Rebels. It was at the back of the yard of this house that the Depot of arms was formed.

² The expedition of Quigley to Kildare makes the subject of a separate examination of little other importance than as it points out the Individuals who are principally concerned in the conspiracy in that county. The only person of any consequence affected by it is Colonel Lamon(?).^{*} But as Quigley himself had no communication with that gentleman, and received his report only from a third person it has not been thought expedient to arrest him.

^{*} Word not clearly written.

evening, and remained till 9 the next morning. Emmet told Quigley there was to be a meeting there next day to settle the business, and when Quigley was going to town he met Norris and the man from Munster going there—Norris told Quigley he was going there—Quigley walked.”

There is some discrepancy between Quigley’s statement and that of Hope as to the point at which Hope came into the business. I have followed Hope’s account, for a novelist’s reasons rather than a student’s.

And finally I must own that the story of Emmet’s betrayal is my own invention. Who gave to the Castle the secret of his hiding-place is not known and perhaps never will be. The reward of £1000 was paid on Nov. 5th to Finlay & Co., for the account of Richard Jones.

It has been conjectured that the name (which certainly is an *alias*) hides MacNally: I have simply made a theory of how MacNally could have acquired the knowledge. This much is certain: Government contemplated bringing forward MacNally. In a letter from Wickham of 28th August discussing the difficulty of establishing proof against Emmet occurs this passage:

“The question of bringing forward secret information has been well considered and discussed, and there is but one opinion on the subject—viz., that it were a thousand times better that Emmet should escape than that we should close for ever a most accurate source of information.”

There was only one spy in the Government’s pay to whose value so high a testimony could possibly have been paid and that was Leonard MacNally.

Detail as to the lesser personages, Owen Kirwan for instance, is easily accessible in the report of the State Trials—a source of information which some writers have strangely neglected.

Some curious letters from Lady Anne Fitzgerald, published in *The Viceroy's Postbag*, are explained by the fact which is alluded to in a Home Office document, that Long's aunt, Mrs. Fitzgerald, was often in jest styled Lady Anne.

Mr. O'Connell, the present owner of Derrynane, has an interesting relic—a rifle with revolving breech, made by Watty Coxe, and engraved "R. E.," which was reputed to have been Emmet's. The story fits with Emmet's passion for mechanical ingenuities, and, if my guess is right, it was left in Coxe's shop along with the other weapons for which an hour or so before the rising, Emmet despatched a messenger, who proved unfaithful and escaped with the money.

The section which is reproduced from a contemporary map of Dublin does not show the site of Redmond's home; but I take it to have been on what was then officially called Essex quay. In the trial he is described as being "of the Coal quay," but that does not figure on the map. At present the title "Coal quay" is currently given to what is officially Sir John Rogerson's quay.

I have mentioned in my preface that the Emmet family still flourishes in America; its head being Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, grandson and namesake of the United Irishman. But I take this occasion to correct a mistatement for which I unwittingly made myself responsible. The South African family to

which Mrs. Louis Botha belongs have no traceable connection with the Irish Emmets. Sympathy with these honourable sufferers had led their namesakes at the Cape to claim a kinship; but Dr. Emmet's investigations convinced both branches of the name that love of liberty and love of Ireland was all that could be proved common to his own distinguished family and that of the lady whose husband leads the Transvaal in peace and in war.

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